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New Series.  
Vol. XXXVIII., No. 5.

NOVEMBER, 1883.

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plete in 63 vols.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON: AN ETHICAL STUDY.

BY HENRY NORMAN.

THE appearance of the first complete edition of Emerson's works, and the recent publication of the Carlyle-Emerson correspondence, afford a fitting opportunity for an attempt to throw light upon a matter which has not been definitely discussed by any one of his numerous biographers and critics. Mr. Cooke, Mr. Conway, Mr. Ireland, and others, have told fully and sympathetically all that is of importance in the circumstances of Emerson's life, and his writings have been judged and his relative literary position estimated by these and other able critics. There is, therefore, nothing to warrant any further biographical sketch or literary criticism, more especially since the handsome edition of Emerson's works now being published by Messrs. Macmillan will, when it is complete, contain an introductory essay from the powerful and searching pen of Mr. John Morley.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXXVIII., No. 5

Emerson was, however, one of the controlling minds of our age, and he calls for something beyond the mere literary analysis, however subtle, and the mere eulogy, however wise, which constitute almost all that has been written about him.

The most conspicuous feature of Emerson's writings is their immediate effect upon the mind of the reader. Take up his books when you will, in dejection, in sorrow, in sickness, even in despair, and before long they will seem to be exercising a magic influence upon you. As the sun releases a cold spring landscape from its bonds, so these words seem to disengage the reader from his troubles; his thoughts cease to centre in himself, and after a while he is lifted into a rarer atmosphere, where abstract things are of greater interest than the commonplace realities which lately had him in their



grasp. When at length he lays down the book, it is with the feeling of one who awakes from a haunted sleep into the fresh air and sunlight of the morning. Hawthorne said that Emerson's mind acted upon other minds "with powerful magnetism." Another person says, "The writings of this man have for me a fascination amounting almost to magic." And the well-known German critic, Herman Grimm, uses these remarkable words (cited by Cooke): "I found myself depending upon the book, and was provoked with myself for it. How could I be so captured and enthralled, so fascinated and bewildered? The writer was but a man like any other; yet, upon taking up the book again, the spell was renewed. . . . For me was the breath of life; for me the rapture of spring; for me love and desire; for me the secret of wisdom and power." And in another place he says: "Mit Erstaunen sehe ich wie er auch Gegner gewinnt." Now this magnetism, magic, and spell are mental effects curiously analogous to the effects of a drug upon the body. A drug will give new strength and vigor to the wearied hands or brain; but fatigue is natural to the body, and there is but one natural way to remove it, a drug is merely a fictitious help. In the same way dejection and sorrow are frequently natural states of the mind, and there is but one natural way to dispel them; an intellectual witchery which charms us out of our real mental surroundings is no better than the dose of opium or hashish which hides our physical discomforts under a cloud of baseless delights. The man physically healthy would rather pass a sleepless night than have recourse to an opiate; the man intellectually healthy would rather remain in his dejection than be roused by the optimistic cheers of a baseless philosophy. And an investigation of Emerson's intellectual methods seems at first to show that his cheering philosophy is of this baseless kind; his audacious smiles, his trenchant moral assertions, his sublime optimism, are found to rest upon the most unsatisfactory of all philosophic methods.

As Emerson's writings exhibit numbers of inconsistencies, so any study of his personality brings us face to face

with many contradictions, and the first of them is this contradiction between the inadequacy of his method and the sublimity of his results. An explanation of his position with regard to the historic methods of thought, which will constitute the basis of that interpretation of his personality which it is the object of this study to present, will afford the solution of this puzzling contradiction.

Emerson's mind exhibits throughout two distinct aspects, the first of them being an idealistic one. In his "Representative Men" the philosopher is Plato, for whom he has an unbounded admiration, and to whom he assigns the highest rank in the history of human thought. "Plato is philosophy, and philosophy Plato," cries Emerson again; a statement entirely false when considered as history, but true enough if we take it as autobiography. For to Emerson Plato *is* philosophy, and he knows no other; either Plato pure and simple, or Plato reappearing in the various forms of the immediate Platonists, the Alexandrians, the Elizabethans, and the New England Transcendentalists. "Be not thyself, but a Platonist," is his advice; and as he somewhere says that the great men of all ages sit apart upon their peaks and converse with one another, unaffected by the lapse of time and the movements of mankind, so, to obtain a true conception of Emerson's first link to the historic chain of thought, we have but to look in imagination upon the broad-browed Greek whose peak is the immortal Athenian Academy, and to hear his words passing across the ocean and down the avenue of three-and-twenty centuries to the keen-faced American, whose peak is the little wooden home-*stead* in Concord.

So far as Emerson commits himself to any definite view he does so to a belief in the existence of one all-embracing, all-creating mind, to which the finite mind can have access, and thus obtain knowledge of absolute truth. "The inviolate soul is in perpetual telegraphic communication with the source of events." In one of his less-known writings ("Introduction to Goodwin's Translation of Plutarch's *Morals*") he puts the same thought very strongly and far less figuratively: "The central fact is the superhuman intelligence pouring



into us from its unknown fountain, to be received with religious awe, and defended from any mixture with our will." It would be difficult to frame a more uncompromising statement of this view. With such a belief the natural method of obtaining truth is by intuition, which is the whisper of the Infinite to the finite, and to hear this we must be silent, *μῦθ*—the root of our word mysticism. Consequently Emerson is a mystic. *Ascendere ad Deum est intrare in se ipsum*; this is so much his belief that Horace Mann wittily declared that Emerson's whole teaching could be condensed into the two maxims, "Sit aloof" and "Keep a diary." We must not, of course, overlook the expression "*inviolate soul*;" he explains that "not any profane man, not any sensual, not any liar, not any slave can teach, but only he can give who has." Truth dwells in the pure mind; Emerson's principle is simply that, in whatever words we choose to phrase it, the righteous man has all his questions answered. There is a passage in Browning which perfectly expresses Emerson's view:

"Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise  
From outward things, whate'er you may believe:

There is an inmost centre in us all  
Where truth abides in fulness; and around,  
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,  
This perfect, clear conception—which is truth."

The priority of mind to matter is a natural corollary of Emerson's conception of the Infinite mind. "The truth is," he confidently assures us, "that mind generates matter." "Things are of the snake," "all is sour if seen as experience," "details are melancholy"—these are some of his oracular utterances, and he declares that he cannot multiply seven by twelve with impunity. Hence information derived from things, *i.e.* from experience, he regards as poor stuff, and he adopts the quaint phraseology of the schoolmen in terming it *vespertina cognitio*, while that derived from intuition is *matutina cognitio*. So observation, comparison, experiment, hypothesis—all the paraphernalia of inductive reasoning—have little interest for his mind in the attitude we are now considering. As we are dealing with a

contradiction we shall find the second aspect to be the antithesis of the first. It is Yankee. Emerson is a genuine specimen of the true Yankee, that strange latest product of mankind. New England was colonized by the Puritans, and therefore the most typical New Englander would be a minister. Emerson's ancestors were ministers for eight successive generations, and he "smacks of the soil." In his tall, gaunt figure and long, sharp face he had the unmistakable characteristics of his race, a race which has become a synonym for sharp bargains, wit, and sound sense, and intellectually Emerson was as true a Yankee as ever lived. His mind was always on the alert—paradoxical as this may seem after what has been previously said—and he was abundantly blessed with what he calls "the saving grace of common-sense." The majority of his illustrations are drawn from his own observation, and others from the details of many arts and sciences. His mind, in the aspect we are now considering, appreciated the supreme worth of experience. "I love facts," he says; and again, "an actually existent fly is more important than a possibly existent angel." The second aspect of his mind may be thus briefly stated, as almost every page of his writings and every incident of his life furnishes an illustration of it. As one half of his intellectual constitution was Platonic, the other half was thus pre-eminently Yankee.

This paper is an ethical study, and to present the next step of the argument it will be necessary to leave Emerson for a while, and to pass to a brief consideration of a philosophic controversy, which is probably the most momentous at the present time. Philosophical ethics is divided into two great schools, commonly known as Transcendental and Empirical, the former considering the ultimate principles of morals to be transcendent of experience, and antecedent to it; the latter holding that these principles are derived from experience, that our moral sense is the inherited condensed experience of countless generations of ancestors. It is the common opinion that these two schools are distinct and irreconcilable, indeed that they are absolutely contradictory, and few speculative questions except those of



theology have been discussed by their supporters with so much bitterness. It seems to me, however, that they can be reconciled and united to form a new basis of ethics; indeed, that of necessity they must be so united, and for reasons which may be stated in their briefest forms as follows:

First, the strength of transcendental ethics lies in the magnificent moral appeal it affords. No one can help being moved by Kant's grand apostrophe to Duty. The word "ought" is shrouded in mystery, and comes with absolute command. When a man says, "I ought," the question is settled for him forever; "thou shalt" is an imperative from which there is no escape. Along with this indisputable strength, however, transcendental ethics has a conspicuous weakness. It has no criterion for everyday life, there is the greatest difficulty in finding out its relations to the commonplaces of earth. To the inquirer who says, Why is this action my duty? practically the only answer that comes from the transcendental oracle is, Because it is your duty. Men professing the same standard may perform entirely different and even contradictory actions. It has been well pointed out that duty prompted both the officers of the Inquisition and those who resisted them; the same moral law inspired alike the Church and the martyrs, and in many cases both the slaveholder and the abolitionist. The criterion of transcendental ethics is indeed what Schopenhauer called it, a sceptre of wooden iron: viewed from a distance as the symbol of authority, it appears strong and serviceable as iron; wielded in the fray of conflicting duties, it breaks in the hand like wood.

In empirical ethics, too, we shall find a special strength and a special weakness. It is strong because every peculiarity of animal life, every arrangement of cells, equally with every phase of history, serves to illustrate some point or may be used to support some argument. In his last book on the subject Mr. Spencer bases his arguments on phenomena of life ranging from the spontaneous division of the protozoa to the habits of the brokers on the Stock Exchange. From dust-grain to system, from animalcula to hero, there is noth-

ing alien to its method. Transcendental ethics accepts conscience as a given mystery, empirical ethics faces it as a scientific problem, and has solved it—in Mr. Spencer's familiar definition—with scientific accuracy. Nothing depends upon mystery, nothing is taken for granted. Empiricism seeks to put nothing into life that it does not find there. It might take for its motto Clough's words:

"But play no tricks upon thy soul, O man,  
Let fact be fact, and life the thing it can."

No one, however, who has studied empirical ethics with the desire of applying its principles to the needs of life can have long failed to notice its weakness. It has no sufficient moral ideal; it has nothing to make men's hearts burn within them. It may be scientifically accurate to say that our moral ideas are "a special susceptibility in our nerves produced by a vast number of homogeneous ancestral experiences agglutinated into a single intellectual tendency," but it is not at all exhilarating. There is something benumbing in the statement that for the same reason a man loves his mother and keeps his finger out of the fire. So, too, when we are told that the quantity of our pleasant sensations is the test of the value of life, our first impulse is to declare that it is then a very trivial thing to live.

The strength of the one system is thus precisely the weakness of the other; one is a superstructure without a foundation, the other is a foundation without a superstructure. It is this curious mutual relationship which suggests the necessity of their union, and which has prompted this attempt to show the possibility of it. That there is no fundamental opposition between the two schools is evident, in the first place, from the fact that both reach the same conclusions. Kant said: "So act that the maxim of your conduct can become the principle of universal legislation." Spencer says that the truly moral man will so act as to further his own highest development, at the same time not only not hindering, but actually promoting, the development of others. "Righteousness exalteth a nation" is a favorite quotation of transcendentalism; and if there is any one lesson most powerfully



impressed on the reader of Mr. Spencer's latest book, it is that in righteousness alone can a nation prosper. "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself," is repeated with emphasis by both schools. It was a Transcendentalist who said, "Whosoever loseth his life, the same shall save it;" and the greatest living Empiricist repeats the same thought in a different terminology, "Egotistic satisfactions depend on altruistic activities;" and again, "Self-sacrifice is no less primordial than self-preservation." Finally, the Golden Rule is an excellent epitome of both systems.

In the second place, the unity of the two systems is directly seen by perceiving that the *how* does not affect the *what*, that the means does not necessarily change the result; in other words, that the two methods of theoretical ethics are not mutually exclusive. We can admit the chief tenet of each system. We can say with the Transcendentalists that we possess an intuitive moral sense, a guiding conscience to be implicitly obeyed; and we can say with the Empiricists that this moral sense has been developed by experiences of utility transmitted through countless generations. These propositions contradict one another in any way. Our reasoning powers have been gradually manifested as man has developed, yet we do not think less of them on that account, nor do we hesitate to apply them to the solution of the most gigantic problems because man was once a mere animal. Just so can we believe that the moral law is the result of ages of "blood-purchased experience." Those who are able may go a step farther toward the completion of the argument. If we believe that there is "a power in the universe, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," and we will to act like this power, *i.e.* for righteousness, we can look upon these experience-taught duties as divine commands. That duties are taught by experience is the fundamental principle of empirical ethics; that they must be looked upon as divine commands is the ultimate principle of transcendental ethics. In the above statement, therefore, we see the complete reconciliation of the two schools. *Vox Dei in rebus revelata.*

To return now to Emerson. We found that his mind, in one of its aspects, was Platonic, idealistic, mystical. He believed that knowledge comes directly from the infinite to the finite mind; that when the "involute soul" is in need of information it receives it in the shape of a telegraphic message from the "source of events;" that truth is within ourselves and will issue in its native purity if we but strip off the coverings in which the experience of our life and the exercise of our will have enveloped it; that "undoubtedly we have no questions to ask which are unanswerable;" that ignorance exists only in connection with impurity of heart; in short, that instead of searching for truth, the wise man listens for it. Now this is all very well in the tomes of Plotinus or for the delectation of a few souls born out of time, but it is of no use for us; and if it represented the whole of Emerson's mind it would show him to be a blind guide, and would justify all our suspicions about intellectual witchery and literary hashish. It will not bear a moment's practical test. To say that "whatever curiosity the order of things has awakened, the order of things can satisfy" is, I venture to say, untrue; when a man, however "involute his soul," is "hot for certainties in this our life," to tell him that the source of events will favor him with a direct communication is to insult his reasoning powers, to advise him to discard that method whose use only entitles him to the name of man; and as to any one waiting in silence for the whisper which is to guide him through one of the mazes of our complicated life, he would probably wait till the last trump struck on his disappointed ear. To what false and fatal doctrines this theory logically leads may be seen in William Lamb's exhortation to "stop all self-activity, listen not to the suggestions of thy own reason, not run in thy own will," or in its extreme form in Eckhart's saying, "He who wills and does nothing is best." I call this the most unsatisfactory of all philosophic methods, for intuition as a philosophic method corresponds precisely to the *tu quoque* as a logical argument; it is mostly a piece of conceit, an egoistic assertion of personal insight. If a man assures me that he has



a clear intuition that I am a fool, the only possible refutation is for me to assure him in return that I have an equally clear intuition that he is a liar, and we all know what a satisfactory result is reached by such arguments. Truth is not to be had for the asking, any more than the other good things of life; and any philosophic doctrine which leads men to believe that they can dispense with hard thinking and strict logic, should call forth the uncompromising opposition of every man who desires the amelioration of the earthly lot of mankind. As Mr. John Morley says in his treatise "On Compromise," "There is always hope of a man so long as he remains in the region of the direct categorical proposition and the unambiguous term; so long as he does not deny the rightly drawn conclusion, after accepting the major and minor premises. . . . We have to fight and do life-long battle against the forces of darkness, and anything which turns the edge of reason blunts the surest and most potent of our weapons."

Emerson's mind, however, was no less Yankee than Platonic. He exhibits, on the one hand, a sympathetic assimilation of idealism; on the other hand, an unconscious inherited realism. His nature was dual, one part—the Yankee part—balancing the other—the Platonic part—and thus it happens that he gives us the most sweeping idealism, without losing sight of the fact that we are men and have to live as men on the earth, and that he indulges in the most revolutionary fancies without quitting the fundamental conditions of human life. As a man who has been a swimmer from his boyhood will turn a summersault into the sea, knowing—if he thinks of the matter at all—that his past training will keep him safe there, so Emerson throws himself into the speculation of idealism and the dreams of mysticism, secured by his inherited and developed Yankee sense from permanent extravagance or mad delusion. This union of insight and sagacity—a combination of spur and curb—makes Emerson the representative of the apotheosis of common-sense; it is admirably typified in his favorite saying, "Hitch your wagon to a star." He was a living refutation of Schelling's famous saying that every man is born

either a Platonist or an Aristotelian; Emerson was born both.

It is thus clear Emerson's results are not really invalidated by the inadequacy of his method, and that although our suspicions of his conclusions were quite natural, and such as would arise in the mind of any one who is not accustomed in regard to his intellectual food to "open his mouth and shut his eyes," still they are now dispelled, and we may for the most part fearlessly yield ourselves to the inspiration of his thoughts, and charm away our weakness by the magic of his words. Nevertheless, the method remains utterly inadequate for the rest of us. In the essay previously quoted, Mr. Morley speaks of the noble and fair natures who carry the world about them to greater heights of living than can be attained by ratiocination. "But these," he adds, "the blameless and loved saints of the earth, rise too rarely on our dull horizon to make a rule for the world." This is undoubtedly true, and he still lacks the sweetest part of experience who has never found the guidance of his life in the unargued wisdom of one of these "blameless and loved saints," but it is folly to think that common mortals can adopt their intellectual method. Similarly this caution is needed with regard to Emerson. Just as Mr. Matthew Arnold shows that Shakespeare, because of his very richness and fertility, is in many respects an unsafe guide for the young writer, so is Emerson an unsafe guide for the young thinker. His own idealisms are generally trustworthy because they are verified, so to speak, by his temperament before they find birth in words; in most cases his inherited sense nullifies the defects of his method. But for most of us this intuitionism is the worst procedure possible; what but chaos could result if every man were his own ultimate court of appeal? Life would be like a game at cards where each player makes his own trumps. We ought to be abundantly satisfied with the privilege of securing truth by working for it, and not to try to swing Richard's battle-axe when we have not Richard's arm. The need of this caution is proved by the extravagances and foolish speculations of many of the self-styled Transcendentalists of New England, who took Emerson



at his word as regards the true philosophic method. Having frequently neither actual experience nor intellectual training, they jumped at his assurance that they had but to look within to become possessed of all wisdom and knowledge. "The Emersonidæ—those imbeciles," as Theodore Parker called them, out of the treasures of their hearts brought forth things neither good nor evil, but utterly incomprehensible. "A new philosophy has arisen," wrote one of the puzzled, "maintaining that nothing is everything in general, and everything is nothing in particular."

To return, then, to the epitome of the conflict between the two rival schools of ethical doctrine, and the union of them which forms, as it seems to me, the new and true philosophic basis of ethics. On the one hand, there is the Transcendental school, with its impressive superstructure of abstract right, of undemonstrable ideals, of imperative commands, but resting on a foundation weak because built not of experience nor supported by the test of practical life. On the other hand, there is the Empirical school, resting upon a broad and solid foundation of human experience and demonstrated fact, strengthened by every practical test that can be applied to it, but with no imposing structure rising above the surface to kindle the imagination and insure the obedience of mankind. And we saw that from the union of the two there arises the perfect philosophic edifice. Now, what is this but a theoretical statement of that which we found actually existing in Emerson? His mind exhibiting in one aspect mysticism, idealism, Platonism; in the other aspect, the realism of typical Yankee sense; the two combining to form an unailing moral insight and an irresistible intellectual impulse. The parallel is perfect. Emerson is the new ethics expressed in terms of humanity, and this is the interpretation of his unique personality. Conscious Transcendentalism rooted in unconscious inherited Empiricism—this describes both Emerson and the new basis of ethics; he was a Yankee Plato, an Empirical Transcendentalist, an incarnate philosophic unity. He affords us the unprecedented spectacle of a man into whose life the two great theoretic tendencies of

morals were condensed; he was an Empiricist by birth, but a Transcendentalist by conviction—a mystic by choice, but a logician by necessity.

From this point of view the true significance of Emerson may be seen. There can be no doubt that of the three questions in which, according to Kant, the interest of human reason is centred, the second one is supreme in importance. The interest of reason is the interest of humanity, and for humanity, alike in its individual and in its collective form, the question of right conduct is paramount. Beside it the question, "What can I know?" is of interest merely, and even the question, "What may I hope?" may be left for subsequent solution. The question, "What ought I to do?" is connected not only with the attainment of my own highest ideal, but also with the highest development of the human race itself. Therefore the essence of humanity lies in the correct theoretical answer to it, and he who in his own nature is the living embodiment of this answer is the truest man.

It only remains, in conclusion, to show that this explanation does explain, that this clew does really guide, and so to verify the previous argument as one proves a sum in division. There is no space left for any detailed explanations, but a few words will serve to show how one or two typical problems presented by Emerson and his writings are solved by this interpretation. Beyond this it will be for any one who deems it of value to apply it to the questions which may arise in his own reading of Emerson.

First, then, take the most conspicuous of the many difficulties in connection with Emerson—the fact of his constant and conscious inconsistency, his utter inability to argue or even to give his own train of reasoning. He says of Plato, "Admirable texts can be quoted on both sides of every great question from him;" and this is equally true of himself. It is impossible to say of Emerson what view he holds upon many of the distinct questions which occupy men's minds. He is quite aware of this, and frankly says, "I am always insincere, as always knowing there are other moods;" and again, "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds." And he will



not argue or defend his views. "I delight in telling what I think," he wrote to a critical friend, "but if you ask me how I dare say so, or why it is so, I am the most helpless of mortal men." This is sometimes very irritating. He challenges us with some stupendous assertion or startling paradox, but when we accept the implied alternative of either believing it or refuting it, and demand his reasons or attack his logic, he promptly escapes under cover of some such retort as his favorite quotation from Saint Augustine: "Let others wrangle, I will wonder." Now, this refusal to argue is due to the fact that his own argumentation had been done beforehand for him. He came into the world with his preliminary intellectual duties—i.e. those in the domain of logic—done. It has been well said that "his genius was mature from the start." His long line of hard-headed Puritan ancestors, full of experience from their struggle with the irresponsive soil of New England and their enforced solution of the problems consequent on beginning a new life in a new country, had found out for him the major and minor premisses; it only remained for him to draw the conclusions. He would no more go back over the successive steps which led to the conclusions which he saw, than we who know that twelve times twelve are a hundred and forty-four should be willing to make twelve successive additions of twelve to reach the result, because the children around us do not know what the total is without doing so. Nor would the trained arithmetician who knows at once that  $24 \times 24 = 576$  be willing to adopt our calculations to find it out. Professor Nichol, in his most valuable and instructive work on American Literature, is struck with this fact, but he does not get as far as the explanation of it. "Mr. Emerson," he says, "seems to

have bought his experience cheaply." Precisely. In fact, he paid no more for it than an heir pays for his wealth; it was given to him. This, then, is the explanation the present interpretation gives of Emerson's inability or unwillingness to adopt the ordinary processes of reasoning. His inconsistency is explained by the fact that, not being obliged to conduct any intellectual calculating operations, he simply transfers to us the contents of his mental notebook, which contained new matter every day. In conversation he once let fall a sentence which is a perfect commentary on all his writings, and which fully confirms this view. "I find myself," he said, "in the midst of a truth which I do not understand. I do not find that any one understands it. I only wish to make a clean transcript of my mind."

As a second and crucial test, does this interpretation explain Emerson's great secret—the secret of his stimulating power? That it does so is, to my mind, its chief merit. If Emerson's personality is the ethics that is to be, expressed in terms of humanity, if he embodies the unity which we have found to be philosophically true, then he is an ideal to us, he is our idea actualized; but not an ideal at which we can directly aim, for we may not adopt his method, but rather an ideal which exhorts, for he is a living proof that our own theoretical views are correct, and therefore to be followed. Now, an exhorting ideal—is not that a sufficient key to his power?

Finally, no doubt every human mind exhibits a unity similar in kind; it is the vastness of the difference in degree which, if the preceding argument is correct, shows how remarkably and peculiarly true of Emerson are Carlyle's words about Scott: "When he departed he took a man's life with him."—*Fortnightly Review*.

#### RUSSIA AFTER THE CORONATION.

BY STEPNIAK.

##### I.

RUSSIA has, since the first months of the present reign, presented a very instructive spectacle to anybody who takes

an interest in social questions. We see before us what might be called a sort of Cæsean Democracy. The State had arrived at a fearful crisis, which even



the daring spirits that now hold the rudder of public affairs in their hands could not mistake. The acute symptom was the terrorism, which for its part found, both morally and materially, ample support in the discontented minds of all the educated classes. But this discontent carried in itself its own *raison d'être*, for it was virtually the revolt of the human conscience and personality against a barbarous autocracy. At the present time the interchange of ideas between Russia and the rest of Europe is so great, that a Russian, however limited his education may be, can at least feel the shame, the scandal, the humiliation of being a mere toy in the hands of the commonest policeman, and longs to write and talk as he thinks, to discuss matters with whom he likes, instead of being deprived of those elementary political rights which in Europe are considered to be inherent in every man arrived at years of reason, so much so that even the Russian despot neither could nor dared to withhold them from the slaves of Turkey, the Bulgarians, whom he liberated from Mussulman oppression. The Terror was nothing else than a fuller and deeper expression of the indignation felt by the new race of men, fashioned by the spirit of the West out of a meek and flexible Russian world, which in its patriarchal family system, in its village community, and in the whole secular formation of the State, exhibited an eternal sacrifice of the individual to society at large, and of the personal will to that of the public. But those tendencies, however spontaneous and natural, would not of themselves weigh much in the political balance of the country, considering the countless number of those who do not share them. The Government could affect not to hear demands from that quarter since it had the support of the immense majority of the popular classes, who do not comprehend one iota of political liberty, national representation, and the like, and have not even time to think of such things, being for the most part entirely preoccupied with the question of daily bread. The desperate economical position of the people, however, supplied the necessary starting-point, the foundation-stone for political reorganization in a Liberal sense. In Russia, not only

the Revolutionary party, which appears everywhere as the disinterested champion of the people, but also the Liberal—or, better, the Radical—party, has always given to the question of political liberty the democratic solution. And perhaps there is no country in existence where the Liberal party, exclusively formed of people belonging to the privileged classes, are so earnestly and openly inclined toward democratic concessions, even where their private interests are threatened by them, as in Russia. This inclination is the consequence of constant moral influences which we need not analyze; but its result will be, that the Liberal party, in order to satisfy their own intellectual and moral requirements, will be obliged to make important material sacrifices to the people; they can only see their wishes realized by becoming the people's allies, representatives, and leaders.

The Government understood this and was determined to undermine, by one effort, the foundations of both the opposing parties. Alexander III., on being proclaimed emperor, declared that he would relieve his people of their misery, without the intervention of the people itself. The outcome of this was a long phantasmagoria of democracy, in which the first part was played by the Armenian Melikoff, who was seconded by the Slavophil Ignatieff. Not to dwell upon the numerous committees, commissions of experts, and so on, that were appointed, let us consider the positive work done for the good of the people during these two years. Complying with the opinion of the whole press, which for twenty years had condemned the exorbitant taxes paid by the peasants on their land, these committees tried to diminish them. But the financial position of the Government did not allow any larger reduction than one rouble per farm in the poorest provinces, amounting in all to twelve millions per annum. Then the salt duty was abolished, and about this measure the Government made considerable noise; but it really passed almost unnoticed by the people, as also, if we must confess it, did the previous measure.

To understand how insufficient, how ridiculous, even, these small reductions are, it is necessary to describe, in a few



words, the economical position of the peasant.

When independence from serfdom was restored to them, the peasantry were presented with small pieces of land, "wherefrom to derive their own subsistence and means for the payment of taxes," as the Act of the 19th of February, 1861, has it. But this idea was actually realized in such a manner as left the peasants insufficiently provided for either of the two purposes mentioned. They are obliged to buy bread during about one-third of the year, because their landed property is so small that, under existing agricultural conditions, it cannot provide them with the necessary food. Circumstances are therefore, so serious, that the peasant cannot even think of being able to defray the tax on his land with the produce of his own farm. Here we must stop for a moment to say a few words about our unique system of levying taxes. What would an English farmer say if the tax-collector came to demand from him in taxes as much as three-fourths or nine-tenths, or even the whole of the rent of his land? How he would open his eyes at such a preposterous demand. But taxes are so high in Russia—not everywhere fortunately—that in most cases the amount of taxation exceeds that of the peasant's rent.

Not to overload our paper with figures, we shall cite a curious document which is, in many respects, authoritative for the state of affairs. In Zemstro's voluminous statistics of the province of Moscow\* we find the register of a lease, dated November 14th, 1874, in which a certain Grigorieff, peasant in such and such a village, such and such a commune, says that on leaving his farm he agrees to pay to the incoming tenant the sum of 21 roubles a year. Zemstro annexes here a small statistical table showing the average rent, which is not paid by the holder of the land, but by the original landowner.

And this appears to be the case everywhere in the province of Moscow. But the same occurs elsewhere. "The taxes exceed in most cases the rent of the farms," says Suvarin, *alter ego* of Katkoff, speaking of the whole Russian

Empire.\* This is also confirmed by the reports furnished by the various agrarian committees of the Government, or by Zemstro. In the well-known book of Professor Sanson, of St. Petersburg, which gives us a summary of the whole state of public affairs, we find that, according to the official statistics of thirty-one northern districts, the tax amounts in some special cases to 76, 86.1, and 92.7 per cent, but less than 100 per cent of the whole rent. In the majority of cases, however, the tax varies from 100 to 250 per cent; so that it exceeds the rent and raises it to double the amount. And there is a third category, where the tax amounts to more than 250 per cent, and reaches as much as 330, 417, 430, and even 565 per cent. This category, of course, is less numerous than the one preceding, but much more numerous than the first.

The reader who is interested in all these, and many other figures relating to the same, will find them in the book mentioned, authoritatively attested by references to volume, page, and paragraph of the official reports, from which the meritorious professor has extracted them.

But how is it that such an absurd and even fantastic system of taxation could be established? Why does the peasant not leave the land and betake himself to other and better-paying work? The reason why the peasant does not leave the land is because the law forbids it; he belongs to the class of "glebæ adscripti," in the strict sense of the word. The peasants are not free men, but slaves of the public treasury; and to meet the exorbitant demands of their master, they must have recourse to some accessory sources of income. To enable them to pay the taxes a considerable part of the agrarian population leave their villages and try to earn money in factories, in petty trade, or in railway building, etc. Where there is no auxiliary employment the peasant falls into deep misery. It is easily understood, that in a country which is to so small extent industrial as Russia, where the towns contain only the tenth part of the population, and where the whole value of the manufactured prod-

\* Vol. iv. part i. p. 201.

\* *Russian Almanach* for 1883, p. 190.



ucts does not reach one-fifth of the agricultural produce, the auxiliary sources of income are neither sure nor adequate. Looking at the more industrial provinces of Central Russia, we find only a single province where, after the tax has been paid, and the necessary food been purchased, a surplus of 26 roubles per annum for a family of six members remains. In other provinces we notice a smaller surplus of 12, 9, and 3 roubles, sometimes of some 10 kopeks. But in most cases we meet with a positive deficit.\*

These surpluses can do little toward even the single item of clothing, on which, according to the very moderate calculations made by Zemstro of Moscow,† the family of a peasant must lay out 35 roubles per annum, and the peasant will have to spend about an equal sum in keeping his implements in order, paying the priest, entertaining friends on special occasions, not to mention unforeseen expenses caused by illness, loss of cattle, etc.

We may therefore conclude without exaggeration that, save in a few individual cases, the annual balance of the peasant shows an actual deficit, which can be made up only by diminishing the family consumption of food below the limits prescribed by physiology—that is to say, by voluntary famine, more or less acute—or by falling into arrears with the taxes—i.e., by *Nedoinke*. Which of these expedients is the worst it is difficult to say. The fact is that the peasant has very often to take refuge in both of them. The first leads to slow but fatal ruin; for when prolonged it destroys the health and laboring power of the people, and threatens its future prosperity; the second insures immediate ruin, it leads directly to the sale of the peasant's cattle and movable property, and so reduces him to a state of misery, from which he cannot extricate himself for ten or more years to come. This is the economical position of the agricultural population of Russia—that is to say, of 77 per cent of the whole population of the country. What the political and social consequences will be, we leave to our readers to con-

template. We shall only ask one question: in a state of affairs so desperate, that the worst must inevitably come, if the causes that produce it are not removed, what good can be done by small reductions of taxes such as the Government has granted? The reduction of one rouble in the most distressed provinces is so entirely insignificant, that it may be called altogether fictitious. The "*Nedoinke*" (which can hardly be translated) is much more than a rouble a year. The abolition of the salt duty does not amount to more than  $1\frac{1}{2}$  kopeks per pound; and as there is no more salt consumed than 10 kili per head, the peasant has a fine profit of 30 kopeks per annum.

But the balance-sheet of the State, weighted as it is by a public debt that is greatly increasing, cannot endure even this sacrifice: it has, therefore, been deemed necessary to raise the duties on other commodities—as, for instance, on brandy, which is almost exclusively consumed by the peasants, to 14 per cent. This means merely taking back with one hand what was given with the other.

The absolute incapacity of the Government to manage things more efficiently for the benefit of the people is clearly proved by this series of lame measures. It is confirmed by the manifesto of the coronation.

It was to be expected that the Government would reserve its most beneficial gift for a solemn occasion of such vast importance. But it had already exhausted all its resources with the reductions mentioned, and the manifesto did nothing more than proclaim a gracious forgiveness of one part of the *Nedoinke* in certain cases. Considering that the very existence of those *Nedoinke* is a sign of the overwhelming weight of the taxes on those who pay them, nobody can attribute any further importance to this measure than that it was meant to save the peasant for one year from the intruding tax-collector. The condition of the people has in no way changed. They contribute, as before, everything they can possibly be stripped of. We may go further, and say that the condonation of some ten millions renders the gracious generosity that dictated it effectual only on paper, because of the enormous amount of the original taxes.

\* "Tour," chapter ii.

† See appendix to the volume cited.



The Nedomke arrears are either not paid at all or paid in quite insignificant instalments, so that those of the current year are added to those of the past; and as they grow larger from year to year, they amount eventually to fabulous sums which far exceed the annual taxes. And then it is notorious that before the coronation the Nedomke were extorted with a cruelty unsurpassed even in Russia. Therefore the condonation of Nedomke merely came to this, that forgiveness was granted for what at the moment could not be obtained, and the measure was nothing better than a sham, which was hardly of any good to the peasant, or any disadvantage to the public treasury.

The political part of the manifesto is, if possible, of a more wretched character than the economical. In this part is presented a characteristic example of the whole policy of the Russian Empire, which has always been something between a wolf and a hyena. Incapable of magnanimity, without a spark of noble feeling, timorous like a delinquent who has many sins on his mind, the Government shrinks from granting an open pardon; it offers, with a calm face and graceful gesture, some trifle which it can take back at any moment. For instance, in remitting to the political offenders who are banished to Siberia some part of their punishment, the Government does so only under the condition, "with the approval of their superintendents in cases of good behavior"—that is to say, according to the option of the latter. In allowing some of the political refugees to return to their country, it does so only on the "petition of the Minister for Internal Affairs." The Polish exiles of 1863 are allowed to return on condition that they "place themselves for three years under the inspection of the police," which means, in ordinary language, that they are to be kept at some place during that time. Such is the Jesuitism of the Russian law. If a citizen is placed under the inspection of the police, the latter can declare that they are unable to superintend him effectually, save in some town in Siberia or some distant province, and thither he is sent for fear that the police should be unable to do its business.

One might think that in one connection at least the Government would feel ashamed to take refuge in any such base and hypocritical game—we mean, in the matter of toleration toward the religious sects, the "Raskolniki," where, in fact, the matter is not one of granting a favor, but of paying what is due. Before the Emperor went on his tour on the Volga (1881), to show himself to his people, the most influential members of the "Okhrana" (a secret society which has for its aim the protection of the Tzar)—as, for instance, Demidoff—made a hurried run through the provinces where the "Raskolniki" have numerous adherents, to promise them an ukase of toleration, on the occasion of the coronation, if they would form themselves into a special body-guard to protect the Tzar against his enemies. The pact seemed to be advantageous, and the principal "Raskolniki," who are nearly all great merchants, sent circulars to about 6000 of their employés, calling on them for service during the imperial journey. These people formed at that time part of the rejoicing populace and of the body-guard. They held the same office during the ceremony of the coronation, maltreating the public, and committing outrages as reported by the Russian papers.\* But even here the Government felt that it could not part with its evil system. The so-called ukase of toleration is far from what it ought to be. The "Raskolniki" are not allowed to print book of their rites nor to found monasteries; but they are permitted to reopen their old chapels and to build new ones, always, however, under the condition that the police has to see that this is done at the signified spot! Then follows a series of paltry prohibitions. The "Raskolniki" are forbidden to give their houses of worship the form and outward appearance of a church, for fear they might consider themselves equal to Christians of the orthodox rite; processions are not allowed; a formal decree is required for the use of bells (exactly as we read in the firman of the first Sultans, in respect to the Christians), etc., all of which is intended to remind the "Raskolniki," how inferior and vile their religion is as

\* See *Novorli, Degli ultimi giorni.*



compared with the orthodox rite of the State.

But worse than all this is the prohibition to change one's religion; as certain laws remain still in full force (at least, there is not the least mention made of their abolition) which punish anybody with deprivation of the common law and banishment to Siberia who abandons the orthodox rite, the adherents of the latter cannot acknowledge the "Raskolniki" without incurring this punishment. The ukase, therefore, only refers to those who belong to the sect of the "Raskolniki" *by birth*. It would appear to be a prohibition of proselytism, but in reality its meaning is widely different. The "Raskolniki" were persecuted by us for centuries, and were not even acknowledged by the Government. In the registers of the population they used to enrol themselves as orthodox, paying a certain fee to the "Stanovoi" (head of the police), and to the parson of the village, in order to be allowed to live in peace. But the more zealous were not willing to have recourse to such an evasion, preferring to suffer persecution rather than to forswear, even outwardly, their religious faith. The official number of the "Raskolniki" consequently does not exceed 900,000, whereas all-in-all they amount to from eleven to sixteen millions. By not allowing the members of the Orthodox Church to change their faith for that of the sects, the ukase extends the benefit of its half-toleration only to those 900,000, so that things substantially remain as they used to be. The police decide everything, and the mercenariness of the officials is the only guarantee against oppression.

The following are the written documents: The two addresses of the Emperor; one to the elders of the rural communes, the other to the highest nobility, ratifying the solemn decision of the Government, (1) to maintain the immunity of the privileged classes, and (2) to make no alteration in the agrarian administration; in other words, to pledge itself to do nothing that could really improve the position of the people.

## II.

It is apparent that the Imperial Government has in its home policy made

a grave mistake. Those, however, will be equally mistaken who expect us to come down upon the Government with a shower of invectives. Rather than attack it, we will, like generous enemies, take upon ourselves the task of defending it, and prove that this was not altogether the fault of the Government itself, because, in fact, it was unable to do anything serious in the matter.

We exaggerate in no wise when we say that, to render the peasant's position, not satisfactory, but even tolerable, it is necessary to remedy to a certain degree the grievances from which he at present suffers. As the State, however, cannot diminish its expenses to such a considerable extent without sinking to the level of a Power of the third rank, to which not only the national pride, but the common desire for security and self-preservation as well, would refuse to consent, the only way of settling the question would be to bring the other classes to the rescue—as, for instance, the industrial class, who at present contribute very little to the revenue of the State. But if one-half of the 325 millions of roubles—the amount which the agrarian class has to pay—were transferred to the other class, aggravating, as that naturally would, the weakness of our industry, the latter would raise a terrible outcry under such an enormous burden. Seeing, therefore, it is impossible to diminish the agrarian taxes to half their amount, and to reduce them thereby to tolerable proportions, no other course remains but to increase the resources of agriculture to the required extent, that is, to multiply the produce of the land. Equalization of land, and equalization of taxation (if not the progressive tax), these are the two cardinal means which have been pointed out by all friends of progress as the only things that can help us to solve our economical crisis. Both means require a sacrifice of interest on the part of the privileged classes; the first on the part of the landowners, the second on the part of the capitalists. Considering that the number of this latter class is relatively small, the sacrifice must inevitably be anything but easy.

Let us now ask whether the autocracy will be able "to raise itself"—as its partisans tell us—above the interests of



the classes so as "to carry those radical reforms into effect?"

"In free countries," wrote once a French politician, "the privileged classes take upon themselves the whole of the taxes, to make their privileges excusable in the eyes of others as rewards for public services." In despotic States, however, the despot tries to make himself agreeable to the upper classes—the only persons that, by virtue of their education, can hate despotism as such—relieving them of all taxation, and to acquire their consent, letting them participate in the profit of the injustice done to the nation at large. It may be generally taken for granted, that everybody who pays wants to know where his money goes. That is not the case, however, with the common people; deprived as they are of enlightenment and immersed in cares about daily bread, they can be robbed of the fruit of their labor without a voice being raised to ask where their earnings go, and without being able to protest against maladministration. The educated classes, privileged as they are, do not hesitate to take from them arbitrarily a considerable portion of their means of subsistence, and to squander it without asking their advice or their approval. That has been always the case, and kings know it, and we see it repeated in Russia, throughout its whole history. The autocracy, although pretending to cherish paternal love for the common people, has constantly sacrificed it to the higher classes; making use of the latter to establish its power where it did not exist before—as, for instance, in the Republic of Ukraine, annexed in the seventeenth century, where two centuries and a half afterward, when the Muscovite rule has become definitely established, it still adheres to the same political plan, which is a natural requirement of its position and its self-preservation. Whenever these higher classes see themselves by force compelled to some sort of reform, they use all their might to secure their own interests, which is very difficult, as we know, in agitations about "give and keep."

But little radical to begin with, the reforms conceived in imperial brains come to an early death through the in-

evitable mode of carrying them out. It is a common idea that in modern States, with their complicated administration, autocracy, or the government of a single person, does not exist; but this is a mere fiction, for it only transforms itself into the government of a bureaucracy. What can one man do, with no more than sixteen hours a day to work in, and much of that time spent in vain ceremonies, etc.; what can he do when he has to superintend everything, to decide about everything, in all the different branches of the government of a people of eighty millions? Not to speak of the sum-total of public affairs, let us take a only single question into consideration—for instance, the one about the emancipation of the peasantry. The two immediate predecessors of Alexander II.—Alexander I. and Nicholas I.—took this question much to heart and occupied themselves with it for many years without arriving at any conclusion. Nicholas I. was, perhaps, at the bottom of his heart more abolitionist than his son, who, during the first years of his reign, was opposed to emancipation and did not betake himself to the measure finally adopted by him, until at a later period he became convinced by facts and by experienced advisers of the necessity of it for the sake of his own personal peace and that of the State. It cannot be said that Nicholas was a man of less character than Alexander II. Why, then, did he not take a single step toward the realization of that reform, which, he confessed, had been the dream of his whole life? For one very plain reason; because he feared Liberal opinion and publicity, as the owl fears the sunlight; he intrusted the elaboration of his project to a secret committee formed of "cinovniki," the chief men among his privy councillors. These were nearly all proprietors of thousands of serfs and did not like to hear much about emancipation; and although pretending to be obedient to his wishes, did not hurry themselves in any way, discovering constantly new obstacles and impediments. The Emperor dissolved and re-formed this committee several times, but the new members followed the example of their predecessors; because it was easy for men experienced in navigating the seas of courts to de-



ceive the Emperor; and so these committees, during more than twenty years of continuous existence, did nothing but waste paper and ink. All these particulars and others of the same purport are to be found in the exceedingly interesting memoir of the senator, T. A. Solovieff.\* It concludes at the time when the Emperor Alexander II. had brought the work of emancipation to an end, and had broken with autocratic traditions, calling upon the press and society for assistance. But this breach was quite insufficient. Jealous of his unlimited power, the Emperor wanted to retain the predominant part in the work for himself, and simply changed the autocracy into a bureaucracy. The latter made a mockery of the reform, as we have seen, and this was in fact one of the principal causes of the tragic end of its promoter.

Autocracy is sovereignty by a bureaucracy; and the bureaucracy in despotic States consists of the dregs of the privileged classes. It regards no other force but personal interest, the personal interest of privileged classes in treating economical questions, and the personal interest of absolute power in treating political questions. The line taken by this class has always been opposition to all reforms and to all liberal or democratic tendencies. Where it was impossible to hinder the progress of reform entirely, they have always tried to disfigure its appearance so as to make it wholly unrecognizable and render it practically useless; in which attempt they succeeded only too well, as is proved by the history of reforms in Russia.† Their endeavors to reject the services of a class of people who had *pure interest* in letting the country benefit by the new reforms were crowned with singular success. To no single man, emperor, or minister, however well instructed and intelligent, is the power given to resist successfully the false entreaties of a legion of followers who are the indispensable executors of his will.

This forms the principal cause of the

organic sterility of the autocracy. We may add that on the question of economical and financial reforms, which engages our attention specially here, the impotence of the Government renders these reforms even more peremptorily needed. The question refers, as we have seen, not to a small change in affairs, but to a real financial revolution; the equalization of land and the transposition of a considerable part of the taxes to the shoulders of the privileged classes. Let us pass over the first head of this programme, which is so very complicated that we must refer to it later on, and let us consider the second—the taxation of capital. To avoid general discontent, this project must be based on a perfect and detailed acquaintance with local conditions, which the "cinovniki" of St. Petersburg cannot possibly possess. They are not able to ascertain the sources of taxation, nor can they define their respective extent. Persisting in the old course would inevitably have ruined the country without benefiting the public treasury. We have not here organs of local self-government able to undertake and carry out such a measure efficiently. This consideration, although it may appear of small account, is, notwithstanding, of very great importance. It shows the desperate, sterile efforts of the Government in respect to the financial question; and in Russia, as everywhere, this will probably prove the fatal rock for despotism.

This is the key to the existing situation in Russia. It is evident that the economical crisis is resolving itself into a political crisis. Every road leads to Rome; every consideration which shows the incapacity of autocracy to accomplish what the state of the country imposes upon it, will result in the end in political liberty, in communal and provincial autonomy, in national representation in place of the bureaucratic régime, in civil liberty, which is the guarantee of progress, security, and the general welfare of the country.

All this has been for a long time perfectly well understood by the more advanced parties in Russia, and laying aside their particular differences, they are all now united into one party, which raises the flag of freedom against des-

\* Published in the *Zhetskia* of St. Petersburg, *Russkaja Starina* of 1882.

† Vide Golovateff, "Ten Years of Reform;" J. Z., "The Struggle of Bureaucracy against the Zemstvo for Eighteen Years;" "Memoirs of the Senator Solovieff," &c.



potism. This unequal struggle has already lasted for many years, and Europe looks on perplexed. The coronation introduces a new phase of it, about which we shall, in conclusion, say a word or two.

Having left the people in the same state as before, having deceived the educated classes, who expected liberal concessions after the coronation, and displeased the revolutionists, who expected a more or less considerable amnesty, the Government has set itself more than ever in opposition to the whole nation. It will yield nothing, it can do nothing, and it promises nothing except to do nothing. Nobody can put hopes in it any longer. How, then, do the various political parties shape themselves under and toward these conditions? We have already explained why the revolutionists seemed inactive at the coronation; in the first place, having missions in connection with insurrections, greater or smaller, which are in preparation, they naturally did not wish to scatter their forces or weaken themselves in a single terroristic attempt of so much less importance than the others.

It seems to us more advisable for them to keep secret for a time, for the sake of securing the realization of those plans; and, furthermore, to give the people and the citizens time to taste fully the gifts of the imperial horn of plenty. So, with all the indispensable reserve of a mere spectator—which, in fact, is our real position—we will not hesitate to repeat, that we are convinced Russia need not fear any dreadful attempt upon its Government at the present time. But it is not necessary to be a prophet to foresee that we are entering upon a period of great Liberal agitation, with perhaps more or less disturbance among the people, caused by famine and the desperate state of affairs. The moment is very opportune, and if our Liberal party, the "Zemstvo" (provincial assemblies) and "Dume" municipal councils, possess an ounce of courage (and we hope they do), they will follow the example of their principal leader, Tschischerin, town councillor of Moscow, whose speech excited so much attention throughout Europe.

There is no doubt that this struggle

will end in the victory of the Liberal party; the Government will feel convinced of its incapacity to settle the urgent questions of the present moment. The best proof of this is the disorder which prevails in the upper regions of the Court of St. Petersburg, where intrigues are hatched not only among ministers, generals, and courtiers, but even among the members of the Imperial Family, and it is no wonder that the Black Institution directed by Pobedonoszeff and Katkoff is still upheld for the maintenance of the autocracy. Of this we shall speak at a future time. But how long the stubborn resistance of the Despotism will last, and how many more disasters it will bring down upon the country, nobody can foresee. There is one power which, at first glance, appears to be foreign to this whole state of affairs, but which is nevertheless able to exercise considerable influence over the fast-approaching end of this unfortunate period, it is the public of Europe. It may, indeed, seem strange, but it is true, that the opinion of the foreign press has far greater influence over the headsstrong despots that rule our public affairs than even the public opinion of the country itself has. No doubt this is a sign of barbarism, for barbarians are very sensitive to what is said about them in distant countries. Peter the Great, who, with his own hand, cut off the heads of the rebellious Strelitzes at a public place before the eyes of thousands of his "faithful subjects," was much offended when the Austrian ambassador, Korb, reported this incident to the public of Europe in his books on "Moskovia" and called it barbarous. The same sensitiveness to the opinion of the foreign public was manifested by his successors. The tender relations between the Empress Catherine II. and Voltaire, as well as Diderot, while the Tsarina kept on imprisoning, ruining, and banishing to Siberia moderate Liberals like Novikoff and Badischeff, constitute a sufficient proof of this. Some of our readers, perhaps, will remember, how the Emperor Alexander II., who always showed great indifference toward Russian public opinion, used, as is well known, to decree an act of amnesty when he happened to go abroad, so as to enjoy a certain popu-



larity before the public of Europe. So, too, in the Helfmann affair he showed great earnestness in his endeavors to neutralize what the French Radicals had said about him; whereas he was not capable of even conferring about this with his own people.

On one occasion the European press manifested its power; it was after the assassination of Alexander II. The press unanimously recommended the necessity of abolishing the autocracy, and of proclaiming a constitution, as the only way of getting out of the dangerous crisis, into which Russia had been led by the obstinacy of the late Emperor. We are positively informed by some of our friends, who have close relations with the Court, that this advice had effective influence, in maintaining the Melikoff Ministry, which represented a system of Liberal tendencies, although Pobedonoszeff and Vladimir, both highly accredited counsellors of the Emperor, were strongly opposed to the Minister's views. However, Russian society, as represented by its Ministers, did not understand the importance of the moment, or know how to profit by it. Instead of pursuing the frightened Government, which was uncertain as to the future, with fierce and stringent demands, society itself became timid in consequence of the audacious outrages committed by the terrorists at the last moment, and entirely lost its reason; so, instead of expressing to the Government its ardent wishes, it began to flatter it! A good opportunity was thus lost, and the autocracy gained sufficient time to get its senses back, rouse itself, and rise to its feet as before.

To-day parties have changed, but the situation is not less grave. The Nihilists are silent, but the economical and financial crisis, with an inevitable and imminent bankruptcy in the distance, and perhaps outrages on part of a certain desperate section of society in store, occupies their place. The opposition of the middle and intelligent classes has received an acute stimulus which in time we hope will bear ample fruit. It is a great pity that at such a moment a strange sort of irresolution besets the mind of people. It is difficult to understand how and why, at a moment when the Imperial Government had confessed

to be completely incapable, and had lost every shadow of prestige in Russia, the European press, especially that of England with its self-government, could raise its voice to say that Russia was not ripe for a Liberal constitution, and ought to content itself with a reformed and more humane despotism.

The instructors of the public ought to know that these words are self-contradictory. A reformed and more-humane autocracy is nonsense, because it means merely the substitution of the Government of a Camarilla for a despotism pure and simple; and have they carefully examined Russian life before giving such a peremptory judgment? Do they know what is said, done, and projected in our Zemstvos, encumbered and hindered as they are by a suspicious Government? Do they read our papers and reviews, to be so convinced that Russia is destitute of men capable of understanding and interpreting the affairs of their country? We shall say no more than this, that all the measures that have been effected, projected, or even discussed, have been merely pale reflexes, or rather deformed counterfeits, of what had been proposed hundreds of times by the Zemstvos and the press! To prefer the Government of Pobedonoszeff, Baranoff, Ignatieff, and Tolstoi, and the whole administrative powers of St. Petersburg, is like doing wrong to truth, justice, and good sense, like preferring an ignorant and dishonest plagiarist to the original author, whom the former has robbed of his property; or like giving an incapable pupil preference to the professor, whose learning and instruction he is feebly trying to repeat.

In the name of humanity, we invite all those that guide public opinion to examine this question more carefully, and warn them not to throw their authoritative word incautiously into the scales of a despotism which dishonors this century.

We hope to treat on some future occasion of the present state of Russia as autocracy has made it, and to treat of it with all the circumspection and sobriety which are required by our position as revolutionists; and we trust that the English public which has lent a willing ear to the sufferings and the heroism, the hopes and the aspiring endeavors of



our party, will not refuse us its attention when we write about our unfortunate

people, which has really deserved a better lot.—*Contemporary Review*.

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MEMORIES OF ISCHIA.

BY WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.

I AM not sure whether I ought to write an account of my impressions of Ischia, formed during a visit which was brought to a close only a few days before the awful convulsion that, in a very narrow area, and in the space of a few seconds, destroyed so many thousands of lives. A passenger in a ship which was wrecked soon after he had been landed from it safely in port is scarcely justified in obtruding upon the world a narrative of the voyage before the vessel foundered; but he may be pardoned if, moved by affectionate remembrance of those in whose society he passed so many pleasant hours, he ventures to think that the public, who have been shocked by their terrible fate, would like to learn something about the passengers and crew. I must, however, warn those who might suppose, from the words at the top of the page, that I am about to give an account of the earthquake from personal knowledge or experience of its effects, that I was in England on the day it occurred, and that I left Casamicciola on my way home some eight or nine days sooner than I had intended to start on my journey, in consequence of a circumstance, which I shall not call "providential," considering that many good people were overwhelmed in the ruin I escaped. But the news of that catastrophe produced on me an effect, which may indeed be weakened in time, if I live, but which can never be effaced from my mind as long as memory endures. It is an effect I cannot describe. I know that awe and pity are of it, but that, in the thoughts of the fearful doom of those I saw so lately for the last time, I cannot, strange as it may appear, acknowledge the existence of the smallest feeling of that which is called "thankfulness" for what should be considered an escape from almost certain death. And yet I cannot pretend to say that I am sorry I was not there. Who could?—who can say he would have borne the ordeal when the

earth heaved like a stormy sea, and in the quarter of a minute the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds were realized to the victims of the caprice of the earthquake? "*Impavidum ferient ruinae*" indeed! No! Man of woman born must fear at such a moment. The bravest surely uttered a despairing cry in the short, sharp agony wherein creation seemed to come to chaos, and the great globe itself to crash out in thunder and fire the requiem of Nature herself—the utterance of the awful sentence of an angry and implacable God, ere He destroyed His handiwork.

On my way from Egypt to England, last June, I landed at Naples for a few days' rest. The first news which I read in the papers at the *Hôtel des Etrangers* there, was that an outbreak of cholera had occurred at Damietta after I had left, and the next steamer that came into the bay from Alexandria displayed the yellow flag at the main, and was sent off incontinently to quarantine at Nisita.

Very soon after my arrival at Naples, in the course of excursions to Castellammare, Pompeii, and Vesuvius, I was made aware of an increasing inability to use my legs with freedom, which I attributed to an accident in the Transvaal, to gout, and to rheumatism, rather than to what perhaps was in some degree responsible for it—*annus domini*; and so lamenting, as I walked with a friend along the quay one afternoon, I was asked abruptly, "Why on earth don't you go and try the baths at Ischia? I know dozens of fellows who have been set up by them—Admiral Smith, Pickles, Jack Jones of the Blues"—and so on.

Ischia, somehow or other, was not within a measurable distance of my little expeditions from Naples. But in the hall of the hotel there were spirited sketches of the little group of islands which lies off the northern point of the bay; and in going to Capri one can just catch the picturesque outlines of Ischia and Procida, broken off abruptly, as it



were, from the Misenian Cape. However, I did not care much to visit the Castle of Alfonso of Aragon, or to verify the accuracy of Stansfield's admirable picture or of David Roberts's drawing. So I went on to Rome, and there I soon became convinced that, whatever the cause of the lameness and pain by which I was affected might be, it would not be prudent to neglect the waters near at hand, which, every one assured me, were all but omnipotent in the removal of such disabilities as those from which I was suffering.

The placards and notices which invited the Neapolitan and general public to resort to Ischia in the heat of the summer—which was now felt in great intensity—generally contained flattering allusions to the excellency of "La Piccola Sentinella" at Casamicciola, and the advertisements *ad hoc* generally ended with an intimation that Signora Dombré, the proprietress, was an Englishwoman. Accordingly, to her I addressed a letter for a room, from Rome, and by return was informed that the "Piccola Sentinella" was full, but that there was nevertheless a room at my disposal if I wished to decide swiftly on retaining it.

There are two rival lines of steamers from the port of Naples to the islands, and the unwary traveller is the object of much contention—of which probably he is unconscious—to hotel touts and boatmen engaged in promoting the interests of these contending navigations. I believe I succeeded, more by chance than by good guidance, in selecting the better of the two steamers, which start every morning from the inner harbor near the Custom-house. There was a heterogeneous assemblage of tradespeople and ordinary travellers—visitors to the islands for health or pleasure—and a gathering of fishermen and their wives and daughters, and peasants engaged in the fruit, olive, and grape trade, on deck; and, moreover, the band of the 18th Regiment of Infantry, which had been assisting at some fête on shore, was on board returning to the headquarters of the regiment at the Castle of Ischia.

I shall not venture to describe the shores of the well-beaten sea which has been for so many centuries traversed by the fleets and navies of the world; or

expatiate on the beauties of Baiæ, Pozzuoli, or Misenum. Bumping over the bright blue waves, treading the intricacies of the webs of great tunny-nets watched by the lumbering boats at anchor with their sleeping fishermen, who, roused up by the noise of the paddles, take a stare at the steamer, and then sink back again, to rest until the time comes for them to visit the *camera de morte*, in about an hour and a half we rounded the point and port of the island of Procida, whistling and blowing off steam all the while, and for the time effectually overwhelming the terrible brass band of the 18th, which certainly was more suitable for the field of battle and war's alarms than for the narrow deck of the Leone. As soon as we had discharged some passengers we left Procida, and in less than half an hour the steamer entered the port of the neighboring island. At Ischia the musical warriors were transferred to boats, and many of our fellow-passengers got out. Looking round on the deck, somewhat cleared by the departure of the Italian families for Ischia, I could only detect two of the passengers whose nationality seemed very well defined. They were undoubtedly English. A lady, with a soft, melancholy face, neatly dressed, was seated in an easy-chair, with that air of languor which indicates the invalid who is seeking health, or recovering from a severe illness. By her side there was a fair young girl, whose bright blue eye and cheeks suffused with health presented a strong contrast to the appearance of the lady who was evidently her mother. How little do we know what the hour that is to come may bring forth! Some trifling attention which I paid to the elder lady, in adjusting her chair so as to keep it a little better amidships, to save her from the effect of a slight sea-way off Misenum, commenced the acquaintance which will cause me to retain forever the sorrowful memory of the terrible fate of my temporary companions.

I find that I described the town of Ischia in my diary as a "compound-looking place, like Folkstone-cum-Dover, dominated by a magnificent pile—a castellated barrack, covered ways, and drawbridges, and all the appurtenances of a vast mediæval fortress,



perched on a rock at the end of the island, and approached by a causeway through the sea."

The steamer remained but a few minutes in the harbor of Ischia, and shooting out by the Lighthouse at the end of the little pier after a short way, turned the corner, so to speak, and ran close to the coast, which is frowning with almost perpendicular cliffs, perforated with caves, and seamed with fissures up to the margin of the vegetation, which, in waves of fruit-trees, olives, and grapes, sweeps up to the base of Mount Epomeo, presenting terraces dotted with white villas, a prospect delightfully fresh to the eye. The land, mounting in sharp waves higher and higher, up to the sheer precipice of the mountain, seems to toss up here and there crests of rock, round which a sea of vines and olives rolls placidly.

"There!" said a fellow-passenger, "is Casamicciola!" He pointed to a little bay, the beach of which was lined with white houses, among which I detected, without satisfaction, two or three smoking chimneys, which were, I was told, the appurtenances of certain manufactories of tiles, for which the island, from all time, has been celebrated. At the back of these houses the land mounted steeply, narrowing between two folds or arms that descended from the yellow rock forming the double crest of Epomeo; and in this natural amphitheatre were built the rows of houses, detached or forming short streets, and villas standing in their own grounds, which constituted the favorite resort of Roman and Neapolitan families. The names of many of these villas—or "pensions"—were inscribed upon them in large letters visible through the glass, and looking upward I saw "La Piccola Sentinella" keeping watch and ward over the little town from a high plateau—a terraced front with windows fenced in by green jalousies, two lines of bright white buildings, girt tightly in a belt of fruit-trees, grapes, and olives.

A fleet of small boats came alongside the steamer, and I was transferred, under the care of Melchior, the commissionnaire of the hotel,\* to one of them.

Although piers could be made very readily at almost every Italian port, passengers are always conveyed from the steamers by boats. "What would become of the boatmen," I was asked, "if piers were made?" At every landing the natural enemies of Mr. Bright and mankind—the uniformed Custom-house soldier, with sword and bayonet—await their prey.

Escaping scatheless through the inquisitions of the Custom-house officers, and asserting my right of way notwithstanding the fierce opposition of many of the local *vetturini*, I toiled up the steep ascent for the hotel which I knew I could not miss, most of my fellow-passengers preferring the doubtful honor of seats in the crazy vehicles which, by long détours, reached the same point. I did not gain the hotel without some encounters with beggars, touts, guides, and proprietors of carriages and asses who sought to engage me immediately to mount to the summit of Epomeo, or drive round the island, or go to Ischia, Forio, or Lacco Ameno.

Madame Dombré\*—British by birth, Italianized by twenty-five years' residence—received me at the entrance of the hotel, and with some excuses for the fulness of the house—which otherwise I presume was not disagreeable to her—conducted me to my room, which was on the top platform, so to speak, or the uppermost and third of the terraces in which the building was disposed. And, if I had to mount a little higher, I was so amply rewarded by the beautiful view from the windows that I refused to change when a better apartment became vacant later on during my stay.

It seems to me as I write now, recounting little incidents of the most trifling import, as though I were recording things relating to a world that is past and gone; although nearly a month has elapsed since I became an inmate of the hotel, I still hear the voices and see the faces of the pleasant company amid which I passed such bright hours, and I wonder if it can be true indeed that they were so soon destroyed in such a pitiless catastrophe!

The hotel was conducted on the usual

\* He has escaped.

\* Mrs. Dombré and her husband are among the survivors.



principle of the Continent—*café au lait* in the morning in one's bedroom, *déjeuner à la fourchette* at noon downstairs, and *table-d'hôte* dinner at seven in a long room, at one end of which were a salon and a small drawing-room, from which windows opened out on the terrace, where there were bowers with chairs and tables from which you looked down over a great spread of foliage, falling almost sheer down for a quarter of a mile to the houses at the little port upon the placid bay.

The tinkling bell in the courtyard summoned the inmates of the hotel to dinner in the long room, and the old stagers and the newcomers scanned each other as they took their places at table. Nearly opposite to me were a young couple in whom almost from the very first day I was interested. The man I ascertained after awhile to be blind, though he wore dark blue glasses, which prevented one seeing his eyes. A sad, somewhat stern face, marked with the hard lines of suffering; still young, but his jet black hair prematurely touched with white and gray. The lady by his side, some years younger, had in her face a placid beauty which attracted every one, and very soon, as day after day the devotion of her life revealed itself, she excited among the newcomers a solicitude of which she was but little aware; for to her blind husband, querulous at times, she was a living sacrifice. She led him about in the walks they took for hours up and down the garden; carved every morsel on his plate; prepared his dishes, watching every sign to anticipate his wants; submitting to reproaches about the toughness of his beefsteak, and to complaints that the place did him no good; dressing and undressing him like a child—she the slim oak, and he the clinging ivy.

"Perhaps," said a lady one day, when I remarked how happy Madame seemed as she tucked her husband under her arm and led him away from lunch, "she is pleased because he can see no one, and therefore cannot be attracted from her." But I believe it was in her intense affection she found all the happiness of her life.\*

\* I believe that they left Casamicciola before the earthquake.

Among others at table was a young Roman prince, who had come to try the efficacy of the waters in curing an injury to his foot, a young Italian officer of cavalry, who was there to see whether he could be mended by the same agency, so as to mount his horse again—a fall from which on the hard pavement of the Neapolitan highway had injured his leg severely by contact with the pommel of his sword.\* Besides my two fellow-passengers, there were nearly opposite to us at table three English ladies;† an old and distinguished officer of the Indian army;‡ and at the end of the table a little family group consisting of an elderly lady with a beautiful placid face, her son and his companion, and a younger lady, all of whom resolved themselves into a little whist party in the evening.§ There were some Germans, evidently artists: Herr Kiepert of Berlin, who left very soon after my arrival; the wife of a Dutch judge in the service of the Khedive;|| the rest of the company, some twenty-five in all, being for the most part Italians.

My place at the table was next to the fair young English girl of whom I have spoken, and her mother.¶ In the little investigation of our neighbors which is usual the first night under such circumstances, we came to the conclusion that we English were in a very small minority indeed; but that, far away at the end of the long table, there was a small company who possibly might belong to the British Isles if they were not claimed by the great Republic. It was a very cosmopolitan assemblage. There were Germans, Greeks, Spaniards, French, Maltese; but by far the greater number of the visitors were Italians, and of these many were obviously "taking the waters" and were absorbed in their cure. The principal topic of conversation was

\* Prince de D——, I am told, left a short time before the 28th of July. The officer referred to went away soon after my departure.

† Miss H—— and the two Misses C—— went away before I did.

‡ Colonel M—— was in the hotel at the time, and was rescued from the ruins. He is recovering.

§ These all perished.

|| I believe this poor lady was among the victims.

¶ Mrs. and Miss Robertson, who perished in the earthquake.



the launch of the Savoia, which was to take place on the following day at Castellamare.

After dinner the company strolled out into the garden, which overhung the fields of olives descending to the sea, and sat out watching the stars and Vesuvius.

"Later on in the season," said one of my acquaintances, "we shall have some amusement. There is a little theatre down the town which is generally well filled, and the people come up and dance the tarantella; and then there are conjurors and, of course, the inevitable Neapolitan street musicians with guitars and mandolins, who are always floating about the towns along the coast."

As darkness came on, and I sat out on the terrace in front of my room, I observed the dull glare lighting up the sky over Vesuvius, despite the effulgence of a three-quarters moon; and, seen from such a distance, it appeared to me as if the volcano was more active than it had been while I was at Naples. It was the 23d of June, a delicious night, so fresh that most of the people who went out to take their cigars after dinner on the terrace put on their overcoats. Somehow or other, Vesuvius especially attracted my attention, and I could not help remarking the resemblance between the dull outline of the mountain in the distance and the form of the crest of Epomeo over my head. Besides, I had observed rents in the walls of some of the houses, and had noted certain wooden sheds which had been pointed out to me as the dwellings of those who had been rendered houseless by the earthquake of two years before. So, meeting Madame Dombé in the corridor, for lack of something else to say, I asked: "Is there any fear of an earthquake? I hope we shall not have one while I am here." "Lord, sir, don't talk of such a thing!" she said. "The last earthquake only shook down some of the ill-built old houses in the village above us; it did not touch any of the stout, well-built houses like this. And besides, there won't be any earthquake, wise people say, for the next eighty years, and when that comes it won't trouble either of us very much!"—which was, if the wise people were right, a very true remark.

Now the first thing a visitor to Ischia for health's sake has to do is to settle upon the water to which he will resort; for the sources are many, and the contentions of rival physicians most acrimonious and distracting. I suspect that the hotels were affected in the interest of these factions. That to which I was affiliated was altogether devoted to Dr. Salvi, of the Stabilimento Belliazzi. There are no less than fourteen different groups of sources, all thermal, varying from 18° to 80° C. Some contain chloride and bicarbonate of soda; others bromides and iodides; and others are impregnated with iron. But, truth to say, I did not make a very close investigation into the merits of these waters, being content immediately to apply myself to the establishment recommended on the walls of the hotel. Dr. Salvi, the physician of this establishment, had certainly every guarantee, in his degrees, in his experiences, and in his actual employment in a great medical establishment on the mainland, that he was entitled to the confidence of his patients.

But, as I am rather about to tell of my own experiences at Casamicciola than to enter into any disquisition on the baths, I will follow, with the permission of my readers, the incidents, such as they were, which I find noted from time to time in my diary.

My first morning was a complete *fiasco*; for, proud of my success in finding the hotel unaided, I determined to discover the Stabilimento Belliazzi by myself. I struck down from the hotel by a narrow and very dusty road, at every corner of which was posted a beggar, more or less crippled, exceedingly importunate when capable of motion, and making the morning hideous with his cries. At the end of this lane there were streetlets, small patches of houses, with narrow paved roads between them, which, in the then state of my knowledge, were very puzzling. Several efforts to ascertain from passers-by where the place I wanted was, having only produced vigorous efforts to lead me astray to other baths I knew not of, I was reluctantly compelled to ascend the steep, and arrived at "La Piccola Sentinella" so completely exhausted by the heat that I did not feel inclined to



renew my search that day. At the hotel, which is perched on the shoulder of a ridge of tufa, there was always a pleasant breeze; and as the sun sank down toward the mountain, the cool depths among the orchards gave a shade which invited the inmates to sit out and watch the steamers and the moving panorama of ships all the way from the distant mountains over Circe's Cave, round by Gaeta to the foot of Vesuvius.

Next morning I was up betimes, and made another attempt to reach the Stabilimento Belliazzi, the locality of which I had well studied in the plan. Down by the Via Garibaldi and the Via Vittore Emmanuele, past the beggars, each watching his own strip of road for plunder as the robber chief of old looked down from his castle to mark the unwary traveller; descending always toward the sea, at last I emerged upon a small piazza (dei Bagni), with a church at one end and an inn at the other, and a little wooden theatre facing it on one side of an open market-place. Here were the various bathing Stabilimenti, as they are called, resembling Turkish mosques without minarets, unless the chimneys of certain steam-engines attached to these establishments were taken to do duty for them. I was especially recommended to Dr. Salvi, whose very name sounded pleasantly to a patient; but the people to whom I applied for information possibly were anti-Salvites, and knew nothing about him, though I had just read a long list of titles after his name in the treatise in which he warns all the world against the pretentious rivals of the Belliazzi baths, which he declared had no antiquity and no traditions, and possibly no virtues. At last I got to the right place—the Stabilimento Belliazzi, a large stone building painted or washed, like most of the dwellings in Casamicciola, blank white. The entrance was like that of a theatre, and on the left-hand side was an office wherein were the clerks connected with the administration, who took the subscribers' money, issued the tickets, and answered inquiries. Dr. Salvi had just gone off to Naples, but would certainly be back to-morrow. Not to lose time, I resolved to take a bath. I was shown by the attendant into a marble apartment—one of the many small rooms

on each side of the long corridors from inside which came the noise of the splashing of water and the groans of the patients, showing that the Stabilimento was at full work. My attendant spoke only Neapolitan Italian, but he seemed to know all about my cure; and with great promptitude he turned one of the cocks which projected from the walls, and filled the marble bath at the end of the room with water, from which came a faint sulphureous odor, and a moist hot air. It was an exceedingly agreeable bath. However, after a time there came either a real or imaginary sense of faintness, from which I was glad to escape by dressing as fast as I could and emerging into the open air. Next day, when I saw Dr. Salvi, I learned that I had been in a bath which was not appropriate to my case at all. He had, he said, cured many Englishmen—officers from India and others, and men of the sea who had come to him with exactly the same injury—rheumatism settling into muscles injured by fall, or blows, or overstraining. A grave, thoughtful man was Dr. Salvi, but fanatical about Belliazzi's Gurgitello, and utterly sceptical as to any other waters of Ischia; an investigator of the chemical virtues of all the streams and sources; a student of their ancient history; and himself a literary champion of the baths to which he was attached. He was proud to say that the chemical analysis of the Belliazzi baths, after the great disturbance caused to the springs in the earthquake of 1881, had shown that none of the ingredients have been altered, and that the chemical equivalents which gave them their efficacy were the same as before. I paid my subscription of twenty-seven francs for ten baths, and became the possessor of a yellow billet, divided into ten strips, one of which was obliterated each day; and having been duly cautioned as to diet, and manners, and customs, I was handed over to an attendant who was to give me a local *douche* for five minutes, and a bath at a temperature of 60° for fifteen minutes.

I saw Dr. Salvi but once—on the occasion of which I speak—but I read a good deal about him, and his name very often in the course of the warfare he was waging against the Stabilimento Manzi,



the rival of the Gurgitello. It was a great comfort to one to know that if he went to the latter he would very possibly bathe in the very same sort of water as that in which the senators and others from Rome, in times past, were accustomed to indulge. The natives who had time to study the subject were, I discovered, very proud of the antiquity of their lovely island; which, indeed, they insisted, on what authority I know not, to have been the favorite retreat of Æneas, from whom was derived the name of Ænaria, in lieu of that by which it was known to the Greeks, of Pithecusa and of Arime, which later on was transformed into Inarime. The etymologists have been much exercised by these names. Humboldt would not hear of the idea that the name of Pithecusa was derived from the apes which were said to have inhabited the island, for the reason that he did not think it possible there could have been apes there at all. But surely there might have been apes there as well as on the rock of Gibraltar? It is much more likely, indeed, that there were apes there than that the giant Typhoeus was buried under Mount Epomeo, although Homer and Virgil have spread the report. As to the origin of the modern name I could gain no accurate information. But in a little book I picked up in a shop in the main street of the town, I read the hazardous conjecture that it was derived from "Iscla," which was corrupted into Ischia—then came clouds and darkness. But of historical reminiscences the little book was full—many of them interesting, if not authentic. I was asked to believe that the beauty of the women—which in the case of the younger ones certainly might be fairly admitted—was due to rather an arbitrary proceeding of Alfonso the First of Aragon, who drove the men out of the island when he had conquered it, and gave all the women as wives to his soldiers. One fact was pretty well established—that the grand old castle, situated on the rock of basalt, towering above the town of Ischia proper, was built by that high-handed potentate.

Not very long ago there were not less than 25,000 people on this little island. The length of it is given as 9 kilomètres, its breadth 5 kilomètres, and the cir-

cumference 24 kilomètres. When it is considered that a considerable portion is covered by Mount Epomeo, which rises abruptly from the sea, though the sides are cultivated up to the very base of the crags, it seems wonderful how the inhabitants could have lived, if it were not that they depended on the prey brought to them in the season by the steamers from the mainland, and on the produce of the sea, which they carried for sale to Naples. But the labor of these poor people has made the whole island, from the shore up to the foot of the mountain, one vast garden, rich with olives, cherries, lemons, grapes, almonds, figs, nectarines, and plums; every yard of land at all cultivable being banked up by walls, every pound of earth sedulously tended.

It would be interesting if we could have a list of all the remarkable people who have resorted to Ischia as a pleasant retreat from trouble, or who have gone there in search of health and repose; but, unless it has been much changed of late, it is not easy to imagine how any one ever selected the charming island as a place where he could rest in peace undisturbed by any apprehension of danger, remote from the noise and tumult of the world. For it certainly was not a quiet island when I was there. There was plenty of life and bustle in the little streets of the town. The *vetturini* or coach-drivers, the muleteers or donkeymen, the files of women, and boys with straw hats and baskets to dispose of, the sellers of fruit, made noise enough in the thoroughfares. And then down by the beach was a tumult of labor in the potteries where they made tiles and earthenware vessels, as they have done for hundreds of years, though it is probably only of late that those manufactories have been provided with horrible chimneys which send up volumes of black smoke to pollute the pure air.

As to the beggars, they pullulate in the place. A newspaper, describing a person who was taken up for a small theft, spoke of him as "*di professione mendicante*," as it might write of a doctor, or a lawyer, or a clergyman. The professors have regular stands or stations along the thoroughfares, and, like trout in a stream, wait for their prey. In the early morning they distribute themselves



along the main roads leading from the various *pensions* and hotels to the baths in the town below, so that no one could pass without hearing a supplication for every twenty yards or so from a blind man, or a lame man on crutches, or a curious deformity, or from some old person who thought it a good thing to go out in the morning and take the air and catch up a few halfpence from the early travellers. I knew nearly all of them in a week; but once I made a great mistake, for as I was turning down by a narrow lane past the chemist's, I was struck by the appearance of a very shrivelled old man, not quite in rags indeed, but still not over well dressed, with fine flowing hair and face with multitudinous wrinkles. Propped on a stick, he sat on a low stool by the wall. I stopped, produced a small coin, and placed it on his knee. But instead of being rewarded by the usual outpouring of benedictions and recommendations to many saints, I was met by a very different form of speech, and, in fact, the old gentleman seemed very much inclined, if he had the strength, to give me a whack with his stick. It turned out that he was one of the wealthiest men in the place; so I was very cautious in future of the way in which I offered my alms.

After the last flight of patients had walked or driven out from the baths, and the sun become hot, the ladies and gentlemen of the "profession of mendicants" vanished like ghosts at cock-crow, but in the afternoon, when the boats were due from Naples, they reappeared on quite a different line of country, and took up their positions along the roads leading from the Marina, where the landing-place was, up to the hotels; and here they were masters and mistresses of the situation, for the ascent being very sharp from the beach, the horses—spirited little beasts as they were—which drew the carriages up could not go out of a strained walk, and the poorest cripples were thus enabled to hop alongside the passenger and weary him with appeals and demonstrations of their infirmities. Probably this infliction has grown out of the increasing popularity of the island as a health-giving resort. In times gone by more than one great

personage, as my little book tells me, came here to indulge in the delight of woe, in that form of the *dolce far niente* which is termed meditation.

But I think I am justified in saying that though many naval officers and English tourists visited it from time to time, the great mass of the people in this island had to ask "Where is Ischia?" when they read the account of the terrible earthquake. Indeed, we all do not know it was held by an English garrison at the time of the old war with France, who kindly blew up a tower of great antiquity on their evacuation of the island, as a mark of satisfaction at their going home.

"I am," says Bishop Berkeley, writing to Pope in 1717, "lately returned from an island which, were it set out in its true colors, might methinks amuse you agreeably enough for a minute or two." After describing the island and its wonderful fruitfulness, the Bishop—who seems to have been there for three months, though he tells us nothing of the circumstances under which he was resident, or how he lived—gives an account of the prospect from Mount Epomeo over the bay and islands, and writes:

This noble landscape would demand an imagination as warm, and numbers as flowing, as your own to describe it. The inhabitants of this delicious Isle, as they are without riches and honors, so are they without the vices and follies which attend them, and were they but as much strangers to Revenge as they are to Avarice and Ambition, they would answer the poetical notions of the Golden Age; but they have got, as an alloy to their happiness, the evil habit of murdering one another for slight offences.

That habit has somewhat died out, but the people are still sudden in quarrel. Crossing to Naples one day in the steamer, three gendarmes boarded us, bringing with them a malefactor in irons—heavy chains on his legs and wrists, clad in a red tunic with a piece of canvas on the arm numbered 21,017, a red muffin-cap, coarse gray linen trousers—a powerful but not ill-looking young man. He had stabbed a friend and relative in a quarrel, and was sentenced to the galleys for life, and now he was going to work on the Mole at Naples, and—curiously enough—my informant remarked that "it may be a good change



for him, as there is no chance of his being swallowed up in an earthquake there !"

However, I must say, for my part, I never saw a quarrel nor a blow struck during my residence in the island, though I heard a good deal of what may be called "vociferation," chiefly about what a London cabman would call "fares."

There was nevertheless much political excitement in the island, and bright yellow and blue posters were on the walls calling upon the electors to vote for eminent local politicians ; but I did not quite understand the issues, nor indeed the position the candidates sought to attain by the favor of the Ischian population.

Every evening when the boats came in there descended on the island a flight of newsboys with the *Roma*, the *Pongola*, the *Capitan Fracassa*, etc., which were eagerly bought up ; the great subjects of discussion at the time being the cholera "which had been imported into Egypt by the English," the election for the vacancy in the Parliament for Rome, the reception of the body of Romolo Gessi at Naples, and the quarantine—which was now in full force.

I plead guilty to having spent a very lazy, indolent time, in which I resisted many opportunities to improve my mind with great success. But really the morning was necessarily devoted to the bath, and the day was passed in the shade, or in *siesta*, as the thermometer generally stood over 80 in the darkest chamber ; in the broad day it was impossible to venture out, and when the evening came, the only chance one had of a walk was somewhat shortened by the dinner-hour. But still I was enabled to go out a little, though I did not make the excursion round the island by sea, as I was invited to do—the best way, it is said, of seeing the wonderful cliffs of lava which form bold bluffs, and present the most fantastic outlines where the lava came in contact with the water. The Campo Santo, or cemetery, of Casamicciola, stands on one of these bluffs of lava, and is charmingly laid out. English names on the tombstones denote that even the marvellous health-giving streams of Ischia cannot avert death. The *Arso*, or "burned ground,"

is a perfectly arid rock ; but in the clefts of these lava streams and on the surface where mould has gathered, there is a brilliant vegetation, and the quantities of flowering myrtle along the coast, particularly near the cemetery, are astonishing. Stone pines, Spanish broom, and cacti of various sorts, abound in places which are not won over by the vine, the olive, and the fruit-tree ; and in the deep dells of the *vallone* forming the base of the central mountain and its offshoots are the hot springs of mineral water, coming up from the bowels of the earth, to be turned into baths, or into cooking water, or adapted to the many purposes for which the inhabitants have found them available. In one ravine there is a source in which the water is so charged with carbonic acid gas that it is heard making a noise like a drum, giving its name to the ravine of "*Val de Tamburo*." In another valley there is a spring which has a peculiar property : if a fowl is put into it the feathers come off with the greatest ease, and so it is called the "*Spenna Pollastro*," or "pluck-fowl." In another *vallone* there is a spring which bleaches linen ; in another there is one which the people declare yielded gold and silver in times past. In fact, the island is a vast laboratory—a huge medicine-chest. But we know now what are the perils which attend those who seek health there.

Although there was not much variety in the aspect of the little villages, Forio, Lacco Ameno, Fontana, Serrara, etc., when the day was not too hot it was pleasant to make little excursions along the roads, narrow and dusty as they were, shaded by trees and vines, and to look down from some culminating point on the flat-roofed houses, scattered irregularly on the slopes of the hillside to the very verge of the sea, each with its little church and its café, its priest, and its gendarmes ; swarming with children generally approaching a primitive condition in regard to dress, and to watch the women at work in the fields, or the fishermen engaged with their lines close at hand below. I saw nothing of the *fumarole*, or smoke-holes, from which vapor and smoke are said to issue, around Epomeo ; nor did I visit the baths whence come streams of scalding



water and mud. But it was easy when one was on the spot, and looked down, from an elevated point, upon the island of Procida, the islet of Levara, close at hand, and Ischia itself, and then cast his eye across the bay to Vesuvius, to believe that those truncated pyramids rising from the sea were in fact but the points of the craters of some vast volcano down beneath the bed of the ocean.

I never attempted to get as far as the lake, which is an ancient crater now filled with salt water, and serving as a little port of refuge; nor to the town of Ischia by land, content with the picturesque view, from the sea, of the castle, and of the ancient houses along the beach.

If one could have been aware of the terrible forces which were at work beneath that smiling surface, how delusive would the whole of that bright pageant—the charming little villas nestling in their gardens, the country houses white as snow, with their green jalousies, and the small spires of the chapels piercing the mass of foliage—have appeared! It is 581 years since the last great outburst of lava, which has left a broad track, called the Arso, to the west of Ischia, sent the Syracusans in a flight from the island, which the colonists of Eubœa abandoned at an early period in consequence of awful earthquakes, with the particulars of which we are not acquainted. Until Vesuvius became active in the first century of the Christian era, it is held by geologists that Ischia was the great safety-valve or escape-pipe for the volcanic agencies at work in the Terra di Lavoro. But all the eruptions which devastated the island, and drove out two successive colonizations in turn, were apparently stilled forever.

There will be, no doubt, a close investigation into the actual geological condition of the island, because it will be necessary to determine whether the Government will permit the reconstruction of the town of Casamicciola, which will otherwise be certainly immediately proceeded with in spite of the two catastrophes of 1881 and of last July, so great is the efficacy of the waters, so urgent the need of the people of the island for extraneous means of support, and I will add, so great is the beauty of the scene

itself and the attractions afforded to the sick and weary. In the pursuit of health and of repose people will brave great risks of death. Perhaps some research will determine how it is that Ischia itself and its proud castle have been exempted from the shocks which have twice brought ruin on a hamlet a few miles off.

Undeterred by any apprehension of the recent outburst of these forces which had given such a warning two years ago, people were busy building new houses and repairing old, and marrying and giving in marriage. Some, indeed, had settled down quietly amid their vineyards to abide forever—that is, as long as they lived; among them a lady, Miss M—, who had a charming villa perched high above La Piccola Sentinella, who gathered the English visitors to tea and music of an evening before dinner. One of my acquaintance proposed, as land was to be had at a cheap rate, to buy a little plot on which to build a villa which should be a *pied-à-terre* for either or both; and when I asked, "What about the earthquakes?" he laughed and said, "There won't be one for a thousand years!"

I was rather struck by the absence of birds; but I was informed that quails came in considerable quantities to the island during their migration, and it was hinted that a determined sportsman might get such a thing as a partridge. There were many blackbirds, indeed, and the inevitable sparrow, and an unusual sort of swallow, differing somewhat in color and shape from our own, hawking about the cliffs.

The vegetable wealth, however, of the island seemed extraordinary, and the table of the hotel was covered at meal-times with delicious fruit, especially figs, as well as with flasks of an excellent golden-colored wine, made from the grapes which grew in our host's enclosure—equal, he proudly maintained, to the finest Capri—and I was told of one peculiar plant, called the *giglio di Santa Restituta*, which is found only on the sea-beach at Lacco, close to Casamicciola. This plant is supposed to mark the place where the body of the martyr of that name was drifted across the sea from Naples, and it is found nowhere else in the world. But of this, and of



many other things which I was told, I cannot answer for certain.

Morning, noon, and night the air was filled with the monotonous notes of conch-shells, sounded by the watchers over the vineyards and gardens to scare away thieves and birds.\*

Day after day our lives quietly glided on, and if ever there was an island which the lotus-eaters might select, it was this doomed spot. The air was delicious, but, unless to the younger and more intrepid, who delighted in climbing the mountain, or making excursions to the small towns, as like each other as peas, which lay nestling down by the sea-side in the valleys formed by the spurs of Mount Epomeo, there was little to break the monotony of going down to the baths and coming up from them, and the intervals between early coffee, the mid-day repast, and dinner, till bedtime came, according to one's taste, after an hour or two spent in watching Vesuvius, or listening to the music in the salon, or a desultory game of moderate whist. Indeed the doctors enjoined repose as one of the concomitants of the bath, and patients were ordered to lie down and to do nothing whatever for an hour at least after they returned to the hotel from the *Stabilimento*. There were among the company several accomplished musicians, especially Mr. Struve, a young gentleman whose fate has touched so deeply all who knew him—an admirable pianist, whose playing was full of expression and masterly in execution.†

As to the general effect of the baths I could not quite make up my mind; but I certainly thought it depressing. The local influence, however, was unmistakably good; and I was emerging rapidly from a state of crippledness to one of comparative activity. I was exercised, however, about the Gurgitello because there was in connection with it some apparatus I could not quite understand. There was a steam-engine at work, and I could not quite see the necessity for such an adjunct if there was a natural *sorgente*. And then once or twice I

heard strange noises down below in the earth, or fancied I did, right through the marble; but when I spoke of them to the attendant, he smiled and said "it was the water in the pipes." And making a similar remark to one of the gentlemen interested in the establishment, he asked me rather tartly if I "did not hear noises in a bath at home when I turned on the water."

Although there were photographs of the destruction caused by the earthquake two years ago, and there were traces of its effects on the church walls, and in the masses of ruins of the houses a short way above the "*Piccola Sentina*," I could not get any one to entertain the idea that there was danger of a similar disturbance. Certainly if for a restoration to health it was worth while running a little risk, there was reason for coming to Ischia; for, I saw day after day people who had arrived in a state of suffering and decrepitude making progress toward recovery of peace of body at all events.

At five o'clock every morning the steamer went off with the hotel commissioners and the early risers to Naples. Another went later in the day. And both returned in the evening, generally bringing a contingent of visitors to the various hotels—the Manzi, the Pension de Rome, the Villa Verde, and all the other "*villas*," turned during the season into boarding-houses and restaurants. The arrivals of the steamers were perhaps the incidents of life which exercised the greatest attraction for the visitors. There was generally an irregular procession down to the Marina, as the smoke rising from over the side of the hill announced the approach from Procida of the Leone or its fellow, although nothing more interesting might be expected than the landing of a few passengers at the little quay, and the overhauling of the bundles and baskets and portmanteaus of the fresh arrivals by the vigilant officers of the Dazio. This is not the place in which to vent the feelings I entertain against that abominable institution—the Dazio—which seems the most perfect contrivance for crushing the poor and breaking down all internal trade that ever was devised—an *octroi* of the most tyrannous and vicious kind—the plague of Italy from end to end.

\* "*Et tunc, Triton, buccina torta,  
Nocte silente littora complet.*"

† He was at the piano playing Chopin's *Marche Funèbre*, a favorite piece of his, when the earthquake destroyed the hotel.



I heard of a gentleman who was invited to a picnic party outside the walls of Rome, and who took with him a litre of wine to contribute to the repast. The wine was not needed, and so he brought it back; and because he returned by another road, and passed another gate, he had to pay duty upon the litre, although he could prove that he had taken it out of the city a couple of hours before. At Ischia, a small army of these soldiery of the Customs, with sword-bayonets and rifles, in full uniform, are at each landing-place to inspect everything that arrives, and to carry off every article liable to duty to the Dazio, although it has been carried only from the opposite shore. The cost of such a force must be very great; but I am told that one of the reasons for maintaining the Dazio is that it gives employment to a certain number of able-bodied men of a military character, and prevents their becoming troublesome. To the Daziari must be added a force of gendarmerie in cocked hats and long dress-coats, armed to the teeth. The population generally are peaceable, and not criminal, but they are quarrelsome enough, and the use of the stiletto in deciding arguments is not unknown among them. As far as I could judge, they had but few pleasures and a great deal of work; but certainly they had also fine bursts of idleness when the numerous saints' days and feasts liberated them from any claim of duty except idling or dancing the tarantella in the evening. They were much given to fireworks, and on St. Peter's Day, the 29th of June, the fishermen celebrated the festival of their patron saint by a procession in the streets, and by a great gathering in front of the wine-shops.

Now and then a few of the boatmen came up to the hotel, the servants, male and female, turned out in the hall, and the visitors assembled to see them dance the tarantella, which I must admit, after a while, did not give me so much pleasure as it appeared to afford to those who took part in it. Then, of course, we had conjurors and photographers and strolling minstrels. By degrees the visitors to the hotel formed themselves into little cliques, not always hostile or indifferent—a common point of union between them being formed by little

Berri, Mrs. Struve's pet terrier,\* which went incessantly from one group to the other in search of fun or excitement; and by the music every evening which, varying occasionally in its merits and attractions in some respects, never failed when Mr. Struve was playing, or when the lovely voice of — was heard through open windows, to fill the salon.

I began to know the people in Casamicciola. On my way to the baths, I exchanged daily civilities with a very intelligent-looking and courteous apothecary. He always took off his hat with a "Buon giorno, Signor." I returned his salutation, and occasionally we exchanged an observation about the weather, agreeing that it was very hot, as it certainly was. I had my pet beggars, who came in for a copper when I happened to possess one, as I had my aversions—harpies whom I often put myself to immense inconvenience to avoid by sudden retreats or devious wanderings, to turn their flanks. My vetturino, Antonio,† established such a vested interest in me, that he would not allow any one to go near me, but appropriated me at once the moment I appeared in sight, whether I wished it or not. On one person, however, I could make no impression—an old woman who kept the *Sale e Tabacchi* establishment on the Marina, where I used to resort when I wanted something to smoke; the minghetta tabacchi at 1½d. apiece being the highest form, and most expensive of tobacco enjoyments known to the place. This old lady, somehow or other, appeared to have formed the idea that I was a coiner, and nothing would induce her to take any piece of solid money from me, whether five-franc, two-franc, or one franc. She must have paper; otherwise she pretended she had no change and could not give me the tobacco. So occasionally, when I happened to have none of the dirty little parallelograms of the National Bank, which I suppose she thought could not be forged, I had to send in Antonio to buy my cigars. The padre of the little chapel on the hill and I had also got to speaking terms, and I was familiar with

\* Saved, the only survivor of that party.

† I cannot ascertain his fate; an excellent fellow.



the postman. But attempts at conversation with the inhabitants were for the most part baffled by want of a proper medium in which to express our thoughts. The priest, indeed, thought that Latin might be useful; but quotations from Virgil and bits of Horace did not always supply means of conversation adapted to the circumstances of the hour.

There are repeated entries in my diary as to the appearance of Vesuvius; but of course I could not maintain my view that it was unusually active in face of the opposition of people who knew better, and who declared there was "nothing unusual." On the 26th of June: "Vesuvius very active to-day; and unusually dense and lofty column of smoke rising from the summit like a plume from a staff-officer's cocked hat." On the 28th of June: "Strange noises in the air, as if of rolling thunder very high up. I was told it was from the workmen. For the last three days fifteen or sixteen men armed with wooden rammers, like those formerly used by street paviors, have been on the top of a house down below us pounding down a concrete of white cement of which the roofs of all the houses here are made. They advance in line, thumping with regularity like one man and singing in chorus, and when they have crossed along from side to side of the roof, they wheel in line and return the same way. To-day the work seemed complete, and they marched round the building in procession. I do not think it was they who made the noise I heard."

"June 30th. The young cavalry officer, Miss Robertson, and the charming Florentine lady who speaks English so well, started off on horseback and went up to the summit of Mount Epomeo, whence they had a lovely view all over the bay and the islands. I was not able to join them, as I could not yet manage the saddle; but I went out to look through my glass at the top of the hill in order to make them out. As I rested it on the wall I felt a strange kind of tremor, as if the stones were shaking."

"July 3d. I was awake at dawn, and looked out on the sea. It was steel-colored. The mountains in the background seemed purple and black.

Vesuvius poured out jet-black smoke, the effect of the light behind. The fumes from the crater, being opaque, seemed to me as if a sheet of ebony darkness was suspended in the sky, whereas the smoke is really snowy-white, and turned so when the sun came out upon it. The coast-line was quite clear when the sun rose at 4:32 from behind the range opposite my window, but it was obscured by a huge cloud, which formed, apparently, behind the hill, and floated right over Vesuvius. The steely sea, like a mountain lake, on the still expanse of which the hulls and sails were reflected, was studded with the *speronari*, which seemed as if carved out of charcoal, black as the volcanic smoke. Down below my window the little steamer for Naples was just waking up, and a solitary figure walked along the pier. A small boat was moving off from the shore—I could hear the sound of oars from which broken lines of the water scarred the still surface, moving on in widening curves from the beach. The tile-makers' chimneys were busy polluting the morning air, and from the Marina a sweep of vine, fig, and olive lands, dotted by flat-roofed houses with white lines of green lattices, rose up to "Piccola Sentinella," higher and higher still, up to the brightest green, laden with grapes and fruit, to the foot of the yellow-white rocks which form the serrated peaks of Mount Epomeo. It is a very pretty picture. Is Typhoeus, who dwells beneath, dead? Or will he ever struggle again to get out at the Olympians? The shape of the indent of the mountain, in which the houses which form the town cluster or spread with terraces, the wavy lines of which are hidden by the trees, is that of half a teacup—a semisphere turned outward."

The heat at mid-day drove most of us to take refuge in darkened rooms and enjoy the universal *siesta*; but morning and evening were heavenly. In a week more the sun became intensely powerful at noon. I have an entry in my diary for the 10th of July: "Seven A.M. Thermometer 80° in my room." Just at this time the passenger boats brought great crowds of visitors, mostly Italians; and their influence was felt in a proposal to change the hour of the *table d'hôte*,



so as to have the *collazione* at two o'clock, and the dinner at half past eight, which to the English faction was distasteful.

So "delicious," to use Bishop Berkeley's adjective, did I find the island, that it was with the greatest regret I found myself compelled to shorten my visit, and that I made up my mind to strike out into the world and all its tumults from that quiet happy resting-place. For some days before my departure I had to hurry to and fro between the island and Naples, so that I did not keep my usual regular notes of the trivial events of each day. But when I had at last to pack up my portmanteau, I made a solemn league and covenant with myself that I would soon return, and indeed I told Madame Dombré that it was my intention to visit her again ere I finally turned my face toward England. What determined me mainly to leave was the fact that I had experienced all the benefit which I thought it possible the baths could bestow, and that I was anxious to go to Rome while it was yet possible to stir out in the streets, in order to visit a friend who was about to leave the Imperial City, and to take a look at the new and interesting excavations in the Forum.

What a happy, pleasant company I left! Even those who were most troubled by their ailments were gathering up their spirits under the influence of the pure air and the effects of the mineral waters. The intimacy of the *table d'hôte* had developed with my

neighbors into something like friendship. The day I bade them good-by I was surprised by an ejaculation from an young lady. "How," she exclaimed, "I wish I were going with you!" "I should be very much obliged to you for the compliment," I said, "if I thought that you did not mean that you wished to go to Homburg or Monte Carlo, or some livelier spot than this. Why should you desire to leave beautiful Ischia?" "Because," she replied, laughingly, "I am afraid of being swallowed up in one of those horrible earthquakes."\*

I see her fair young face as I recall the words; I see through the open windows the groups seated in the salon listening to one of the loveliest voices ever heard, or to the strains of the music which Mr. Struve led with such exquisite taste. I see the German artists seated in one of the bowers over their coffee and cigarettes, the maimed soldiers pacing the gravelled walk, and all the little coteries gossiping in their easy chairs on the open terrace looking out upon the sea. My eye wanders back over that lovely island which Bishop Berkeley described to Pope as "an epitome of the whole earth;" and I ask myself, is it possible that in the twinkling of an eye, in fifteen seconds, such a scene of human happiness and industry, peace and pleasure, should have been swept into a common ruin, in one of the most awful catastrophes recorded in the recent history of the world?—*Nineteenth Century*.

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#### MODERN DRESS.

BY MRS. G. ARMYTAGE.

THE progress of civilization has developed the decorative tendencies in every direction, but the original impulses are found in all countries and in all times. The savage who shows a curious taste in nose pieces and body paint is as much a votary of fashion as the Parisienne whose whole soul is concentrated upon the effectiveness of her dress. Both sexes have been equally weak at times in their slavish surrender to this tyrannical despotism. But the

males have in a measure emancipated themselves. The garb of our modern bucks and bloods compares favorably with that of the dandies and macaronis of the past. Their attire has some manliness in it, they are sensibly shod; the stuffs they wear are serviceable, and suited to our changeable seasons. It is no longer the custom to swallow up a

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\* It was her fate; a few days afterward that fear was realized.



whole patrimony in tailors' bills. The lavish employment of the most costly materials has also disappeared. Silks and satins, except as regards gorgeous socks or decorative neckties, are left to women. The use of frills and jabots of rare Valenciennes has gone with full-bottomed wigs and small-clothes of gold brocade. Men do not wear shirts which cost ten or twenty pounds apiece, as they did when that sum meant six or seven times its present value; nor do they fix priceless jewels in their shoe-laces, or carry muffs of rare furs on their hands. The present fashions are a distinct improvement upon those of even a more recent period. The tight-fitting, high-collared monstrosities of the Georgian epoch went out with the king who permitted a seam but called a crease intolerable. No one, not the most fatuous and empty-headed devotee of high collars and single studded-shirts, would give a tithe of the time Beau Brummell devoted to his voluminous and largely unsuccessful ties.

But with the weaker sex the reverse is still the case. While men have in a measure shaken themselves free, women are now, as ever, completely under the dominion of dress. The passion is as old as the hills. Hebrew wives and maidens laced tightly, and added fringes of gay colors to their snow-white robes. For them a sister discovered in Solomon's reign the special uses of the silk worm: "Ce ver rampant qui habille l'homme de feuilles d'arbres élaborées dans son sein." Egyptian beauties, sitting under the shadow of the pyramids in the days of the Pharaohs, sleeked and preened themselves before their brightly burnished brazen mirrors, heightening their charms with collyrium and henna, and trying new effects in costume. Artifice was resorted to by the ladies of Greece to increase their beauty; they, too, wore body bands and belts to improve their figures, and it is more than probable that the celebrated girdle of Venus was the germ and prototype of the modern stays. The Roman matrons carried the rage for dress to extravagant excess. The beauty who would preserve her complexion slept with a flour poultice on her face; she bathed in asses' milk, and spent long hours at her toilette braiding, dyeing, and dressing her beau-

tiful hair, of which all the ladies of Rome were especially proud. Her garments were rich and varied in color, if not in shape, but the coquettish taste of the wearer could give endless changes to the draping of the palla, or stole. Later civilization has proved as fanciful in matters of dress as the old. The sex through countless generations has maintained the traditions handed down from classical times. Sovereigns set the fashions to the ladies of their court; the crowd followed suit, and set sumptuary laws at defiance. One Queen introduced the *bonnet à canon*; another the "sugar-loaf" head tie. Catherine de Medici ruled French fashion with the most imperious sway. She laid down limits which waists should not exceed, and popularized a cruel steel corset, intended to compass these dimensions. Our own Queen Bess was a woman to the finger tips as regarded matters of dress. She was fond of the most gorgeous apparel, and at her death her wardrobe was found to contain three thousand costumes. Her loyal female subjects freely imitated her example; and their fondness for colossal ruffs stiff with the newly introduced starch, for long-waisted gowns made of silk velvet, satin, taffety, or grograine, brought down upon them much caustic satire at the time.

On the Continent also, century after century, fashion ran riot. France, or more exactly Paris, had early claimed the right she still exercises to dictate the mode, and thence issued, season after season, new-fangled and perpetually changing styles. Now short skirts succeeded long trains, trailing yards behind; low dresses were followed by more demure high collars and frills; after "strait gowns" came the fardingale, which in its turn developed into the hoop, with its concomitants of patches, paint, and high-heeled shoes. A return to Arcadian simplicity was the natural reaction from elaborate artificial constructions which altogether concealed the natural lines of the figure. Short waists and limp clinging draperies came in to expose every contour; stays and corsets were for a time discredited, only to be reintroduced, and with them the whole circle of fashions which had once already had their day. Burton has well



summed up the case against the sex he affected to despise: "They (the women) crush in their feet and bodies, hurt and crucify themselves; sometimes in lax clothes, a hundred yards, I think, in a gown or a sleeve; and sometimes, again, so short *ut nudos exprimant artus*. Now long tails and trains, and then short, up and down, high, low, thick, and thin; now little or no bands, then thick as cart-wheels; now loose bodies, then great fardingales and close girt."

Never perhaps in the whole history of female costume has dress exercised a more powerful and widespread dominion than in the last half of the nineteenth century. More than one explanation may be given for this. It may be traced primarily to the influence and example of one beautiful woman at the head of society and in the capital which from time immemorial has been the centre and starting-point of fashion. The ascendancy of the Second Empire was paramount in matters of taste. The Empress Eugenie swayed the social world of Europe more effectively than Napoleon III. the political. A single circumstance will sufficiently prove this. Her adoption of a wide skirt at once re-introduced the fashion of hoops and brought about the reign of hideous crinoline. This is so far the last instance of the effect a single individual in high place can produce upon an imitative crowd. Social history, indeed, is full of such cases: of the patch first applied to hide an ugly wen; of cushions carried to equalize strangely deformed hips; of long skirts to cover ugly feet, and long shoes to hide an excrescence on the toe. The well-known case of the Isabeau lace may also be quoted here: the yellowish-white dingy colored lace (foreshadowing probably the coffee-colored lace of recent days) which Archduke Albert's queen made the fashion when she swore she would not change her linen till Ostend was taken; an oath which must have cost her much, as "the siege, unluckily for her comfort, lasted three years." The authority of the Empress Eugenie was not limited, however, to the popularization of the crinoline. It also developed enormously the rage for smart clothes. The Empress dressed magnificently and with lavish expenditure herself, and she expected

every one about her to do the same. Like Elizabeth, queen of Philip II., she seldom if ever wore the same dress twice. It was displeasing to her when people's wardrobes were meagre. Nassau Senior tells us in his "Conversations" that she had a wonderful memory, and often displayed it by reminding some unfortunate woman that she had admired a certain dress already. No wonder that under this régime the most noted dressmakers fattened and rapidly grew rich. The artiste whom the Empress especially patronized made her fortune in a few years and retired into private life long before the Empire to which she owed it tottered to its fall. This same period saw the foundation of several Parisian houses which have now a world-wide reputation, one among them being that established by an Englishman, a native of Lincolnshire, Mr. Worth.

This excessive fondness for display was not long limited to France. It soon spread to other civilized countries. The United States was perhaps the first to surrender to its engrossing influence, probably because Americans have always been connected in very close ties with Paris, a reason no doubt too for their generally correct and enlightened taste in dress. The wave of luxury in costume reached this country later and made slower progress. But the movement has never halted or been retrograde. English women were at one time open to the reproach that the bulk of them had atrociously bad taste. This has by no means been entirely removed, but it must be patent to even the most un instructed observer that there is a very considerable increase in the number of our countrywomen who dress well. As a general rule, this free, not to say lavish, expenditure is most common among the opulent middle class. Many of the greatest ladies in name and position dress as cheaply as they can. It is not from neediness, nor yet from niggardliness; they merely follow the traditions in which they have been trained. They are often unable to recognize really perfect dressing or to distinguish it from bad. They pass their lives trusting to an experienced lady's maid to cut out and fit the designs which they have evolved from their own consciousness or the fashion-



plates of the lady's newspaper. Under such circumstances they cannot be said to lead the fashion; often enough they are not even interested in it. Now and again some active-minded personage busies herself to bring about what seems to her an imperatively needed reform. Thus Lady Harberton has devoted much energy and intelligence to the evangel of the divided skirt, a style of dress so utterly opposed to all the true springs of feminine action as regards apparel that it is morally impossible that it can ever be made popular. The principles which underlie the Rational Dress Association are false to nature. Here again the female sex is asked to accept ugliness for the questionable privilege of being the more able to practice athletic sports. The supporters of this movement practically sealed its fate when they were persuaded into exhibiting publicly the clothing they advocated.

It is not among these really hair-brained reformers that we must look for the leaders of fashion of to-day. Fashions are in reality made popular by humbler people and of lesser station, members neither of the aristocracy nor of the plutocracy, but yet persons so far belonging to both that they can boast of good breeding and the right to enter the best society, with sufficiently ample means to meet the considerable outlay which an addiction to dress imperatively requires. For them the inventiveness of dressmakers and designers is forever on the stretch. Fashions are originated for them, and costume runs upon new lines.

Another class of patrons and leaders must not be omitted here, although their influence is less potent than that of the ladies of the best style; still, they exercise a certain effect upon fashions. These are the prominent actresses upon the Parisian stage. Not seldom the dressmakers share in the triumph of the evening when the author's name has been called out in front of the curtain, and the actors have received a full measure of applause. There is in all this sufficient to foster the highest efforts in design and treatment; there is not only the praise always so intoxicating to the artistic temperament, but also the material advantage following successful

advertisement which is still more grateful to the commercial mind. It is not strange, then, that the leading houses in Paris compete eagerly for the privilege of dressing the great theatrical stars, and give their customers their best efforts, probably for the time their undivided attention; the latter, on their side are fully alive to the advantages it will bring, and willing enough to pay the price for the talent specially put forth in their behalf. Thrifty Englishwomen would scarcely credit the cost of some of these gorgeous and elaborate creations for "first nights." Only the other day when Mlle. Magnier came out in *M. le Ministre*, one of her dresses, a mass of extraordinarily rich embroidery, made up principally of the feathers of the bright-plumaged lophophore, cost a couple of hundred pounds. Again the trousseau, as it was not improperly styled, of Sara Bernhardt for her American trip was worth thousands of pounds; all Paris talked of it, and all who were privileged to enter the ateliers where they were produced went to see the show. It is no wonder that dramatists like M. Dumas and critics like M. Sarcey complain that dress is destroying the drama, and sigh for the simpler surrounding which pleased our forefathers. Something of the same sort, but to a lesser degree, obtains with us: the dresses, if they are noteworthy, of any popular actress who has won a new success, are certain to be exhaustively canvassed; they are mentioned in general conversation, if not in the journals of the day, and the wearer is constantly applied to for information as to where they were made.

Since fashion has had such patrons and exponents, the whole tendency of dress has been toward the development of personal attractions. The greatest attention has been paid to the display of the figure. To secure a good "fit" has become quite a craze. Nothing less than perfection, skin tight, faultless, and without a wrinkle, will satisfy fastidious ladies anxious to look their best. In obedience to this demand the employment of good "fitters," or "first hands," is an indispensable. In every good dressmaking house, as a general rule, the best artistes are of French extraction. Really capable performers com-



mand high salaries—two, three, even four hundred a year. Their task is one of much difficulty; indeed it demands a peculiar talent of its own. The mysteries of the *droit fil*, or cutting out to follow the line of the thread, the skill required to adapt patterns to the figure, cannot be exercised without long practice and deep knowledge. Added to these are the more occult considerations of hiding, supplementing, or toning down physical shortcomings.

It is for this same absorbing reason, that of heightening effect to the utmost, that the styles of recent years have added rather than detracted from the beauty of form. In spite of all that has been predicted, we are still spared the threatened re-introduction of the hideous hoop. The only chance of its re-appearance would be to satisfy the craving for an abnormal slimness of waist. But this latter is at present accomplished by voluminous drapery upon the hips, which can be employed without much loss of symmetry, or grotesqueness added to the natural lines of the figure. Those lines have been uniformly maintained, at their best, by the most recent fashions. The worst that can be said of any style of late has been that which encouraged exaggerated long waists; but this was short-lived, and has already given way to a less artificial shape. A still greater concession to the need for decorative embellishment has been made by the incessant introduction of more and more costly and varied materials. The inventiveness of manufacturers is ever on the stretch to try new combinations, to introduce new designs, new patterns, and new stuffs. Any close observer of the fashions for the last few years will have noticed how change has followed change. Satin, tabooed for years since a murderess gave it a hateful notoriety, has returned to be fashionable for a time, and once more to die out, giving way to silks, velvets, and velvet brocade. It is not many years since that plush was all the rage; a stuff so strikingly effective and yet not too costly, that it soon gained widespread approval, the use of it lingering even with people of good taste, even after it had become vulgar and commonplace. Brocaded velvet was another variety of stuff which long held its

ground. Only now, after half-a-dozen years, is its popularity on the wane. Shot silk, again, a fashion of the past, has been recently revived, and is now in the full tide of popular favor. Rare brocades carefully imitated from old pictures; velvets in combination with tulle; silks with velvet; laces of all kinds, and in rich profusion—all these in turn are or have been employed. The same rule of constant variety applies with yet more force to fringes and ornamentation. There is frequent variation in trimmings of all sorts. *Passementeries* and embroideries: the most elaborate applications of gold and silver, silk, beads and jet upon the most costly stuffs, have been and are nearly always in vogue. The changes are rung most frequently upon jet, an especially favorite and always decorative material, which has gone in and out, out and in, for a number of years, and which was only temporarily supplanted by colored beads. Ostrich feathers have had their day, and will always be worn, especially as dress trimmings; so has chenille in all colors and varieties. Colors again come and go as they did centuries back, when, for instance, all was "neglected for purple, and from hat to shoe, milliners, mercers, dyers, could not supply enough." We have seen quite recently the reproduction of the shade of lilac once known as mauve; the universal use of navy blue; of dark green, of cardinal red, of gray, and yellow for evening wear. Another color recently popularized is the "crushed strawberry," the "fraise" color which French milliners introduced last year, but which in this country became almost immediately vulgarized. The rage for effective ornament has extended to artificial flowers, which have been imitated with the most painstaking and artistic accuracy. Flowers are, just at this moment, somewhat discredited, but it is the mere caprice of fashion. Never have the reproductions of all, including the most costly varieties, been more perfect. Full-blown roses, their falling petals gemmed with dew-drops; orchids in splendid colors, the wisteria, azaleas, water-lilies, carnations; the whole range of flowers, cultivated and wild, are available for decorative purposes. Fruit, again, of all kinds, grapes, cher-



ries, plums ; birds of gorgeous plumage, set up by the skill of a naturalist in life-like attitudes, have been largely utilized. Last, but not least, furs—otter, beaver, skunk ; seal-skin jackets and mantles in every variety of shape and price. Furs are perhaps the most costly of all the materials used in feminine adornment. One hundred guineas is paid for a blue fox boa, and five hundred for a cloak lined with sables, and trimmed with sable tails.

It will be readily understood from the foregoing that many causes combine to make fashions expensive, especially in their earliest phases, and when patronized by only the select few. There is first the craving for "fit" already specified, which calls for the employment of highly paid talent ; there is next the costliness of the materials, which can only be manipulated by skilled and experienced needlewomen earning good wages. These items must add appreciably to the cost of production. There is yet again the considerable expense attendant upon the introduction of new ideas. These are not struck out suddenly and on the spur of the moment. Changes in dress are only arrived at after infinite patience and pains ; the close study of ancient works of art, old pictures, old china, and rare engravings ; all kinds of experimental research as to new contrasts of colors ; the arrangement and rearrangement of drapery in artistic folds, these are the labors which precede the creation of a fresh style. Naturally that style, and the patterns which reproduce it, cannot be given away. Hence the seemingly high prices charged by Parisian dressmakers of the first class to English, American, and other foreign buyers, through whom the new patterns are distributed throughout the world. These prices are still further enhanced by the way in which the system bears upon the leading manufacturers. It is their business to contribute to variety by introducing new designs. The whole of them, whether they make silks or satins, woollens, buttons, or fringes, must keep their inventive faculties forever on the stretch. They must produce continually or they will be left behind in the race ; produce too on the mere chance, as a matter of speculation, never certain whether or not the new fabrics will

please their fastidious clients, to whom they are submitted as the probable basis of new designs in dress. New looms can only be set up at great cost. If the new stuffs do not succeed, a dead loss follows immediately. Even when they are accepted and passed on into the outer world the period of fruition is short lived. The originals, essentially costly from the manner in which they are brought out, are speedily imitated, and in baser materials. The next downward step is their adoption by the crowd, when they are at once discarded by the select few. By this time, however, new styles are already on the way, the process being almost always the same : introduced with difficulty, accepted with reserve, slowly made popular, and finally seen everywhere in a debased and vulgarized form.

Nothing is more remarkable in modern dress than the rapid degeneracy of a fashion, when once it has ceased to be uncommon. All its worst features are immediately emphasized and forced into undue prominence. What was originally artistic and refined deteriorates into gross caricature. Many instances of this might be quoted. The mantle, known on its introduction as the "domino," a creation of Worth's adapted by English taste to English ways, soon caught the fancy of the crowd. Imitators seized upon its peculiar quaintness of outline, and immediately exaggerated it into the ugly and unbecoming covering so long popular as the Mother Hubbard cloak. The same happened with the cleverly insinuated *tournure*, a suspicion of rounded contour, which speedily degenerated into the hideous and objectionable crinoline. The same was observable in head-dresses. Pointed, poked-out bonnets became "grannies" in the hands of indifferent artists, and the large hats, so much approved of by French ladies a year or two back, grew into the enormous machines piled up with ornament and vast in circumference which have already become unfashionable in this country. The vulgar depreciation of colors has been equally marked. Pink has come into fashion ; so has mauve, Bismark, *enragé*, *eau de Nile*, peacock blue, all in turn to grow universally common. The same has happened with



stuffs. Embossed velvets have just had their day, as plush had a short time ago, as satin will ere long again, and broché and silk.

It is not difficult to trace the stages through which a fashion passes from its prime to its decadence, or to explain how it becomes depraved and debased. It is due principally to the unsatiable desire of a number of ambitious people, not quite of the highest class, to clamber up to the topmost platform, and there ruffle it out with the best. They cannot be the rose, but they will live near it. But the lesson is necessarily an incomplete one. An artistic triumph in dress can no more be carried in the memory than an exquisite grouping of forms, or a changing of color. It may be copied, but it cannot be reproduced; certainly not by the misdirected energies and little-instructed talent of an amateur. The beautiful original intrusted to unskilful hands, the painstaking lady's-maid or the cheap dressmakers, who "make up ladies' own materials," appears next in a lower and more ignoble form. This is only the second stage in the deterioration. There are few women with any pretensions who are not a centre to another and a lesser group, admired and imitated, as they have admired and imitated. The style they have adopted and extolled is soon the property of dozens more. By this time it is familiar to the eye, seen frequently, and, with the crowd, in constant demand. Its widespread dissemination now rapidly sets in. It has already lost its charm of freshness; its worst features, naturally the most salient, have been emphasized and caricatured, and in its depraved form it is turned out in thousands and thousands by the wholesale manufacturers—mechanically, upon one stereotyped pattern, and at a price which brings it within the limits of the narrowest purse. Every kitchenmaid presently disports in what her mistress a year previously had imitated from some one above her, and the fashion is doomed.

But the sheep have many leaders, and do not always rush one way. There are always many divergences from the ordinary line, many independent movements along strange roads outside the regular grooves. As our social conditions grow

more and more chaotic and disturbed, so do many women claim to be a law to themselves and their followers in dress. This is helped partly by that absence of authoritative models already referred to; partly by the increased yearning in a large section of the sex for emancipation from all trammels. From this comes that spurious æstheticism which has made so common the shapeless short-waisted garments of faded hues embroidered with lilies. Artistic aspirations of a higher kind have led others to strive after a purer and more perfect ideal; and the endeavor to introduce and popularize the costumes of ancient Greece, as seen by the production of Homeric tableaux, which Sir Frederick Leighton himself condescended to supervise, is only another instance of the independent spirit abroad in matters of dress. Increased intercourse with Paris, again, has added to the multiplicity of styles. A superstition largely prevails that whatever comes from Paris must be the right thing; whereas there are as many in different dressmakers there as in London, if not more—artists without invention or taste, who are months behind the choicest fashions of the day. Yet numbers of self-opinionated people flock to Paris to buy from them at first hand, and upon their own judgment. Fit, tastefulness, or suitability may be altogether ignored; it is sufficient that their clothes come from Paris.

Nevertheless it must be patent to every close observer that the number of Englishwomen who dress well is daily increasing. Good taste is spreading, and with it a keener appreciation of good style. The true leader of fashion is more readily recognized, more generally admired. There is no mistaking her. From head to foot, from bonnet to boot, her apparel is harmonious, in keeping with her complexion, her figure, and her character. Colors are skilfully blended or judiciously contrasted without any extravagance; the one bright spot, if bright spot there be, is placed artistically as in a picture, in exactly the right place to crown the effect. The dress and its materials are before everything appropriate to the wearer and the occasion; as much earnest thought has been devoted to make it especially



suited, in lines, drapery, cut, to the individual, as skill to the perfection of the fit. The well-dressed woman again knows not only what to wear but when to wear it. In the summer forenoon you will see her in the simplest of cottons, a dress absolutely plain and without ornament, without laces, fringes, decoration of any kind. In winter at the same time she is equally plainly dressed in cloth. Later in the day she changes to smarter clothes for more ceremonious duties, visits, afternoon parties, and teas—velvets and silks combined in winter, in summer rich gauzes and costly laces. In the evening, for dinner or ball, the most choice and splendid masterpieces of the dressmaker's art are reserved; the richest stuff set off with the most elaborate embroideries and the rarest jewels. But withal, even in this the last gorgeous stage into which the

modest chrysalis has developed, ostentatious display is scrupulously avoided. The highest art is to conceal art: to use the richest materials in compassing the utmost seeming simplicity. There is no heaviness, no overloading with ornament, no meaningless superadded decoration. The attire of a perfectly dressed woman is original without eccentricity, personal to herself yet following the latest fashion, attractive yet undemonstrative, developing to the utmost her peculiar charms. It has been said that woman in her dress owes more to art than to nature. This is especially true in modern days, and she who can use fashionable costume wisely with the innumerable adventitious aids it offers, adds much to the charm and gracefulness of the modern world.—*Fortnightly Review.*

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THE LAST WORDS OF CLEANTHES.

B.C. 220.

SCENE:—*The sea-shore of Assos, in Troas.*

BY RICHARD HENGIST HORNE.

“HERE do I take my seat, Great Element!  
And for the last time listen to thy voice,  
Which now methinks hath a more lulling tone,  
E'en as of sympathy: but that's a dream,

“Many great spirits dwell in other worlds,  
And some are here, who live, like me, alone,  
But with a recognized influence of good,  
Rewarded by self-consciousness of power,  
Which is the Stoic's well-sufficing law:  
It is his law unto himself, comprising  
All kinds of labor; water, food, and space  
Of ground sufficient where to rest the head,  
Being his right in common with the herds,  
And all dumb fellow-creatures of the earth.

“Zeno is gone; and I have taught his School,  
With pride I yet may pardon in myself,  
Knowing how much of his great soul, outpoured  
For all, throughout my being was transfused.  
Zeno hath passed to higher learning now,  
And thence to higher teachings will attain,  
Proportion'd to his spirit towering still;  
While I have linger'd here, and day and night  
Striven to be worthy of his great bequest.”



The sage was seated on a lone sea-coast,  
 And while the sun slow sank 'midst solemn smiles,  
 As of paternal sadness, touch'd with hope,  
 The sea came flowing up, still murmuring  
 Its ever-fresh yet ancient harmonies.  
 Near him there stands a Thracian youth, whose head  
 And limbs elastic had enchain'd the gaze,  
 But for the anxious chisellings o'er his face,  
 As he beholds a man of massive brow,  
 O'ersnow'd by four-score years, who like a rock  
 Placed on a rock, sits there, self-doom'd to die.

"Young man, thou pray'st me to recount my life—  
 New comer from the Thracian Chersonese,  
 Not knowing of my labors, or my thoughts,  
 Nor why I sit here with intent to end  
 A long life, every day whereof hath wrought  
 The utmost work my faculties could achieve;  
 Here, where the bright waves hasten tow'rd my feet  
 Not like fierce rows of fangs, but gracious friends  
 Who bring to me my flowing funeral rites,  
 Murmuring their deep hymns to eternity.

"I was a rough-bred and unletter'd man,  
 Born to great strength of sinew and of bone,  
 With that indurance which outlives defeat;  
 And as a cestus-bearing athlete fought,  
 Gaining some batter'd victories, with the applause  
 Of brutal natures, and of spirits refined,  
 Needing reaction after mental toils.  
 With heavy ox-thonged cestus, newly stained  
 From smashing contest, craving rest and shade,  
 The grove I pass'd where Zeno held his School.  
 The vision of that grand head floats before me,  
 As then it loom'd above the shoulders bare,  
 And grape-like curls of many a lovely youth  
 Whose soaring spirit stood with folded wings.

"The hush'd repose—the shadows—and the rhythm  
 Of Zeno's eloquent cadences—a flow  
 Of harmony as of the confluence sweet  
 When Simois and Xanthus murmur'd through  
 Some temple in the groves of vanish'd Troy,  
 Melted my nerves, and overcame my heart,  
 Till a new life-spring gushed into my brain,  
 Flooding my thoughts, and forcing o'er each sense  
 A change, which all my bodily strength transformed,  
 More than a child's within a giant's grasp  
 Or clay beneath the statuary's hand.  
 Softly I laid me listening on the grass—  
 And year by year, ne'er absent, day by day,  
 Save for deep study in my lone abode,  
 As one of Zeno's flock I fed and thought.

"Now while the days roll'd o'er my bowed-down head,  
 My corporal needs—how few—were well supplied  
 By labors of the night, wherein my strength  
 Served well my higher cravings; and for hinds



On gardens, farms, or cattle far a-field,  
Water I drew from wells, or when the springs  
Sparkled in frosty silver 'neath the moon.

"Thus through my mind were melted twenty years,  
And Zeno left us—on life's pilgrimage  
Tow'rd higher knowledge;—and his Chair devolved  
On me, though others to that lofty seat  
Held worthier claim. As Polygnotus' hand  
In paintings illustrated godlike forms,  
And acts of heroes, so did I but teach,  
With humbler, but not less devoted powers,  
What godlike minds had imaged. Let that pass  
From me, the medium of those truths sublime,  
To rest as crowns for their diviner brows.

"And yet, young man, I have not lived in vain  
In mine own person, since examples weighty  
Rank with best teachings. Now, brief words paint years:  
The tide rolls inward, and thou must depart,  
And leave me here to close my mortal hour.  
Through a long life I have thoroughly wrought my will,  
From Nature's hand refusing all rich fruits,  
As from my labors, or man's kindness,  
Receiving but the means for innocent food,  
Thus following Crates' and great Zeno's course,  
As rigidly as link doth follow link,  
When seamen raise an anchor to the prow;  
Or as the shadow of the hero's spear  
Beneath its singing, flies to the same mark.

To man's best knowledge, and his highest good  
Myself have I devoted evermore,  
With no weak murmurings o'er the poverty  
Which was my choice. And if my chief return  
From man were scoffs, cold pity, or neglect,  
As I for social life were all unfit—  
No business had on earth—let man progress  
The better for my life; I, none the worse  
For his contempt, but more content and glad  
In that my labors have been more removed  
From personal profit. My pure 'vantage rests  
On its negation and its nullity,  
Which is the Stoic's true—his best reward,  
Save in the satisfaction of his soul.  
It may be that some balance here is lost,  
Since Nature bids each seek his proper good.  
Every devotion hath inspiring madness—  
Oft madness of the loftiest, purest scope;  
But 'tis poor earthliness large gains to crave,  
Thanks, and prompt recognition from the world  
Of service and self-sacrifice. Enough—  
Man knows his own acts, his own secret mind,  
Evades, or all the mingled truths confronts.

"Leave me, young man; the tide is rising fast!  
Good youth, retire—'tis now my will to die.  
Studies and hardships on extreme age piling



Weight upon weight, life's arches are borne down ;  
 And as nought useless can, or should exist,  
 I have, for days, all sustenance refused,  
 Press'd to my hands, but thankfully laid down,  
 And now sit here, beside my sand-scoop'd grave,  
 Waiting majestic burial from the sea.

"Nor are tombs wanting. Lo, yon marble rocks !  
 The architectures of some hand Divine !  
 Intaglios fretted by a thousands years—  
 Inscriptions motto'd by the unseen Powers  
 That guide earth's great mutations ; while around me  
 The symbols both of present and of past—  
 Enormous sea-weeps, strombites, and whitening bones,  
 Submarine flowers that lift their welcoming heads,  
 And wail of starv'd birds echoing to the moon,  
 Now slowly rising from her daily grave,  
 Profusely furnish funeral honors due  
 To those whose life-lamps burnt in caves, like mine.  
 Young man ! forbear thy touch—thy tearful voice—  
 Begone at once ! behold the waves flow near,  
 And soon will kiss these pale and paralyzed feet.  
 The crescent points creep round with gushing gleams,  
 And now they eddying meet, and deepening flow !

"Covering his face, with smother'd sobs he goes—  
 Farewell !—nay, boy !—he weeps, but he is gone.  
 Ever-young World ! I have well loved thy youth,  
 And thought for me thou hadst no heart at all ;  
 But 'twas not so. I ne'er had sought to gain  
 That sympathy which yet, liked unpluck'd fruit,  
 Is ready for the worthy traveller's hand.  
 Absorb'd in work for man, men I forgot,  
 With all their cherished trivialities ;  
 Wherefore they view'd me as a thing apart.

## I.

"O Zeus ! I bless thee for the life thou gavest,  
 So full of bodily strength, and health, and years ;  
 I bless thee for the mind that hath no fears  
 Of death, whereby our atoms thou still savest.  
 Till some fine consciousness again appears.

## II.

"O Zeus ! I have doubted further gifts of Gods—  
 Doubted futurity for each special mind ;  
 The soul, like music, dying on the wind ;  
 The body merging in earth's sands and sods ;—  
 But to thy Ruling evermore resigned.

## III.

"O Zeus ! no claim have we to aught beyond !  
 We bless thee for the life we have enjoyed ;  
 We hope our spirit shall not be destroyed :  
 Thy waters to my dying Hymn respond  
 In harmonies that change, ere rapture-cloyed.



## IV.

"O Zeus! I heard the broad waves gently flowing  
 Over my feet, and nestling round my knees!  
 My senses melt away by soft degrees!  
 My thoughts, like seeds, thy hand afar is sowing!  
 Sweet songs are in my brain—sweet birds in trees!

## V.

"O Zeus! at all-devouring Time I smile;  
 For he is but Heaven's little playful son,  
 Toying, or teasing, while we graveward run:  
 Flow then, ye waves!—our mingling sands beguile!  
 Flow on, divine Maternity, flow on!"

—*Longman's Magazine.*

## A POLISH LOVE-STORY.

[THE following narrative, written down from the lips of a Polish peasant woman, lays claim to nothing but veracity, and may serve to enlighten some English reader on the subject of a class of fellow-creatures about whom he probably knows less than of the African, the Patagonian, or the Greenland Esquimaux. The Polish peasant, who by his own countrymen is commonly classed as a "brute," and is by the rest of civilized Europe dimly understood to be a "savage," can do no better than speak for himself, and be judged accordingly.]

I am far from asserting that loftiness of soul and innate refinement are the common attributes of the Polish peasantry, but I maintain that striking examples of these qualities are to be found in this class as frequently as in any other class of any other nation. Every care has been taken to render into English the exact words in which the story was originally told: if, therefore, any one should object to its somewhat ultra-romantic vein, I can do no more than refer him to the particular "savage" who is virtually the author of these lines.]

It was on an early day of the month of May that, with a book in my hand, I made my way to the kitchen-garden. More than a dozen women, for the most part young girls, were noisily at work among the bushes and the vegetable-beds; but their laughing and chattering paused at my entrance, and did not recommence until, having seated myself at

the foot of an apple-tree, I appeared to be engrossed in my book.

My book did not engross me for long: with a carpet of daisies at my feet, a roof of apple-blossom over my head, and the laughter of the girls ringing in my ears, it was difficult to keep my attention to the page before me. I looked around me; most of the workers were at some way off, dispersed in larger or lesser groups. There was but one exception—a woman who, but a few paces from me, sat crouching on the ground, so busy with the sorting of young plants that she seemed not to have noticed my neighborhood.

The stray voices among the bushes reached me in distinct sentences now and then, and presently a phrase attracted my attention:

"Wasył has come home from the army."

"Yes, Wasył has come home; and what will Nascia do, now that he is back?"

"Only Saturday last she accepted the *wódki* (brandy) from Stefan's bridesmen;\* and yesterday her former sweetheart has come home. What will she do now?"

And a chorus repeated, "What will Nascia do?"

I closed my book; I had found in it

\* The bridesmen, or friends of the bridegroom *in spe*, present themselves at the girl's hut, and offer the *wódki* to her and her parents. If she drinks, this signifies acceptance of the suitor.



nothing so interesting as this question of what Nascia was to do. Why look for dramas in paper and print when they were being acted close to me in flesh and blood?

"Marysia," I said to the sorter of plants beside me—for I knew her name well—"Marysia, did Nascia love Wasyl?"

She raised her eyes to mine; they were large black eyes, deep both in color and in expression. Marysia was not a girl—she was a woman on the verge of fifty, toil-worn, haggard, and meanly clad, but there could be no doubt that she had once been beautiful. Her eyes were beautiful still.

"Love?" she said after a pause, and with a certain unexpected irony in her voice. "Do the girls nowadays know what love is? Which is the man they love? The man who will treat them to a *wódki* or a glass of beer, or who buys them a ribbon at the *jarmark* (fair). That one they understand how to love. But when he is gone, any other is as good as he. . . . That was not the sort of love which the great God put into my heart long ago."

Marysia said this in a lower tone, speaking half to herself; and as she said it, her eyes seemed doubly beautiful—for in a moment they seemed to take fire, and shone with a mixture of tenderness and passion.

Till now I had held my book in my hand, but at this moment I laid it aside on the grass. There were echoes of a drama, it seemed, not only over there among the bushes—there was the heroine of one at my very feet.

"Marysia," I said again, almost timidly, "who was it you loved when you were a girl?"

"Gracious lady, you will not remember the time," answered Marysia, "for our master was then a young cavalier, and it is a long while ago. For eighteen years I was married to another."

"And tell me, Marysia, why you did not marry the man you loved?"

"Why did I not marry him? Because he was taken to be a soldier. But why, during so many years, I could not forget him; why, being the wife of a good and honest man who loved me—why, having six children whom I loved, and four of whom died in my arms—

why, though I toiled every day from daybreak to sunset, I yet could not take from my memory the picture of one man, this God alone does know. That love which I found in my heart, none but He could have put there."

Marysia was silent for a little, and went on sorting the plants. But her whole face was changed: the words, which she had said with vehemence, had awakened old memories, and presently they began to throng from her lips:

We were children when we began to love each other, Fedio and I. The hut of my parents and the hut of his parents stood close together: there was nothing but a hedge between our little fruit-garden and their yard. When in the morning I came into the garden to look for the fruit that had fallen during the night, Fedio would be waiting for me at the hedge, ready to jump over and help me to pick up the fruit. Then we sat down to sort what we had found, and it was always the reddest of the apples and the softest of the pears which he chose out for my breakfast. He never used to go with the other boys of the village, but played only with me in our garden or in the yard behind the hut. When he was gone to herd the cows on the pastures, how sad did I feel till he was back again! How many hours have I stood at our gate gazing and gazing along the road that he was to come! And he never came without bringing something that he had found for me in the fields or in the forest. Each time it was some other toy, a bird's nest or a red toadstool, a branch of blackberries, a bunch of ripe strawberries, or if the berries were not ripe, he would bring me flowers. The other boys jeered at him, but he let them speak, and was not angry; and indeed he was so quiet and so silent, that one might have thought he could not get angry. But once I saw Fedio angry. He had lost a cow, and stayed in the forest to look for it. I was watching for him, and saw the others come back without him, and I was frightened. "Where is Fedio?" I asked of a second cowherd who had gone out with him in the morning.

"Oho!" the boy answered, laughing, "you will not see that one again. He climbed to the top of a tree to gather cherries for your supper; but crack



went the branch, and down-came Fedio and cherries together. Who knows if he ever gets up from the ground?"

I grew as cold as ice as he spoke. I could not move a step, I could not utter a scream, I could not wring my hands even; but I remained as I had been, standing at the gate, looking at the road, and the other children made a laughing circle round me, and pointed at me with their fingers.

At last Fedio came home with his cow. I do not know why I had not been able to cry before; but when I saw him unhurt, I threw myself with a scream on his neck and sobbed as though my father had beaten me.

Fedio said not a word when he heard the trick they had played me; but something terrible came into his eyes, and before any one could stop him, he had seized the second cowherd and thrown him with such strength to the ground, and held him there so tight, with his hands upon the other's throat, that the boy would have been strangled had we not quickly parted them.

From that day none of the village children ever did me any harm, for they began to be afraid of Fedio.

As we grew older, and I became a young maiden and he a man, we passed all our time together. He helped my parents in the farm-work, for my brother was still a child; and they loved him, and called him son. On Sundays, when the music came to the village, it was always with Fedio that I danced; and not one of the other young men would have dared to choose me for a partner, for each one knew that Fedio would have killed him. Oh, gracious lady, if you could only have seen how beautiful Fedio was, and how well he danced! Sometimes the others would stand still and make a circle to watch us two dance, for every one liked us in the village. There was only one man who watched us with a gloomy face. This was Ivan, the only son of a rich peasant; and an evil spirit had given that he also was to love me. His bridesmen had been already to my parents, but; but I would not even look at his *wódki*, and so they had gone away again. Since then Ivan would always clench his fist when he saw Fedio and me together. Every one knew that he would not need to be a

soldier, for he was an only son, and he was also older than Fedio. Fedio was just then nineteen, and the time was near when he must be taken away. We could not think of marrying yet; we loved each other and waited.

One day, I remember, we were working on the master's corn-fields. Fedio, as usual, was working by my side; and every now and then, when no one was looking, he would lay some of his corn on my heap, so as to make it look larger. For this was the last day of the wheat harvest; that evening we were to go in procession to the master's house, and the girl who had cut the most corn was the one who should wear the corn-wreath on her head, and place it then in the master's hands.\*

The sun was burning very hot upon the open field, and I was thirsty. Fedio went away to the wood to fetch me water from the stream; and as soon as he was gone, Ivan approached and took his place. At first he did not speak to me, nor I to him, but at last he said, "Marysia, why do you turn your head with that Fedio?"

"Which Fedio?" I asked, and looked at him so straight in the eyes that he dropped his own to the ground.

"Fedio Stecki."

"I am not turning my head with him; I love him."

"And what good is to come of this love? Very soon he will be taken to the soldiers, and what will you do then?"

"I shall wait."

"Marysia! do you know what you are saying? That waiting will not be one year or two, but eight: you will be old when he returns—think of that."

"I have thought of it," I answered, growing angry; "and what is it to you how long I may wait, or how old I shall be? What makes you talk to me of this?"

"But if you should wait for nothing, Marysia? If Fedio is taken to the war, and does not come back?"

As he said it, I felt a pain in my heart like the pain of a knife stabbing me; and

\* At the conclusion of the harvest of each grain, a monster wreath of wheat, rye, or barley is made, and placed on the head of a village girl. The master, on receiving it from her, gives her money in return.



it seemed to me that Fedio would not even come back to me now with the water. I answered nothing more to Ivan, and all was dark before my eyes till Fedio returned at last from the forest. I took the water from his hand, and drank it to the last drop. My face must have been strange, for he asked if I were ill; the heat had made me faint, I said.

Very near to us there was working the old Zosia, whom you must know, gracious lady—only then she was not so old as she is now; but she was not a young woman, and no one liked her in the village, for she was seen much with the Jews. This Zosia repeated to Fedio everything of what Ivan had said to me. Happily Ivan had left the field already, for if Fedio had been able to reach him at this moment, he would assuredly have thrown him down and trampled him, as he had done to the cowherd when we were children. But after that he got quiet; and later in the day I saw that his anger was gone—he was thinking very much, and his face was sad. Perhaps he was thinking that what Ivan had said might come true.

It made my heart sink to see his face; and that evening, when we walked along the road toward the master's house, I could not laugh and talk with the other girls. I could not feel gay, though I knew that the corn-wreath had been kept for me.

Already we were near to the big gates, when Fedio came up to Ivan and spoke to him. He was not angry, but his voice sounded so strange that the tears came into my eyes as I listened.

"Why did you say to my Marysia that I shall not come back from the soldiers?"

"And why," answered Ivan, "do you call her *your* Marysia? She will belong to the man to whom God gives her."

Whether they said more I could not hear, for already we were near to the house. The girls put the wreath on my head, and began to sing the harvest-songs. You know the old songs, gracious lady:

"Our mistress is proud;  
She appears on the threshold;  
She makes her keys ring,  
And thanks God the harvest is over.

"The master is not at home;  
He is gone to Lwów  
To sell the grain,  
And buy *wódki* for us.

"Make use of thy riches, master;  
Sell thy gray cow,  
The hen with the chickens,  
And buy us a barrel of beer.

"Our cock has white feathers;  
Our master has black eyebrows;  
He goes to the fields  
In a happy moment.

"O moon, who art growing,  
Throw light on our road,  
That we should not go astray,  
And lose our wreath!

"At our master's house  
The door is of gold;  
The bench is also of gold;  
He has three hundred laborers in the field.

"Harness the oxen;  
We shall go to the forest  
To cut supports  
On which to lean the *kopy*.\*

"Little quail,  
Where wilt thou hide?  
We have cut the wheat,  
And have arranged it in *kopy*.

"The meadow has told us  
That the master has got *wódki*,  
And in his cellar on a shelf  
Painted glasses to drink from.

"We bring you the harvest  
Of all your fields;  
We wish that the master should sow again,  
That we should reap again in the future.†

The girls sang this song; but I did not sing. The wreath felt so heavy, that I thought it was weighing me to the earth. I could scarcely bear it; it was impossible for me to raise my head from my breast. I began to think of things of which I had never thought before; for the first time it seemed to me possible that, though our love was as old as our lives, though my parents called him their son, yet it might be that Fedio and I should not pass our lives together. I began to think also of how once, when Fedio had wanted to kiss me, I had resisted him. It would have been no wrong, but at that moment I had felt frightened of myself: if I had loved him

\* A certain number of sheaves form a *kopek*.

† In certain districts of Poland this harvest-song, with innumerable additions, is always sung, whether applicable or not to existing circumstances.



less, I might more easily have allowed him to kiss me. This had happened one evening not long ago. We had been standing together at our gate, and on the road there waited a cart laden with wood which Fedio was to take to the town. The moment for parting came. Fedio's father called to us over the hedge, saying that the wood was all packed, and the cart ready. We looked at each other, and then Fedio caught me in his arms, held me on his breast one moment, and would have kissed me; but I turned my head aside, and put my two hands over my face. He still held me in his arms, and a minute passed in silence; then we heard his father's voice again calling out louder than the first time that the wood was ready. Fedio loosened his arms, and walked slowly away toward his cart.

Although I was the strongest and healthiest girl in all the village, I was forced at this moment to take hold of the wooden post, or else I should have fallen. I looked after Fedio: he was walking slowly beside his cart; his head was bent—he was crying.

All the time that the girls were singing the harvest-songs around me, and all the time that the corn-wreath pressed down my head, I could think of nothing but those tears of Fedio, and of how he would be taken to the war and might not come back again, and I had not wanted to kiss him. Even when the music began to play and we to dance, I still thought of this; and all the time we danced I looked at his face, although I knew very well that a modest girl when she is dancing should not look at her partner, but only at the boards. But it seemed to me that even if I were to die for it in the very next minute, I could not have taken my eyes from his.

The music gave me no pleasure, nor yet the supper which was laid for us. When no one was watching me, I stole out of the room and went home. There I stood at the gate and waited, for I knew that Fedio would come.

He came very soon—sooner than I expected. We were quite alone, for every one who was not at the great house had gone to bed. All around me the village was asleep. As Fedio came up to me he took off his cap and shook back his hair, for the night was warm. Oh, gracious

lady, what beautiful hair Fedio had then!—the most beautiful hair in all the village, and quite different from Ivan's; for Ivan's was light yellow, and cut in a straight fringe round his head, while Fedio's hair fell in black curls upon his forehead and his neck.

This time I did not wait for him to say any word to me, nor to ask why I had come away from the great house; but I stretched out my arms and put them round his neck. Perhaps he was thinking of how I had not wanted to kiss him that other evening, for he made no movement. But I put my face close to his, and my lips upon his lips, and I kissed him of my own free will. And at that moment it seemed to me that not even the *Cesars* (emperor) could have had the power to part us!

We must have stood a long time that way, I don't know how long. I only know that one of his arms was round my waist, and that with his other hand he stroked my hair as a mother does sometimes to soothe her crying child—for I was crying. We did not speak much, and in my ears there were not ringing any words of Fedio's, but only those of Ivan—"He will be taken to the war."

We stood at the gate till we heard the voices of those who were returning from the great house.

From that evening I had no peace; just as though some one were whispering in my ears, I heard all day long—"He will be taken to the war."

Not many days later my mother was sent for to the great house. I do not know, gracious lady, whether you yet remember the time of the *pańszczyzna* (serfdom). At that time no peasant was asked whether or not he would take service, as we are asked to-day; but all at once the *ekonom* (overseer) would appear in the hut, and lead away those whom the master had chosen. And we had to go without saying the smallest word. But in our village the master was good; when a girl was wanted for the service, it was the parents who were sent for first. We were paid in money and in linen, and the mother herself led the girl to the great house. This was much better; for though we knew very well that we were forced to go, yet it was not so hard to go with one's mother as to be taken by the *ekonom*.

So also it was with me. When my



mother returned home, she told me that the ladies had noticed me at the harvest feast, and that I was to go for a year to serve at the great house cooking for the outdoor servants.

I wrung my hands, for my first thought was of Fedio. "When must I go?" I asked. It never even came into my mind to think that I might escape the service.

"I have begged to keep you till to-morrow," said my mother.

I went out into the front garden, and stood by the gate waiting for Fedio. I could hear that he was working in the barn, thrashing corn for the sowing.

"Fedio!" I called at last, just above my breath.

Immediately he came out of the barn and looked around him; then, in less time than it takes to sign the cross, he had jumped over the hedge and stood beside me.

"Marysia! You are crying again!"

"Oh, how am I not to cry, when to-morrow I shall be taken to serve in the great house!"

He answered nothing at first. Fedio never spoke much; only he clasped one hand inside the other with violence, and stood for several minutes thus, with his eyebrows drawn together. Then he said quickly—

"You cannot be there alone."

He turned round, jumped back over the hedge, and went back into the hut. When he came out again, he had on his new *czapka* (cap) and his broadest belt; and without looking round, he walked away along the road.

He had not told me what he meant to do; but the cap and the belt made me feel sure that he was gone to the great house.

It was impossible for me to work. My mother called to me to come and help her with threading the hemp; but I did not go, and waited only at the gate for Fedio's return. Half an hour, perhaps, I waited; then he came to the hedge and said—

"I have bound myself to serve in the stable of the oxen."

And then he went into the barn, and began again to thrash the corn.

My heart grew light within me, and all at once the service in the great house seemed to me less terrible.

And thus, on one and the same day, Fedio and I entered on service.

My work was hard. There were eighteen servants to cook for, water to carry, wood to cut, dishes to wash—so much, that often I did not know where to begin. But the thought of the evening helped me on. Just outside the kitchen stood a broad stone; and in the evening, when the work was done, we would sit upon that stone together, and my hand rested in Fedio's.

In the great house they began to talk evil of us; but that did not trouble us, for we could look all the world straight in the eyes without fearing. Fedio, when any one taunted him with serving only for my sake, always answered that it was so. Once even he said it to the *ekonom* himself. It happened thus:

Tulka, the old *klucznica* (keeper of the keys—housekeeper), was hot-tempered and strict, and her tongue always ready to scold. One day my patience failed, and I answered sharply. Her anger became greater; she rushed upon me as if she would beat me. I did not move, but I said to her—

"If you beat me I shall tell the master."

While I spoke the *ekonom* came in, holding a riding-whip—for he had just left his horse outside. Behind him stood Fedio. The angry *klucznica* began to accuse me; and the *ekonom*, as he heard, came toward me with the whip raised in his hand. It would have fallen on me had not Fedio sprung between, and covered me with his body.

The *ekonom* shouted, "What is this insolence?"

"It is not insolence," answered Fedio, quite quietly; "but I will not let her be beaten. If she has done wrong, beat me. It will not harm me; but as long as I am alive, no one shall touch her!"

The *ekonom* lowered his whip. "Then it is true, Fedio, what the people say, that you are serving in the house only for her sake?"

"It is true, master; and if you want to hurt her, you must kill me first."

The *ekonom* began to laugh. "Well, to be sure, what a mighty love! But," he added, as he looked at me, "and yet it is worth his while."

And that is how the matter ended;



and from that day Fedio and I were left in peace. It was a happy time, and almost did I forget the words which Ivan had said; but soon, very soon, was I to be reminded of them.

In spring the recruits were called in. There came a long register of those who had to present themselves at Brzezany, the nearest town, and on that list there was written the name of my Fedio! The terror of that day makes me tremble even now. Tulka herself—the same Tulka who had wanted to beat me—could not bear to see my face. She begged of the master to let me go home to my mother.

It was three days before I learned Fedio's fate. Those three days I spent standing at the gate, where I had so often waited for Fedio when we were children. All day along I stood there, staring at the road. My father and mother wanted me to come into the hut. First they begged, and then they scolded: they said that the people would make me their laughing stock. But to me it seemed that there were no people in the world. They brought me some milk in a jug; I could not swallow it. On the morning of the fourth day the carts came back. They passed me, one after the other; Fedio was not in any of them.

I called his name aloud.

"They have kept him," some one answered. "They have dressed him in the green cloth already, and they have cut his hair."

Something within me seemed to break. I turned, and took two steps toward the hut; but all the time I saw nothing but that hair—that beautiful hair that I had kissed so often, and now falling beneath the scissors. I would have caught those black curls as they floated downward; I would have snatched away those cold scissors, that flashed so cruelly before my eyes. I stretched out my hand, but he who held the scissors turned and struck me a blow on the forehead.

The air grew dark before my eyes; I fell to the ground. It was the first time that I had been insensible, and the doctor said to my mother, "A great illness may come of it." But I was young and strong, and the great illness did not yet come for a little time.

The recruits used to be called in the month of March. The day that I fell down on the road was the Monday before

Easter. Outside in the village it was beginning to grow warm again. The roads got dry; the people came out of their huts, and were busy raking, digging, and planting in the gardens. I shut myself into the hut, that I might not see how the sun was shining—that I should not hear how the birds were singing.

The great week passed. On the Holy Friday my mother baked the loaves, boiled the eggs, made the sausages, laid the cheeses and butter in saffron—all that is done at Easter in a peasant house. But I not only did not help her, but even I could not look at her working. On Saturday, at mid-day, she laid all the things together, and covered them with a white linen cloth, ready to be carried on Sunday to church for the blessing.

On that evening, as I sat on the bench spinning at the wool, the door of the hut opened, and Fedio, dressed in the uniform of the lancers, stood upon the threshold. The sudden joy made me feel giddy. I had to cling to him for support; and when the giddiness had gone off, I still clung to him. And we sat thus, side by side, on the bench, with my spindle cast upon the ground.

Gracious lady, you will scarcely believe me, and yet it is true that during all that night we never moved from the bench, and scarcely spoke a word, but only held each other by the hand. Once or twice in the dark Fedio whispered, "You will be mine." But that was all.

At that time the men had to serve as soldiers for eight years; and eight years, when they are already past, are like a minute, but when they are still to come, they are like an eternity.

As soon as the light came in by the window, my father awoke and got up; and when he saw us two still sitting on the bench, he said—

"O, my poor children!"

But immediately after he seemed to remember something.

"Fedio, tell me, have you leave to be here?"

"No, I have no leave; no one knows that I left Mikolaja. But I had to come; I could not do otherwise. If I had stayed I should have gone mad or died, for on Sunday at eleven—we are to march away."

My father clasped his hands above his head—



"Fedio! unhappy man! But this is Sunday already!

He did not speak more, but dressed and left the hut. In a few minutes he came back, and said to Fedio,

"The cart is ready. I shall drive you. At eleven we must be at Mikolaja, or else your punishment will be hard. I have been a soldier, and I know it. They will beat you with rods!"

I swear to you, gracious lady, that already, as he spoke, I felt those rods on my shoulders and upon my heart.

"Fedio, Fedio!" I screamed, "go away quickly; run, fly! Why are you here? For what good did you come?" And I was so strong at that moment, that if he had resisted, I could have taken him in my arms like a child and thrown him into the cart.

When we reached the gate Fedio stopped and stretched his arms toward the second hut.

"My mother, my sisters! I had forgotten them. I have not seen them!"

"It is too late now," said my father; "get in."

Fedio turned to me again.

"Fedio, my Fedio, get in! If you are late, I must die." And I pushed him with my hands.

"Hush, children!" said my father roughly, but he wiped his eyes with his sleeve. "Hush! there is no time to waste." And the cart disappeared on the road.

I am not learned in books, gracious lady, and therefore I cannot explain to you what it was that happened to me when I saw the cart no more. I felt as though my heart were fastened by a cord to those wheels which were taking my Fedio away from me forever. In my head there was a humming noise; but I said to myself, "I cannot go mad till my father comes back, and tells me whether Fedio reached in time."

The people were going to church, carrying the loaves to be blessed. I heard my mother's voice calling me. She wanted me to go with her; but I could not. Why? Because something had made me forget how to pray. I could not find the beginning of the prayer. And then I grew frightened, for it seemed to me that even the good God was leaving me alone in my trouble. Why, then, should I go to church?

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While every one was praying to God, I lay on my face in the garden, and pressed my brow against the cold, damp earth; for the fire that was burning in my head had dried up all the tears.

That evening my father was not back, and he was not back next morning; he was not back at mid-day. The fire in my head passed into my eyes. I could remember nothing. I had forgotten how Fedio had come, how he had gone, that he might be too late. I only remembered that I must sit here and wait for my father.

In the evening I still sat by the gate, and with my hands I held my head, for it was as big as a barrel. I saw my father coming, but he was not in the cart; he was on foot, weary and dusty, and with only the whip in his hand. When I saw him I remembered again all at once what had past—that Fedio had been and had gone, that he might have come too late, that the fire in my head must not burn me until I knew that he would not be punished.

I remember getting up from the doorstep and staggering toward my father; but I forget whether I asked, or whether he spoke first:

"We came in time. No one knows that he was here. They have marched to Olomunca."

The fire in my head broke out of it and rose in the air. Like a pillar I fell down at my father's feet. For the second time I was insensible.

When I awoke again, the cherries were red in our garden, and the people were working at the potatoes—for this time the great illness had come. Eight Sundays had passed since the day of my father's return. My mother told me that the doctor had said I would die; but the great God is a better doctor, and He said I was to live. She also told me that when my father had taken Fedio to Mikolaja, one horse had dropped dead with fatigue. The other was lame; so he had sold it, with the cart, to the Jews, and came home with the whip alone in his hand.

When I awoke after those eight weeks, I asked myself what now I was to do with my life, what now I was to do with myself? The people were changed; the village so empty and silent; the fields, the woods, were so dreary; the garden



so sad; and the cherries did not taste sweet like other years. The hut was dark, and the sun, even though it was June, shone now so weak and cold. My mother cried; my father grew sick and fretful. Poverty came into our hut. My illness had cost much money, and the horses were gone. My parents had never been rich, and when so much evil came upon them, they were forced to go to the Jews. With the horses they had gained money; now there were no horses, and no more money to be gained. At the harvest they could not have gone to the fields if Ivan had not lent his cart. But this helped us but little, and the farm began to sink.

My father clenched his teeth and never spoke. I was useless; my mother herself could think of no help.

At last the *kumy* (godparents) began to give advice. I was in the kitchen, and I heard how they said—

"You must marry your daughter."

And my mother answered,

"There is no other help for it; Marysia must be forced to take Ivan."

My knees shook under me; for I knew that though my parents loved me, yet hunger is stronger than love and pity.

I went into the yard; from the yard I went on to the road, from the road to the fields, and then from the fields I went higher and higher until I came to the wood. I sat down on the ground, and said to myself that whatever might happen I would not go back to the hut.

It was already quite late in the night when I heard the voice of Ivan calling me, and also the voice of my father.

I held my breath and did not move; and later on I heard their voices again, far off in the wood. We were in autumn already, and the nights were long and cold, and I had come out just as I was, in my linen shirt and petticoat. I was so cold that I could scarcely move. I meant to sit there as long as it was dark, and then to walk on higher and higher, until I came to where lived good people who would tell me the road to Olomunca.

Toward morning I fell asleep. In my dream it seemed to me that some one was pulling me by the hands; and when I opened my eyes, I saw my father and Ivan bending over me. My father was in great anger.

"You good-for-nothing!" he shout-

ed; "is it not enough that you have made me a beggar, but must you still drag me from my bed to search the wood for you at night, sick and weak as I am?"

His voice was raised to a shout, but I answered nothing.

He spoke again—

"Why did you leave the hut? Who has done you harm?"

I knelt down at my father's feet and told him how I had heard what the *kumy* had said, and what my mother had answered. I prayed to him—

"Father, I cannot go to this one, for I love the other."

"You love the other? And what means this love? Is it witchery? It is time you should forget!"

"I shall never forget." And I raised my hands.

My father's anger became terrible. He began to curse Fedio, and the hour when first he had called him son. The words which he said were so fearful that they raised the hair on my head, and it seemed to me that all those things were to happen to Fedio which my father said as he cursed him.

"Father!" I cried, and with my arms I clasped his knees, "I will do all you command—I will marry whom you will; but, for the love of God, do not curse my Fedio!"

"You shall marry, because you must. This day Ivan shall yet speak to the priest."

Ivan bent over me—

"Get up, my Marysia! Come back to the hut; the night has been so cold, and you will be ill again."

Just see, gracious lady, how strong we poor women are. I did not die that day; I was able to get up and walk home, even though I knew that I was to be married to another man than the one I loved.

Two Sundays later my wedding with Ivan was held. I looked on it as though it were the wedding of a stranger. You know, gracious lady, that it is the custom with us for the bridegroom to ransom the bride with money from the young girls of the village. For this he must throw the money on the table, behind which she sits with the girls around her; and then he leaps over, and when he has dispersed them, he kisses her; and as the girls draw back, the married women advance and claim her as their sister.



It came to this ceremony; Ivan flung down the money, and stood by my side. The girls stepped back; his arm was round my waist.

At that moment, as I turned my head aside, I saw standing right in the middle of the hut the figure of Fedio; almost it seemed to me that he was weeping. I tore myself away from Ivan, knocked over the bench, and sprang to the middle of the room, but the figure was gone; and without a word, I threw myself into the second room, and fastened the door behind me.

My father became furious, and ordered me to open, threatening to have the door knocked to pieces; and perhaps he would have done it, had not Ivan stopped him. I heard how he said:

"She is already my wife, and I do not choose to take her by force."

The wedding feast could not be finished; the guests all dispersed.

I remained thus locked up till the middle of the next day. I could hear how my father was cursing, how my mother was crying, how my godparents were saying that the priest should be sent for, but Ivan answered—

"The priest has already done what he has to do. She is my wife now; leave her alone. Would you have me lead her to my hut by force? Some day she will come to me herself. Why should you judge between her and me? Of what do you complain? I shall work your ground as though it were my ground. I shall look after the farm as long as her brother is a child; only do not trouble her.

And my parents at last gave me peace.

That afternoon my father went off with a load of wood, my mother went out to the fields to dig up potatoes, and Ivan alone remained in the hut.

All this I saw, for from the window of the little room I could see each person who passed out. After a time Ivan came to my door.

"Marysia, what are you doing all alone? Would you be ill again? This is the second day that you have eaten nothing. Why are you afraid of me? I want only that you should drink some milk and eat some white bread which I have brought you from the town."

Not for his prayers, but because of my hunger, I opened the door; for thus the great God has arranged the world,

that however unhappy we be, we yet must eat.

Ivan put down on the table a bowl of *kassa* and milk, laid beside it a piece of white bread, and then he turned and left the hut.

I ate a little of what he had brought me; then I took up a spade and followed my mother to the potato-field. On the field I found Ivan with my mother. I did not even say to them, "God give you luck," as we always say, but quite silently I began to dig up potatoes, and they too were silent toward me.

In the evening Ivan went to fetch a cart for carrying the potatoes home. There were five sackfuls, and they were large and heavy. The thought came into my mind—"How good it would be to seize the heaviest of those sacks, to strain myself and die!" To-day I know that that thought was wrong; but then I did not think so, and God will assuredly not have counted it as evil, for He knew that my great pain had darkened my understanding.

I took hold of the largest sack, and with all my strength I flung it on the cart.

Ivan wrung his hands; and then moving aside, he bent quickly over the next sack, and shook it out, so that all the potatoes were spilt over the ground.

I turned and went home through the village. Ivan's hut stood on my road, but I looked away as I passed it, and walked straight to the hut of my parents. Then I drank a little cold milk, and, shutting myself up as before, I went to sleep.

As the days passed, my life remained the same as it had been before my marriage. Ivan said not a word; he did not grow angry, and he did not allow that my father should be angry with me. Every morning he came to the hut and helped in the household; he worked in the garden, and in the fields; he settled all difficulties; he watched over my parents. It was always Ivan who took care that there should be salt in the salt-box, and grease in the grease-tub.

I also was forced to work, for my mother had grown feeble. Often I arranged the household matters together with Ivan; and often, too, we went together to herd the cattle; but never once did he remind me that we were man and wife.



In this way the winter came. Of my Fedio there had been no word of news; and yet his image, instead of growing fainter, always grew stronger in my heart. In the evening, after I had said my last prayer, after the thought of God there still came the thought of Fedio; and in the morning, when scarcely my eyes were opened, before the thought of God there came again the thought of Fedio. The good God was not angry with me for this for the love that was in my heart, it was He Himself who had put it there.

Then came the spring, and again the work began in the fields. My parents had got used to the state of things, and no longer treated me unkindly; but now it was Ivan who was beginning to lose patience. Once in the evening, as I returned alone from the fields, he was standing at the door of his own hut. I was passing without speaking, but he caught me by the hand, and in a voice I had never heard before, so hoarse and choking, he said:

"Marysia, tell me, how long is this to last?"

I tore my hand away, and running home I fastened the door behind me, and sank down trembling on my knees.

Another time—it was Sunday evening, and the sun was sinking slowly—I was sitting on the bench before the hut; Ivan came and sat down beside me. He did not speak, he only looked at me for long; then he put his arm round me and bent forward to kiss me. Again I turned from him, and, tearing myself free, I left him alone on the bench.

That evening Ivan went to the village inn to drink. He spent half the night there; and next day, for the first time, I heard him speak harshly to my old father, and saw him push my little brother roughly aside.

In the weeks that followed, the work of the farm no longer progressed. Ivan was not the same: he did not care to put his hand to the plough; his pleasure in the cattle and in the fields was gone; he was often flushed and excited, his hand shook, his voice grew unsteady. And yet my conscience did not speak; it seemed to be lying dead within me. In the selfishness of my own misery I was walking blindfolded. But there came a day when the bandage fell.

I had been at work in the fields, and

was coming home alone, for Ivan had not shown himself all day. It was dark as I came slowly along the road. As always, I was thinking of Fedio—of our last words, the last look he had given me, of the despair that had been in his face, of our kisses and tears; and in the middle of these thoughts my foot stumbled against something on the road. I saw a white form on the ground—a man was lying straight across my path. I lifted his head. It was Ivan, my husband, and he was lying in a drunken sleep! Ivan, the sober, steady Ivan, the careful farmer, the model of the village, and now stretched in the dust like a common drunkard! was it I who had made him into this?

That night I did not sleep; but all the dark hours I spent in bitter tears, and for the first time I had another thought than Fedio.

Next day the priest sent for Ivan and me, and he told me all those things again which my heart had been telling me all night. I cannot remember all he said to me; but then he took us to the church, and prayed with us before the altar, and, laying the book of Gospels upon my head, he read aloud out of it, and sprinkled the holy water over us, and then he blessed us, and sent us away together.

\* \* \* \* \*

A year later the great God gave us a son; but he only lived for four Sundays. In the second year a daughter was born; this one lived for half a year, and after that she also died. In the same month my mother was taken from us. You know, gracious lady, how much the burying costs: these losses were hard for us; and besides, the harvest was a poor one. After that we had another girl, and then a boy. These lived longer. The girl grew to be five years old, and the boy three, and they were so beautiful—as beautiful as the children of great lords. Then they both died in one week; and there wanted but little that I should have gone mad. I thought to myself that this was my punishment for not being able to forget Fedio. Children had been born and had died, my mother had been taken from me, harvests had ripened and had failed, and yet never for one minute did the thought of Fedio leave my mind. It was eight



years now since he had gone ; those who had become soldiers with him were back already. And the people told me that he must be dead ; but I felt that he was alive. I knew that he had not died—that he could not die until my eyes had seen him again, until my hand had held his, and we had looked in each other's faces.

Ivan was so good a husband to me, that I have no words how to tell it ; and though harvests were bad, he let me want for nothing. I had white bread to eat when even the richest peasants in the village did not as much as see black bread in their huts. In the evening, when he came home from work, he would kiss my hands and my feet. He would beg me, with tears in his eyes, not to work, but to take my ease and rest, for he always kept a servant for me ; and if I had chosen, I need never have put a finger to the labor. I had the heaviest corals in the village, and the newest aprons to wear, the brightest flowers in my garden ! And yet, in the middle of all this, there came over me moments when my life was unbearable—when, if I had but known where Fedio was, I should have left my husband and children to go to him.

Once Ivan brought me back from the fair a new Blessed Virgin to hang up in the hut ; for the old one, which had belonged to my mother, was getting shabby. This one had a beautiful pink face, and a red and green dress, and a blue cloak with yellow roses, and there was a glittering gold frame all round it. I knew that it had cost Ivan many kreutzers to buy it ; yet when I said my prayers before that picture, it was not for him that I prayed.

When, therefore, my two children died in one week, I thought this was God's doing ; and yet, though I did not dare to pray for it, God gave me another son—and this one was more beautiful than any of the children I had lost. When it was but a few hours old, Ivan, taking it in his arms, sat down on the edge of my bed, and looked long at the child ; then he slowly shook his head, and with tears in his eyes he said,

"What a pity if it also should die as the others have died !"

Many times before this, when I was near to becoming a mother, I had thought

that were the child to be a son, I should like to give him that name which was to me the dearest name on earth ; but the courage had always failed me to speak to Ivan of this. At this moment the old wish came over me again like a burning thirst, and without pausing to think, I spoke—

"Call the child as *he* was called ; with *his* name it must live !"

Ivan did not understand me at once ; he did not seem to know of whom I spoke, for certainly he believed that I had forgotten that other one long ago.

"Whose name am I to give him ?" he asked.

"Fedio !" I answered.

It was many, oh, very many years since my voice had spoken that name ; and now as I heard it again, even though it was myself who had said it, I felt my heart grow sore and the tears rise to my eyes. I put my hand up, that Ivan should not see those tears ; for they would have hurt the man who for so long had been to me an angel upon earth.

He put back the child beside me, bent down and kissed me, and without a word he left the room.

A little later he came back with the godparents. They took the child from me, and carried it to church.

The church stood at the far end of the village. I had to wait long before they returned. All the time they were away, I asked myself whether they would indeed give the boy the name after which I thirsted. It seemed to me that with another name I could not love him.

At last they came.

Ivan took the child from the arms of the godmother, and laid it beside me on the pillow.

"Fedio is his name, and may God let him grow up !"

And the great, good God took the sacrifice which Ivan had made. His blessing was on this child. The boy thrived like running water, and the name which for so long had been unspoken between us was now heard daily in our hut and garden.

The years ran on and brought us a daughter, who also lived. Ivan began to talk of building a new hut. He cut the wood and prepared the thatch ; all day he was busy with his new plan.



I remember that it was on a Monday. Ivan, as usual, was working at the new hut, the children ran out to the garden to play, and I went down to the pond with the linen to wash. It was spring-time already; but though the weather was dry, I began to feel chilled after I had washed for two hours at the pond. Going back to the hut, I sat myself down beside the stove.

As I sat thus idle, my thoughts took their old weary round. "Where was Fedio now? Was he happy? Had he one true heart beside him?" And the tears ran down my cheeks.

It was always this way with me when I sat thus idle on Sundays or on feast-days, for in the week I had no time for tears; but to-day, though it was only a work-day, yet as I leaned quite still beside the stove, the old thoughts and the old tears came back.

While I was sitting thus, the door opened, and there stood in the room Fedio's sister.

I do not know why, though I saw that woman every day, though she had very often entered this same door in just the same way—I do not know why it was that, seeing her now, I sprang up from the bench and called out,

"Fedio! What has happened to him? Has he written? Has he been seen?"

"No; nothing has happened, and he has not written; he is here himself—he is in my hut—and he waits for you."

My heart began to beat so loud that I could hear it throbbing. In a moment I forgot everything—husband, children, everything, everything that was. Without taking a minute to think, I ran straight out of the hut. Happily it was a Monday, and therefore my shirt was quite white. I had on a striped petticoat, a blue handkerchief on my head, and my corals round my neck. And he had not seen me for so many years! I was eighteen when he left me, and eighteen years had passed since then; and these two eighteens made me near forty. It was lucky that after so many years he should see me in a new petticoat and with my corals on. But all this I only thought of later. While I ran toward the hut, I had no thought at all; it seemed to me only that I should never have done running, that the hut was running away from before me, and my breath began to

grow short. I reached the yard, the threshold; I opened the door, but then I could go no farther—my forces failed me. I saw him. He stood in-lancer uniform, with his back toward me, holding his hands to the stove.

At the noise of the opening door he turned, and running forward with a great cry, he took me in his arms; his head sank down upon my shoulder, so that my lips just touched his hair. And then he began to laugh—quite softly at first, then louder, louder, louder, till I grew frightened. It was so strange that laugh, that it seemed to hurt my shoulder. In the first moment I had been stunned, but that terrible laugh aroused me. I cried out, "Water, water!"

His sister came running to us; we tried to make him sit down, but his hands were so tightly clasped on my dress that we could not open them. Then we poured water over him: he grew quieter, and listened to me while I spoke.

"My Fedio, my dearest, try to be quiet. I am your Marysia. God has allowed us to meet again." And with every word he grew calmer; he sat down on the bench, and I beside him.

He did not ask me why I had married, nor when, nor if I had children—nothing of all this did he ask me then. He only told me that he had wanted to see me, once more to embrace me; that he would not die, though his life was very dark, but that he would go out again into the world, and this time never to return.

"No, Fedio—no, my beloved, do not leave the village, for then at least I can, if only sometimes—if only from far off—I can rest my eyes on you!"

"Marysia! It is true, then, what they tell me; it is true, then, that you have not forgotten me?"

Through my tears I told him that it was true; and in that moment it seemed to me that we were both young again—he a youth of twenty, I a maiden of eighteen!

While we still talked, the church-bell rang the mid-day hour. I stood up, for I remembered that my husband would be coming in from his work, and the children would be looking for me.

"I must go," I said to Fedio; "Ivan is waiting for his dinner."

And I left the hut. He did not try to



stop me, but he rose also and followed me out, through the yard, and across the yard to the gate. I thought he would turn back here, but he did not; he came after me on to the road. At this I was frightened—not for me, but for him. I begged him to leave me. He answered me that he could not. I stood still and implored him to go, so that Ivan might not see us there walking together.

"Why not? Does he not know that, whether I be far or near, I always love you?"

"And that is why, because he knows, he will kill you."

"Let him kill me! this life is wearisome."

"Fedio!" I cried, and I felt the fire flash into my eyes. "He will not kill you alone. He will put the knife first into you, and then into me—remember that, and do not take my death on your conscience, for I have two small children?"

He looked at me.

"Do you really not love him?"

"I love no one but you; but I would have loved him if I could, for he is an angel."

"Is he good to you?"

"Have I not told you that he is good as an angel?"

"May God bless him for that!" he answered; and turning round abruptly, he went back to the hut.

"Fedio! But do not leave the village!" I called after him.

"Not yet to-day," I heard him say very low.

I went quickly home.

While we had been standing on the road, taking leave of each other, there had passed by us old Zosia, that same woman of whom I told you, gracious lady, that she frequented the Jews, that she drank—in one word, a good-for-nothing. When this woman had recognized us, she hastened her steps, she began to run, and without turning her head she ran straight down the village street.

But I had not thought further of this, for my heart was full of happiness.

I reached our hut—in the middle of the room stood Ivan; but he was so changed that I did not at once know him. His brows were drawn together, his glance was dark and terrible. Never had I seen him like this. In the great-

est sadness, in the moments of deepest want, in the midst of cares and anxiety, he had always had mefor kind looks and good words.

He came a step toward me, and sternly asked, "Where do you come from? Where have you been?"

I felt that to tell a lie would be to add to my fault; therefore I answered at once, "Fedio has come."

"And you have been with him? You have been in his hut?"

"I have been."

For the first time I saw Ivan's eyes all alight with fire. He raised his arm and struck me. It was a thick stick which he held, and it fell on my shoulders, once—twice—oftener still. And I did not lift a finger. I never tried to free myself. I, who as a child had been the darling of my parents, as a woman the idol of my husband—I now stood before this man, who had ever been kind and loving to me till to-day, and his heavy blows fell thick and fast upon me. I never moved as he struck me; I was not frightened, I was not angry, almost I did not feel.

To-day I wonder that it was so. Perhaps at that moment I could feel only one thing—that Fedio was alive, that I had seen him; or perhaps I understood that Ivan was in the right—that these blows were no injustice, but only the just punishment for that love which I could not and would not abandon.

During that time the door opened, and Fedio appeared.

"Heartless and cruel man!" he cried. "Man without conscience and without pity! Why do you beat her? Why this harsh punishment? She is innocent! If you must strike some one, strike me! Unhappy wretch that I am! Have I come back for this? I shall go—I shall go again, far into the world; with a stone I shall dash out my wretched brains, and she shall not suffer for me."

He took my hand, and clasping it to his breast, he kissed it and wept over it, sobbing like a child.

I began to wake from my apathy, for he was hurting me, far more than Ivan's stick had done. I felt as though my heart must break, as I stood thus between those two men that loved me. I understood what must be Ivan's bitter suffering, as he listened to the words of Fedio's



despair, as he watched the feeling which I could not hide. In my misery I began to cry.

Ivan, who had never seen me weep, except over my dying children, was frightened; for he did not know that I was crying for him, and not for myself. He threw away his stick, and stretching out his hands toward me, he fell at my feet.

"Marysia! Speak to me! Look at me! I was mad to strike you!"

Though I wanted, I could not speak; but I raised him up from the ground, and taking his hand, that hand which a minute ago had struck me, I held it to my lips and kissed it.

Fedio stood and watched us, and at last he also held out his hand to Ivan, and said—ah! I remember every word that he said—

"Brother, I thank you! Now I can go out again into the world, for I know that you are good to her. But to-day do not send me from your hut, for I have told you nothing yet of where I have been, what countries I have seen, what towns and people. Let me leave you something to remember me by; for when I go again, you shall not see me more."

All this Fedio said most beautifully, like words in a book, and yet he was not learned.

Ivan made no answer, but he wiped a bench, and made a sign to Fedio that he should sit down. And Fedio sat there till evening, for he ate with us, he played with my children, he told them stories. But it was not the children alone that listened to the stories; for he told us wonderful things of the places he had seen. Twice he had served through the military time; and after that, two years more as servant with a captain of the lancers.

Ivan asked him why he had not come back after the first eight years, and Fedio answered:

"When I heard that Marysia had taken a husband, there was nothing more for me to come home for. My master the captain was good to me, my service was not hard, I meant never to return. But there arose at last such a desire to know whether indeed she were happy, such a longing to see again the village, that I could bear it no longer. The *Pan Kapitan* took another servant in my place, and sent me home."

As I said before, it was evening before he had done talking. Ivan had not gone to work again, but sat listening to Fedio's stories. But one story there was which Fedio did not tell me then—which he told me only on the day after his return, when he found me drawing water at the well. It was there that he told me, and swore to me, that during all these years he had known no other love but mine, that in his life he had kissed no other woman but me. And I believed him—I believed him by my own suffering, by the pain which my husband's first kiss had given me.

Every day Fedio said that he would leave the village, and every day he put off his departure to the next. His brother wanted to keep him, for he was rich now. In the years that he had served he had saved much money. Often he would come to our hut, and Ivan did not forbid it; once he even said to Fedio,

"It is better you should speak to her here in my hut, than that you should meet her on the road, or at the well, for then people will talk evil."

It was Zosia who had told him of our meeting at the well; but it was also she who had called Fedio when Ivan was beating me.

Once I remember—two Sundays may have passed since Fedio's return—he came into the hut toward evening. Ivan was not yet back from his work.

"Marysia!" Fedio said to me, "I know well that I should, that I must go; but I am too weak to do it alone. It will be terrible to me, but I beg of you, let it be you who says that word 'Go!'"

He ceased speaking, and there was silence between us. I could not raise my eyes. With all my will I wanted to say to him "Go;" but my lips would not move—the word froze in my throat.

He looked at me, and understood, for he did not speak again.

Ivan came in. When he saw Fedio sitting on the bench, a cloud came over his face. He walked slowly through the room, and stood still before Fedio.

"You have come to say good-by? When are you going?"

Fedio got up from the bench.

"You send me away? Then I shall go at once—to-day still—this night; but, when the hour of your death comes, remember that to a very unhappy man



you have grudged him his one delight. Do you not know that I have loved her? Do you not know that she was to have been mine? that her parents have called me son? And what was the happiness I asked? For a few more days to gaze at her, for a few more days to speak to her." And this poor gift you grudge me! Up there may God call you to account for that pain which you give me to-day!"

As he said it, his voice rang through the hut, his head was raised, and his two eyes shone like two burning coals. He was as beautiful as a painted picture; these eighteen years had not changed him. People said he had grown old, but I could not see it.

Ivan was softened, whether by the fear of God's judgment, or through pity for Fedio, I do not know; enough that he said,

"It is not I who send you away; you yourself know that you must go, if not to-day, then to-morrow."

"I know it, and I will go; but give me two, three days—give me a week."

Gracious lady, I cannot tell you how it came—there passed one week, there passed two weeks, and Fedio was still in the village. Sometimes I met him as I came back from work, sometimes I saw him on the road, sometimes he came to our hut. The children looked out for his coming; there was always a piece of gingerbread or an apple in his pocket for them. They would run to meet him on the road, and he would lift them in his arms and hold them aloft over his head.

During this time Ivan was busy finishing the hut. He had been working harder than usual, for he wanted all to be done before the harvest. In a week he hoped to be finished. The roof was on, and he took his cart to the forest to fetch some large stones for the threshold.

This was in the sixth week after Fedio's return. In two days he was to leave the village—in two days was to come that terrible day of parting. I did not know how I should stand it, for I no longer had the strength of my youth. In those days I went about the hut like a drunken woman; my mind was growing dark.

But the great God had willed it otherwise: the cross which He sent me was not this one, though it was heavy.

Two days before that fixed for Fedio's departure, Ivan came back from the forest later than usual. He ate no supper; he said not a word to me, and neither did I speak to him, I could not. He lay down; I sat on the bench by the window. He did not lie quiet; he threw himself from side to side; at last he said,

"Open the window; I am choking."

I opened the window, but I began to be afraid.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"I am ill. Bring me hot ashes to lay on my chest; there is a pain there; I am choking."

At his words there came a great change over me: all that had been in my heart seemed to die out in a moment. I was like a drunkard grown suddenly sober.

When I had given him the ashes, I asked if I should get a doctor, but he answered that God was the best doctor.

Thus the hours passed, and I watched beside him. It was a little after midnight, when all at once the blood came rushing through his nostrils and from between his teeth. In my terror I ran and called a neighbor, and then I left the hut for a doctor. When I had reached the gate, I asked myself how the doctor could be got? who would go at this hour? Fedio came into my thoughts. There were horses in his hut, and a cart. In a few minutes I was at his window, tapping softly to awake him. He came out to me in the moonlight—the night was as clear as day—and listened to my story.

"Go back to Ivan, Marysia," he said.

"In less than an hour I shall have brought the doctor."

But of what good is a doctor when the great God has ordained that a man shall not live?

Ten days after that Ivan died.

He had broken a blood-vessel as he lifted a too heavy stone in the forest; and in the first moment that the doctor saw him, he said there was no hope. On the second day of his illness he sent for Fedio, and said,

"Do not leave the village until you see which way it turns with me."

And Fedio remained.

As I said, gracious lady, Ivan was ill for only ten days. Two days before he died he asked again for Fedio.



Fedio came and sat down on the bed. Poor Ivan was as white as the sheet which covered him. He put his hand in Fedio's, and when he spoke his voice seemed to rattle in his chest.

"I am dying. It was God Himself who brought you to the village; to your care I leave my children. My sisters are not good; do not let my orphans be wronged."

The speaking tired him, and he lay silent. Fedio held his hand, and I was crying beside the window.

After a pause he began again,

"I am sorry to die. My time had not come yet, but I had to make room—for you: thus God wills it. I have lived my young years with her, and she will cheer your last days. God has divided it fairly. But remember, as I loved her and honored her, so also do you, and let my children never feel that they have lost a father."

I do not know what Fedio answered, for I was weeping so that I could hear no more.

It is strange, gracious lady, but during that week while Ivan lay ill, when he died, and when I buried him, it seemed to me that at last my love for Fedio was dead, and that I had buried it with Ivan. It had gone from me I know not how, and I stood alone, doubly widowed.

With us poor people, our grief is made greater by all that we have to think of and do for the burial. My brother went to the priest, but it was my business to see that the bread and the *wódki* should be prepared.

This was before the harvest, and we had no new bread in the house. In the cupboard there was not one kreutzer, in the kitchen not one pound of flour. There was no help for it but to borrow money from the Jew, even should he ask fifty per cent.

But Fedio had guessed my trouble, and in the early morning—the morning after Ivan was dead—he came to me and said,

"Marysia! You have no money for the burial, and you are going to the Jew for it?"

"And what else should I do? I must."

"I have brought fifty florins," he said; "I do not need them now—let them keep this trouble from you."

"No, no," I cried, "I cannot bury him with your money;" and I began to cry.

"But it will not be my money, it will be yours. You can pay me back, and give me what percentage you like."

I would not listen, but he went on,

"Whether you bury him with the Jew's money or with mine, what can be the difference? Only that I will ask honest interest, and the Jew will ruin you."

He counted out fifty florins, laid them in the cupboard, and then left the hut.

I thought to myself that he had spoken right—that as a loan I could take the money, but that, as soon as the harvest was over, I would sell to the last grain of corn and pay my debt, even though for a whole year my children should have to eat dry bread.

Ivan's funeral was so fine that every one in the village said even a *gospodarz* (proprietor of land) could not have been buried more beautifully.

Since Ivan had died, everything within me had changed. I loved Fedio, but as a brother only, or as a mother may love her son when he has grown to be a man. When he was not near me I felt sad, but my heart did not beat now as it once did at his approach. And who knows whether the old love might not have died out forever, had not the spite of gossiping tongues awakened it once more from its sleep?

There was an evil murmur rising in the village; but it was many days before it reached my ears. The neighbors grew colder; they passed me by hastily on the road; they shook their heads whenever Fedio and I were seen walking together. At first I saw all this but dimly, and it was only on the third Sunday after Ivan's funeral that the truth became clear to my eyes.

It was near sunset, and we were coming back from church. Fedio had met me at the door, and was walking by my side. Half-way down the village street there stood a group of women—Ivan's sister among them. They were talking in whispers, and facing toward us: but when Fedio, in passing, saluted them with "God give you luck!" there was not one voice that answered him.

Their silence and their strange glances gave me an uneasy fear. I looked at



Fedio; his brows were drawn together, his teeth bit deep into his under lip, he stared straight in front of him.

At the end of the street he left me; and I, turning on my heel, walked straight back again to the group of chattering women.

"Why did you not give him back the salute?" I asked.

I did not speak loud, yet they cowered away before me, as though I were some dangerous animal. It was Ivan's sister who answered,

"We have no salutation for a man who has done what that one has done."

"What has he done?"

"Is it indeed you, Ivan's widow, who ask this question of me, Ivan's sister?"

"I ask it."

"What was it that killed your husband?"

"A heavy stone: the whole village knows it."

"And I tell you the whole village knows better. Listen only to what every tongue says."

She was moving away, but I held her by the arm.

"What is it they say?"

"That it was not a stone which killed him—there was poison in his drink!"

Perhaps the woman was frightened at my face, for she tore herself away and left me standing on the road alone.

Now I saw the meaning of all that had passed since Ivan's burial; now I understood why Fedio had grown so pale, and in that hour I knew that I loved him not as a brother, not as a son, but only as my one beloved, whose image for so many years I had carried in my heart.

And to me, unhappy woman, there came another thought. In the same minute, when I knew that I loved Fedio, I knew also that I could never be his wife. Only in this way, it seemed to me, could I take from him the weight of that heavy accusation.

At home, on the bench beside the door, I sat myself down to think. This terrible thing was said of Fedio, and with Fedio's money I had buried Ivan! I could not wait now for the harvest to repay him. It came into my head that there was a cattle-market in the town

next day, and I said to myself, "I will sell the cow and pay him."

Every day since the day of Ivan's burial Fedio used to come in the morning to ask if I wanted for nothing, for Ivan had made him the guardian of the children. He came also next day, and finding me in the yard, just as I had tied a piece of rope round the horns of the cow, he asked in surprise,

"Marysia, what is this you are doing? Would you sell the cow?"

"Fedio," I said, "I am selling the cow because I must pay you back your money."

"God be merciful to you! For what is this hurry? Have we not settled that you should pay me after the harvest? I will not take the money now."

"You must take it, and still to day. Have you forgotten how I said that with your money I could not bury him? Oh, unhappy woman that I am, why did I take it from you?"

He looked at me keenly.

"Then you have heard what the people say of me?"

"I have heard," and I hid my face in my hands.

"Who has told it you?" His voice was rising, and his breath came short.

I would not say that it was Ivan's sister, for fear lest he should beat her; so I answered only,

"The people told it me. Now you yourself must see that you must take the money. If you do not take it you will break my heart. Fedio, I beg you—" and I burst into tears.

"My Marysia! My only love! quiet yourself! I will take the money, but only dry your eyes; you have cried so much, so very much already!"

"Do not call me your Marysia, for yours I shall never be. The people's wicked tongues have divided us two for all eternity—"

"Marysia, your grief makes you rave! But your words put a knife in my heart! Quiet yourself! Neither to-day nor yet in a month can you go to another husband; for it is not seemly for a widow to marry before the sixth month."

Though he was not learned in books, yet Fedio was so wise that he knew all these things.

"In six months people will have for-



gotten their evil thoughts; and to us, who are innocent before God and before ourselves, why should not happiness come at last? Have we not yet suffered enough?"

"Never, never!" I cried. "It can never be. What! when I walk beside you, shall people point to you and say, 'Look! he poisoned the other that he might have the widow for himself!' No, no. Even should I die for it, they shall not say that thing of you."

He saw that he could get no further with me to-day; so he only said that he would go with me to the *jarmark*, to see that I was not cheated in the sale, nor robbed on my way back through the forests.

The cow was sold. Next morning early I went to the *wojta* (judge), and before him and the *starszych* (elders) I counted out the fifty florins to Fedio. When he had taken them, I turned to the *wojta* and asked him to name how much percentage I should pay for the time of three Sundays.

"What percentage?" asked Fedio.

"It was settled between us that I should pay you interest," I answered.

"Marysia, what are you saying? Shall I take interest from you, as though I were a Jew?"

"You said you would take it."

"I said so, in order that you should take the money."

"And on that condition only did I take it. You have no right to refuse the percentage now."

"Marysia, if you say that hateful word percentage again, I shall not forgive you;" and with a look of anger, the first he had ever given me, Fedio turned and left the room.

A new and strange life began for me now. Day and night I worked to maintain myself and my children. If I had but wanted it, I might have lived at ease and fed upon dainties, for Fedio had much money, and he begged, he entreated me to take it; but not one kreutzer of his would I touch, not one piece of bread bought with his money would I eat, for fear that people should have more ground for their evil talk. But I could not prevent his being good to the children; and they soon found this out, and ceased crying when there was no milk for them to soak their bread, for they

knew that Fedio's pocket was a store-room where they would always find cakes or fruit in plenty. Even when I locked them up, he would come and throw them in apples by the window.

\* \* \* \* \*

When six months were passed, Fedio asked me to be his wife, and I gave him the same answer as before. He left my hut in sadness; but it seemed to me that I was doing right, for already the evil talk was lessening.

Many girls in the village had soft glances for Fedio, and there was not one who would not have taken him. The *wojta* himself offered him his daughter, a young and pretty girl; but Fedio would not think of her. Very often, in the months that followed, he came to me, and always with the same question on his lips, always to receive the same answer. At last he stopped asking me, though he would often sit silent in my hut, brooding gloomily before him.

One evening he was sitting thus, when a boy brought him a message from the great house. He was wanted there.

"By the master?"

"No, by a strange gentleman."

He went; and scarcely was he gone when an uneasy foreboding came over me. Who was the strange gentleman? And what could he want with Fedio? Might it not be some harm?

I sat up late that night. It seemed to me that I must wait for something; but nothing came.

The next morning passed, and still nothing came.

At mid-day Fedio entered the hut. It was not the hour that I was used to see him; yet somehow at that moment I had not the courage to ask what had brought him. I waited for him to speak, but he sat quite silent; his face was pale, his look was stern, and his lips pressed tight together. Once or twice in the long silence I noticed that he turned his head from right to left, and slowly passed his eyes round the room. His gaze hung on everything in turn, on every holy picture on the wall, on every flower in the window, on a broken toy on the ground, and then his eyes rested on me.

He rose, and the silence was broken—

"Marysia, I am going—I am going at last. A man's life is too good a thing to be wasted in useless sighs. I have



loved you long, I have loved you honestly, on my knees I have offered you my love—but you will not come to me. You think you are acting rightly; may God forgive you the wrong you have done!"

I stood before him like a figure of stone, as he went on to tell me that the strange gentleman at the great house was no other than the captain, his old master, who was passing through the country, and who wished to take Fedio back into his service. He had never been well served, he said, since Fedio left him; every other servant had robbed or cheated him.

"And the captain leaves to day," said Fedio. "Good-by, Marysia;" and still gravely, without a smile, he held his hand toward me.

But at that moment my courage broke down; every scruple dropped from me, every difficulty melted away. I forgot

my arguments, I forgot my resolutions. I forgot that there was a world with bad people in it; and with a spring I put myself between Fedio and the door.

"Stay!" I cried. "O Fedio, stay! For if you go I shall die, and my children will be orphans!"

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Three Sundays later our marriage was celebrated. We have now been married for twelve years, and God has given us a son. But Fedio loves Ivan's children as much as his own boy, and has often told me that when he dies he will divide his ground in three equal parts.

There is not one great lady in the land, there is no queen on earth, who is as happy as I am; and if Ivan can see us from heaven above, he must surely rejoice at our happiness, and his blessing must rest on my Fedio's head.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

#### AN ITALIAN PRINCE ON HIS TRAVELS.

In the second half of the seventeenth century His Serene Highness, Ferdinand the Second, was Grand Duke of Tuscany, a generous, liberal-minded man, with a cultivated taste for music and poetry. He was unfortunate, however, in his wife, Vittoria delle Rovere, Duchess of Urbino, a proud, suspicious bigot, wholly influenced by the priests. He was not less unfortunate in his son Cosmo, in the fulness of time his successor, a weak sensual prince, a puppet in the hands of the Jesuits. Like his father, Cosmo made an unhappy match. He married, very much against her own wishes, Margaret Louisa, eldest daughter of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, a vivacious and accomplished princess, but equally averse from Spanish haughtiness and Italian gravity. She was, moreover, passionately in love with Prince Charles of Lorraine, who afterward won great renown by defeating, in conjunction with John Sobieski, an Ottoman army under the very walls of Vienna.

Cosmo, it seems, was as deeply enamored of his young and beautiful bride as any one could be who demanded much and yielded nothing, and whose cold unsympathetic temperament was calcu-

lated to repel rather than to attract the sprightly clever French woman, who was untroubled with a conscience, and madly in love with another man. In the hope of curing his son of his infatuation for his unworthy wife, and of averting violent scenes of domestic discord, the Grand Duke Ferdinand sent him off on a tour through Tyrol and down the Rhine to Amsterdam. The experiment having utterly failed, Cosmo was despatched on a longer journey through Spain, Portugal, England, and Holland. A detailed narrative of the illustrious traveller's journeyings, illustrated with numerous bad drawings, was prepared by Count Lorenzo Magalotti, afterward Secretary to the Academy del Cimento, and a much respected correspondent of Lord Somers and Sir Isaac Newton, by the latter of whom he was designated "Il Magazzino del buon Gusto"—the Magazine of Good Taste.

It is only with Cosmo's wanderings in England during the year 1669, and with the narrator's comments on English society at that period, that we need trouble ourselves. It may, however, be remarked that if absence did not make his heart grow fonder, it failed to render



him callous to the misconduct and perversity of his abominable wife.

In consequence of bad seamanship on the part of the captain and pilot, his Highness found himself one day in St. George's Channel, and took advantage of the opportunity to land in Kinsale Harbor. He does not appear to have been favorably impressed with the architectural beauties of that town, and was evidently shocked that the Roman Catholics, who, to the number of two hundred families, were scattered over the surrounding territory, should be living miserably "in mud cabins, badly thatched with straw, sleeping on short mats, and subsisting chiefly on fish and cockles." Bread to them was an almost unknown luxury. They were treated as a conquered people, even as serfs, being compelled to surrender to their landlord three-fourths of the produce of their tiny farms, besides paying a guinea and a half a year for the rent of a cabin and a few square yards of land. They paid six shillings each toward the maintenance of a priest, who ministered to their spiritual wants clandestinely. Throughout the province of Munster provisions of all kinds, and particularly fish and game, were abundant and cheap, with the exception of French wines. Money was so scarce that the currency mainly consisted of Spanish coin. The viceroy drew annually forty thousand pounds from the Government, his appointment being the most valuable "in the gift of the kings of Europe." The revenue derived by the Crown from Ireland did not exceed three hundred thousand pounds a year. The antipathy entertained by the English toward the Irish was so bitter and unreasonable that intermarriages were prohibited, as likewise the use of the native language. It is undeniable, we learn, that in Ireland "the waters stagnate on the very highest mountains, so that even on the tops of the hills is found land soaked in water, producing in greater abundance than any other grass and wild sorrel." In descending the hills on his return to the ship, his Highness passed near some cabins which served to shelter poor people, the native rustics of Ireland, who have no place to rest upon but the bare earth; and, having caused them to be reconnoitred for curiosity, he

discovered that within they lived like wild beasts."

Although travelling in the strictest incognito, the unfortunate prince was never suffered to pass through the smallest town that boasted of a municipality without being worried with speeches of congratulation, and all manner of civic pomposity. On landing at Plymouth he was not only encountered by the mayor and aldermen "in their habits of ceremony," but had besides to walk between a double line of soldiers "under arms, with colors flying, trumpets sounding, and drums beating," while the sailors on the numerous ships in the harbor manned the yards, and the people filled the streets and mounted to the very roofs of the houses. Such a rare sight in those days was a foreign prince on his travels!

Not that the lower orders of Englishmen were at all partial to foreigners. Indeed, they entertained a great prejudice and cherished a profound hatred toward all other nationalities, especially the French—Count Magalotti is our authority—"treating such as come among them with contempt and insult." The nobility, on the other hand, particularly those who had visited foreign parts, had picked up a few lessons in good breeding in their travels, and displayed "a certain degree of politeness and courtesy toward strangers." Nearly all of them spoke French and Italian, the latter language in preference; but, do what they would, they failed altogether to shake off their characteristic stiffness and uncouthness, and were never able to "get the better of a certain natural melancholy, which had the appearance of eternally clouding their minds with unpleasant thoughts." In truth, thoughtful men had only too much reason to be grave, and even melancholy. Not only had they and their fathers passed through fearful trials, but there was the constant dread that the levity of Charles and the bigotry of his brother might again involve the nation in the horrors of a civil war. As for the people at large, they hated the French for being Roman Catholics, but still more for the sufferings they had themselves undergone, as they believed, through the sinister influence of the queen-mother, Henrietta Maria.



Within the space of a hundred years Plymouth had grown out of a poor fishing-village into one of "the best cities of England, having between twelve and fifteen thousand inhabitants," as against seventy-five thousand at the present day. Dorchester, "a simple town," seems to have been better peopled then than now. The Italian diarist puts down the population as between ten thousand and twelve thousand, whereas now it barely exceeds seven thousand five hundred. Salisbury, also, has declined from over sixteen thousand inhabitants to fourteen thousand five hundred. Cambridge, however, has risen from twelve thousand souls, including two thousand five hundred collegians, to thirty-five thousand; Ipswich from two thousand to fifty thousand seven hundred; Northampton from sixteen thousand to nearly fifty-two thousand; while Rochester has increased from between sixteen thousand and eighteen thousand to only twenty-one thousand five hundred. London and Westminster, of course, stand out conspicuous. In 1669, although these two cities covered a considerably larger area than Paris, their united population fell short of half a million, or some tens of thousands less than the French capital. It was said that six hundred thousand Englishmen slept every night in ships and boats, and this report seemed to the Italians not incredible.

Although Dorchester is described as "a simple town," the district was so much infested with robbers that his Highness was escorted by a detachment of mounted militia until he was out of all danger. Near Basingstoke he was met by a troop of the royal regiment of the Earl of Oxford, the officers of which wore a red sash with gold tassels. It was "composed of eight companies of seventy men each; they receive from the king half a ducat a day. This is paid them every two months, which being of twenty eight days each, they have seven payments annually. In each of these companies the colonel has the privilege of keeping two places vacant, and of appropriating the emolument to himself, which amounts to more than fourteen pounds sterling every week." Compared with the salaries and allowances which were then drawn by officers of the royal household, this rate of pay

must be thought considerable. The Lord Steward, for instance, at that time the Duke of Ormand, had only one hundred pounds a year "and a table." The Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Manchester, was similarly requited for his services; but the Duke of Buckingham, as Master of the Horse, had six hundred and fifty per annum, "and a table." It is written of him, "He has the management of all the king's stables and studs, and of the posts throughout the kingdom. The persons who serve in the stables, in whatever situation, are dependent upon him; in public processions he goes immediately behind the king with a led horse in his hand." The gentlemen of the bed-chamber were chosen by his Majesty from among his peers, and deemed themselves fortunate in drawing salaries of one thousand pounds per annum each. "They attend in the chamber in rotation, a week at a time, sleeping all night upon a mattress." Although the Viceroy of Ireland was the highest paid officer of State, the Duke of York, as Post-master General, held a more enviable office, for he did nothing whatever in return for his twenty thousand pounds a year, but left "the management of the business to the king's secretaries."

The population of the entire kingdom being estimated at five millions of human beings, it was judged an easy matter to raise an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men "well suited, both by their valor and discipline, to the purposes of war, both on foot and on horseback." The navy consisted of about one hundred vessels of war, belonging to the king, or the different trading companies of England. An income of two thousand pounds a year derived from land was judged a handsome fortune, but there were occasional instances of country gentlemen who were worth double that sum. The Dean of Westminster, who was also Bishop of Rochester, received in the latter capacity only four hundred pounds per annum.

English gardens were not remarkable for their floral attractions in the reign of Charles the Second. They are described as being "usually walks of sand, made perfectly level by rolling them with a stone cylinder, through the axis of which a lever of iron is passed,



whose ends being brought forward and united together in form of a triangle, serve to move it backward or forward; and between the walks are smooth grass-plats covered with the greenest turf, without any other ornament." Most country houses were provided with a bowling-green, a rubber at bowls being the fashionable pastime of the day. Nearly in the middle of the race-course at Newmarket there was a spot set apart for this now disused amusement, and mention is made of the king stopping and diverting himself with "seeing my Lord Blandford and my Lord Germain play at bowls." Lord John Paulet's garden, by the way, at Hinton St. George, differed from the common type in being "a meadow divided into several compartments of brick work, which are filled with flowers."

The almost universal hour for dinner was noon. Stools were commonly used, though an armchair might be assigned to a distinguished guest. At Wilton, Lord Pembroke's country seat, an armchair was placed at the head of the table for his Highness, but he insisted upon resigning it in favor of his host's unmarried daughter, "upon which the earl instantly drew forward another similar one, in which the serene prince sat, in the highest place." Hospitality was largely practised by the English nobles, and their banquets are acknowledged to have been superb, though deficient in elegance. They would last a couple of hours, or longer, and a good deal of wine was drunk, especially in toasting the ladies, who "in their turn replied in the most affable manner to the polite attentions which they had experienced." Toasts, indeed, were "considered an indispensable appendage to English entertainment." On one occasion at a splendid banquet given by the Duke of Buckingham, at which the king and the Duke of York were present, together with the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth and other notable personages, the Italian prince set the ball rolling by proposing the health of his Majesty and the royal family, "which was three times followed up with loud cheers by all present. His Highness to do honor to the toast, would have given it standing, but this his Majesty would not allow, absolutely compelling

him to keep his seat." By way of acknowledgment, "the king pledged his Highness and the Serene House of Tuscany in an equal number of rounds, and at the same time accompanied this act of kindness by taking hold of his Highness's hand, which he would have kissed, but the prince, anticipating him, with the greatest promptitude and address kissed that of his Majesty. The King, repeating his toast, wished to show the same courtesy to his Highness, but he, withdrawing his hand with the most delicate respect, would not permit it, which his Majesty perceiving, immediately kissed him on the face."

His Highness, before his departure from London, had the honor of entertaining the king, his brother, his illegitimate son, and several of the nobility at supper, at which the most exquisite dishes and the rarest Italian wines taught English courtiers the difference between feeding like animals and supping like human beings. Not only so, but a knife and a fork were set before every guest, "arranged in a fanciful and elegant manner." "The supper was served up in eighty magnificent dishes; many of which were decorated with other smaller ones, filled with various delicious meats. To the service of fruit succeeded a most excellent course of confectionery, both those of Portugal and other countries famous for the choiceness of their sweetmeats, which was in all respects on a par with the supper that preceded it. But scarcely was it set upon the table, when the whole was carried off and plundered by the people who came to see the spectacle of the entertainment; nor was the presence of the king sufficient to restrain them from the pillage of these very delicate viands; much less his Majesty's soldiers, armed with carbines, who guarded the entrance of the saloon, to prevent all ingress into the inside, lest the confinement and too great heat should prove annoying; so that his Majesty, to avoid the crowd, was obliged to rise from table, and retire to his Highness's apartment."

It is not surprising, after such an exhibition of English manners, that Count Magalotti should consider his own nation as superior in refinement. He also disapproved the pastry, as being "grossly made, with a great quantity of



spices, and badly baked." He remarked, too, the absence of forks, and of "vessels to supply water for the hands, which are washed in a basin full of water, that serves for all the company; or, perhaps, at the conclusion of dinner, they dip the end of the napkin into the beaker which is set before each of the guests, filled with water, and with this they clean their teeth and wash their hands." Whence we gather that finger-glasses were unknown in Florence.

The consumption of butchers' meat was much greater in London than in Paris, either because fast-days were not much observed, or because of the voracity of the English, who eat meat in preference to aught else. Every day three thousand oxen were slaughtered in London, and large joints were served up on every table. In the northern counties the people were more saturnine and somewhat less lively than in the Southern. The lower and middle classes were much addicted to snuff and tobacco, and the artisans were prone to neglect their work in order to waste their time in discussing political questions in public-houses. The common people, it is stated, lacked reverence and affection toward their sovereign, which is not inexplicable when it is remembered that that sovereign was a Charles the Second. They ventured, while smoking their pipes, to censure the king's conduct, and to regret the masterful rule of Cromwell, whose head, by the way, the count affirms was then to be seen upon a pike over Westminster Hall. He also professes to have seen on the threshold or sill of a particular window at Whitehall drops of Charles the First's blood "so deeply imprinted that they have not been able to obliterate them from the spot, though they have frequently washed it in the hope of doing so."

Whitehall had not then suffered from fire, but is described as a mean habitation for a king, being divided into two thousand halls, lodges, galleries, and chambers, so that Cromwell had no trouble in changing his bedchamber every night without the knowledge of his servants. None of the apartments had a door. Any one whose demeanor did not betray a military profession was free to enter the king's ante-chamber, on

the floor of which stood a clock which indicated the direction of the wind as well as the time of day. In the gallery formerly enriched by Cardinal Wolsey with choice paintings, were hung up some vile daubs of battle-pieces by sea and land in the reign of Henry the Eighth. The other gallery, in front of the king's ante-chamber, was devoid of ornament, but looked out upon "a beautiful meadow, laid out like a garden, planted with trees and beautiful hedges of roses, and having four rows of statues in the middle, part of which are of bronze and standing, part of white marble and, for the most part, in a sitting posture." In the centre stood a structure encircled by iron rails consisting of several dials of different shapes, so that the sun's shadow, when there was any, fell upon more than one. That event, however, was of more frequent occurrence than it would now be, because the air was then "almost always clear." True, a thick cloud seemed sometimes to hang over London, but it was not "caused by corrupt vapors," being, in fact, produced by "the smoke from the mineral coal of Scotland, which issues from the chimneys, and which the coal, being an oleaginous substance, produces in great quantities." Within the precincts of the Whitehall Palace were several small courtyards or squares, in one of which was the king's bowling-green. Near at hand were the apartments of the Duchess of Richmond, the beautiful Frances Stuart, looking upon the river and the garden of statues, and close by those of the Countess of Castlemaine.

Upon the whole, the Italian tourists were pleased with the English drama. The King's Theatre was nearly circular, with tiers of boxes furnished with rows of seats for the accommodation of ladies and gentlemen, who sat together promiscuously. A large space was left on the ground-floor for the less fashionable audience. The scenery was light, frequently changed, and embellished with beautiful landscapes. Before the curtain rose upon the comedy some delightful symphonies were played. The defect of the English comedy was the confusion in the plots, and the absence of unity and regularity. The actors, however, were excellent, and did their



best to illustrate the playwright's delineation of the passions by appropriate action and clear enunciation.

Horse-racing was coming into vogue with the nobility, the king and court going to Newmarket to witness the pastime. At a certain point his Majesty and the Duke of York, accompanied by sundry lords and gentlemen, set off after the racers with the utmost speed, and were very nearly up to them. Newmarket owed whatever celebrity it possessed to Charles the Second, having been previously known only as a market for provisions. The land was owned by Baron Arlington, who let it on a twenty-one years' lease, at six shillings an acre, the rent paid half-yearly, the tenants being free to use the land for pasture, or to plough it up, or to sublet it.

Another and more barbarous amusement, dear to all classes from courtier to costermonger, was cock-fighting, concerning which no opinion is expressed in the diary. Count Magalotti, however, does not hesitate to condemn what he calls exhibitions of gladiators. In reality, the affair was not so very atrocious. A fencing-master, by way of advertising himself, would offer, for twenty or thirty jacobuses, to fight any one with sword and shield. The weapon was blunt, and point was never given, so that no great harm was done beyond drawing a few drops of blood. The dancing-masters, or at least their pupils, were more to the taste of his Highness, who went to see one of the principal dancing-schools, where married and unmarried ladies practised, "with much gracefulness and agility, various dances after the English fashion." Ladies, especially citizens' wives, were much addicted to this entertainment, and "his Highness had an opportunity of seeing several dances in the English style, exceedingly well regulated, and executed in the smartest and genteelst manner by very young ladies, whose beauty and gracefulness were shown off to perfection by this exercise."

Prisoners had the choice of two evils. They could claim to be tried by God and their country, or they could appeal to the judgment of heaven. In the latter case death was certain, but disgrace was averted from their family, and their property was not confiscated. The appellant was laid on his back with his limbs stretched

out, and a stone placed underneath him to raise his loins. He was then covered with a board loaded with heavy stones, the weight being gradually increased until death terminated his sufferings.

His Highness, was disappointed in seeing St. Paul's Cathedral only in ruins, as nothing had yet been done to restore the sacred edifice after the Great Fire. He visited, however, a construction of a different kind, the proportions of which appeared to him to be truly stupendous. The Sovereign man-of-war, then lying in the waters of the Medway, was the largest and most powerful ship in the navy, but was seldom sent to sea, because its bulk and weight impaired its swiftness. It was built in 1637 by Charles the First, "at an incredible expense," for not only was it one hundred and twenty paces in length, but the cabins had carved-work ceilings, richly ornamented with gold, the outside of the stern being similarly decorated. "The height of the stern," it is written, "is quite extraordinary, and it is hung with seven magnificent lanthorns, the principal one, which is more elevated than the rest, being capable of containing six people." The Sovereign carried one hundred and six pieces of brass ordnance, and a crew of one thousand sailors.

In those days salmon were caught at low water above Rochester Bridge, but it is more important to note the number of heretical sects which scandalized the conscience of his otherwise tolerably serene Highness. In addition to the Ecclesiastical Establishment, there were Puritans, Presbyterians, Atheists, Brownists, who believed in "Tom Brown," Adamites, Familists, Anabaptists, Libertines or Free Thinkers, Independents, Antiscripturists, Millenarians, Arians, Antinomians, Arminians, Seekers or Expecters, Sabbatarians, Fanatics, Fotinians, Antitrinitarians, Deists, Tremblers or Quakers, Fifth Monarchy Men, Socinians, Latitudinarians, Origenists, Ranters or disciples of Alexander Ranta, who professed free love and nothing else, Levellers, Quintinists, who averred that the Deity takes as much pleasure in a variety of religions as a man does in a variety of dishes, Memnonists, and many others. All these sects and only one sauce! was Voltaire's sarcasm.—*All the Year Round.*



## IVAN TOURGÉNIEF.

ON last Sunday,\* Ivan Tourgénief, after a long and painful illness, died, in the sixty-fifty year of his age, at Bougival, near Paris. The Thackeray of Russian literature deserves more than slight notice. Ivan Tourgénief was born at Orel, in 1818, and belonged by birth to the class of landed gentry. For generations, men of his name and blood have, as earnest reformers, played a part in Russian politics. According to the custom of the Russian gentry, the boy Ivan received his first instruction from foreign tutors. After studying from 1834 to 1838 at Moscow and St. Petersburg, he passed two years as a student in Berlin, where he had for at least one winter Michael Bakounine, the notorious Nihilist, as room-mate. Here the young Tourgénief studied chiefly history and philosophy, which latter subject he often laughed at in his later works as unprofitable and unpractical. Tourgénief then returned to St. Petersburg, and accepted a place in the Home Office, which he soon relinquished, to devote himself to literature.

His first attempts were scarcely more than imitations of Poushkin and Lermontoff, and passed unnoticed. In 1846, however, he wrote a short story, which was accepted by Belinski and appeared in the *Contemporary*, and this was sufficient to direct public attention to his talent. A little later, Tourgénief went to Paris, where in the following years he wrote his "Recollections of a Sportsman," which at once made him famous. Although every one of these sketches was written with a social tendency, although they were all published in the *Contemporary*, under the editorship of the suspected Belinski, they passed the Censor without difficulty. Official wisdom evidently saw in them nothing but landscape-painting and good descriptions of a sportsman's life. In 1852, the sketches appeared in book form. In the same year, Gogol, the Russian Dickens, died, and the cemetery of the Donskoi Monastery, near Moscow, could not hold the concourse of the people of all ranks which streamed

thither to do honor to the first Russian novelist of real power. The outburst of mingled admiration and sorrow alarmed officialdom, and when Tourgénief shortly afterward published an article praising Gogol, he was banished to his own property. It was only the entreaties of the liberal-minded Alexander which, two years later, restored him to freedom. Tourgénief spent the next years in Germany, France, and Russia; in 1863 he settled and built himself a house at Baden Baden, in order to live near his friends, the Viardots. After the events of 1870, the Viardots removed to France, and Tourgénief followed them. His later life and sad end are familiar to all.

Tourgénief's first large work, "Recollections of a Sportsman," is perhaps his best. The "Recollections" are thrown into the form of short sketches, of which the ablest are "Khor and Kalinitsh," "The Devil's Dale," "The Singers," "Kasjan," "Two Days in the Forest," and "Forest and Steppe." As a landed gentleman, Tourgénief naturally took much pleasure in hunting; he has, besides, all the passionate love of nature of the Slav, and shows warm sympathy with the people. In spite, however, of the patriotism which colors these sketches, their writer is evidently a man who has lived among foreign nations, and freed himself of all local prejudices. We shall first consider his power of interpreting nature, for this is a faculty inherent in his blood, and many of these sketches, such as "Forest and Steppe," are nothing but landscape paintings in words. The Slav, impressionable and sympathetic, has a more intimate connection with nature than other races; he still believes in spirits of field, and fell, and stream, still hears the wail of suffering in the wind, or the roll of anger in the thunder. These feelings have been wonderfully depicted by Tourgénief. He is of his day a realist, a hater of empty phrases, and he has not only observed long and closely the different moods of nature, but is sympathetic enough to be able to represent them with touches of "natural magic," which give life even

\* London *Spectator* of September 8th.



to scenes sometimes lacking in human interest. In "The Devil's Dale," some shepherd boys are sitting round a watch-fire, telling each other ghost stories or fairy tales. One is about a sheep which talks, another about a land-owner who cannot find peace even in the grave, etc. Now and then the dogs shiver with fear, and then with a howl rush forth into the darkness. "Suddenly, somewhere in the distance, rose up a long, piercing, sobbing sound, one of those incomprehensible sounds peculiar to the night, which often come in the deepest silence, and wax nearer, till they seem to *stand still in the air above*, and then at once die away, as if in flight." Some of these pictures, too, are of rare and ideal beauty: "The dry warmth of midnight spread over the sleeping fields its soft coverlet; the moon had not yet risen, and the numberless files of golden stars seemed to move in slow order toward the Milky Way. As my eye followed their movement, I realized the slow and rhythmic progress of the world." But generally he is impressed rather with the untamable power than with the beauty of Nature. "Out of the forest the deep voice of Nature speaks to man, 'I have nothing to do with thee; I am, and rule, but thou must struggle, even in order to live.'"

His numerous sketches of animals are almost perfect. We like best the ugly dog, "Valetka," who always carried his stump of a tail between his legs, and who was always chased from kitchen and from yard. "In hunting he was tireless, and had a keen sense of smell. *His master never thought of feeding him.* But whenever 'Valetka' caught a hare, he devoured it to the last shred with the keenest pleasure, lying somewhere in the cool shade of a green bush, or at a polite distance from his master, who then cursed him in all known and unknown languages."

This book, too, contains almost a natural history of the Russian people. Nearly all the sketches are taken from among the dwellers in the country; Tourgénief pictures the houseless serf, shows peasant after peasant, gives type after type of land owner and aristocrat. The peasant is, in his pages, an extremely good-natured, easily satisfied man, clever, ready, and of ro-

bust health. By nature endowed with cunning, with wit and humor, the Slav resembles the English idea of the Irish Celt. Tourgénief looks upon the peasant as the stay and prop of his country; he dwells with preference upon the peasant's rooted love of home, shows his reverence of Tsar and Church, and his ready self-sacrifice to either, describes again and again his love of family and the sacred strength of the old-fashioned tie of kinship, as seen in the commune. The people is a religious one, with love of peace and depth of pity. Take the free peasant, Ovssianikof. Childless, he looks upon himself as a patriarch, and although he is held in honor by the highest and by the lowest, he yet knows his place. In his clothing and manners he follows the old customs, and although conscious of his worth, he seems as devoid of vanity as of self-assertion; he does not praise the past, for although not entirely satisfied with the present, he yet acknowledges progress, but can see "no new order." "The old is dying out, and the young has not yet been born." But in sketching character Tourgénief seldom gives us ideals, he prefers to paint nature as it is. The prosaic peasant, Khor, who has never been to school, grumples that the dreamer Kalinitsh succeeds with bees because the idler has learned to write. Another serf, Stio-pushka, was related to no one, no one knew him; they saw him, it is true, kicked him now and again, but never spoke to him, and his mouth seemed never to have been opened since his birth. In the sketch "Death" Tourgénief shows "how strangely the Russian dies," without fear or complaint he awaits the stroke as if it were about to fall upon another. There is a miller who, while carting some mill-stones, is mortally hurt; but not till much later does he go to the doctor, who prescribes absolute rest and quite, "for the worst is to be feared." But the miller will not stay and be treated by the surgeon. "No. I must go home; a man must die, it's better to die at home; if I died here, who would see that affairs at home were set straight?" Sutschock, who, when his boat disappears under his feet, and the hunter, whom he has been rowing, is impatient, keeps winking with his eyes,



and seems about to go to sleep, although up to his neck in the stream. He has to be ordered to keep his head above water.

But if Tourgénief, when painting the peasant, colors his portrait too darkly, he may be said to leave out all the lights in his pictures of landowners and aristocrats. One landlord is good-humored, but hard-hearted; he looks upon his serfs as upon his cows, and kills one animal, when unprofitable, as readily as the other. Another gentleman cares for them but as instruments of pleasure, etc. The aristocrats employed at Court or in the public service live in his pages as Tartars, with a slight exterior polish of manner. They are all either spendthrifts, who ruin others as well as themselves, or fools honored with servile reverence. Debauchees, tyrants, wild beasts of all sorts have sat to him for their picture. Of their extravagance, debauchery, and cruelty, he gives fearful instances. The book is one long protest against serfdom, and the evil effects of the system upon enslavers and enslaved are portrayed with a master-hand. It is said that this book decided Alexander to abolish slavery. But Tourgénief does not hope that this measure or that any measure will be effectual; for "the Russian peasant is capable of stealing from himself." This book, however, shows less pessimism, less fatalism, than any of his later writings; it is not only as a book well worth the reading, it was a deed well worth the doing.

As he grows older and takes his models from the drawing-room, the gloom deepens. His novels which deal with problems of love and marriage may now be referred to. Here, he shows himself a man of his time; either the sensuality is somewhat more pronounced than is natural, as in his "First Love," or it is feverish and unhealthy, as in "Hélène," or mad, as in "The Three Portraits." His women often declare themselves first, as in his "Faust." "To what have you brought me?" cried Vera; "don't you know that I love you?" And most of these women have something of the cat, or snake, or elf. Tourgénief loves abnormal characters; he does not see life fairly, he is a pessimist. "Love is never the free union of

free souls of which German Professors dream; no, in love, the one person is slave, the other lord!"

Up to the close of this period, that is up to 1861, Tourgénief's works, whatever may be their faults, had reflected the best spirit of his race. In "Fathers and Sons," however, published in 1861, Tourgénief loses touch of the people. As we have seen, he hoped but little from the abolition of serfdom, and the bitter disappointment of the youth of Russia at the results of the measure seemed to him insane. This is the more unfortunate, inasmuch as this novel in regard to form is perhaps the best of all his works, as it is certainly the most widely known. He who aforesaid protested against serfdom now protests against the materialism and Nihilism of the Russian youth. Tourgénief treats Socialism as mere ignorance. In order to understand this movement, therefore, it will be necessary for the Englishman to read not only Tourgénief, but also that book on "Underground Russia," which shows the passionate self-abnegation and heroism of the dreamers whom Tourgénief depicts as "mostly fools." Take his treatment of the principal character, the student Bazarof, who is the apostle of the new creed. Bazarof does not die upon the scaffold, but of blood-poisoning, contracted while dissecting a corpse. His death is entirely accidental, and entirely useless. For Bazarof has given up his wild dreams and conquered his strong passions; he has returned home, and is resolved to practise medicine and play the part of a useful citizen, and just when we can hope all from so strong a character, he dies, a prey to blind chance. No wonder the book was badly received in Russia, and its author censured.

But Tourgénief heeded neither warning nor blame. In 1867 he published "Dym." Nihilism seemed to him nothing but "smoke;" "the desperate hope" of the youth of Russia was incomprehensible to the pessimist, to the man of the world, who had long ceased to believe that anything unselfish could come from human nature. In his latest works, however, Tourgénief has not lost his humor; although his pictures have become caricatures, his hand has not lost its cunning. How he describes



the art enthusiasts of to-day—the men who never speak of Raphael or Correggio, but of the “divine Sanzio” and the “inimitable Allegri!” “They adore,” he writes, “every doubtful, obscure, or mediocre talent as a ‘genius,’ and phrases such as ‘the blue Italian heaven,’ ‘the lemon-trees of the sunny South,’ ‘the scented mist of the sea-shore,’ are the stock-in-trade.” “Ah, Ivan! Ivan!” cries Michael, enraptured, “let us go to the South! let us go to the South! for in soul we are indeed Greeks, ancient Greeks!”

With all his faults, Tourgénief has

enlarged our estimate of the talent of the Slav. Unfortunately, the best faculty of his race was somewhat lacking in him; he was deficient in sympathy. The enthusiastic love of the Slav for the ideal, had he possessed it, would have softened the harshness of his pessimistic realism, would have given him mental and moral balance, and made him healthy. This was not to be. The Slav genius, feminine in its sympathy, idealism, and faith, most of all in its passionate self-abnegation, still awaits the coming of an adequate interpreter.

—*London Spectator*.

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A VERY distinct gap is made in the ranks of European novelists by the death of Ivan Tourgénief. Few instances could be adduced to parallel the popularity and fame enjoyed by a master of fiction who wrote in a tongue so strange to the vast majority of well-educated English-speaking people that they knew and admired his works through the medium of French, English, or, as perhaps in most cases, American, translations. Yet he was almost as well known and popular, and had almost as much influence upon other writers, as well as upon his readers, as Heine, who wrote in a language far more understood at large. In great measure he was, and is, indeed, to one generation or even to two, the first really representative Russian master of imaginative literature. Poushkin, the poet, we have all heard of, and most of us can quote common-places about him to some extent; but for one Englishman or American who has read anything of Poushkin, there are probably fifty or a hundred who have read a good deal of Tourgénief. The reasons for this are perhaps not very far to seek. It is the nature of man to a great degree to read prose more willingly than verse, and it is very possible that publishers may have smiled far more readily on proposals for translations of Tourgénief's prose than on proposals for translations of any Russian poet, however good. However that may be, both the translators (who in some cases might, no doubt, have done their translating better) and the publishers did good service to literature in making Tourgénief's work accessible;

and, once it was made accessible, its own qualities, almost as a matter of course, assured its success. The Russian novelist had the gifts of clearness, smoothness, picturesque power—never degenerating into the abominable thing called “word-painting”—truth, and pathos.

These are in themselves strong equipments for a writer of fiction; but there is yet one other thing wanted to make up the necessary list—a thing, as a great French actor once said, “no bigger than my finger nail, but the most important of all”—that thing being instruction. This Tourgénief had in a marked degree. The ease of his writing is no more a matter of chance than was the case as to that of Anthony Trollope; and in both cases numberless fine details go to make up a singularly living presentment of character, whether in the principal or in the subordinate personages introduced. There was a difference of method, and a considerable difference—which may be appreciated by comparing the treatment of any of Trollope's stories that discourse of unruly passions with Tourgénief's treatment of a like complication in the loves of Litvinof, Irene, and Tatiana in “Smoke.” The Russian was far more reticent than a Frenchman, even if that Frenchman were Mérimée whose style he affected, would have been; but he was less reticent than the Englishman. There was no offence, in the true sense of the word, in anything that he ever wrote; but he probably wrote more freely on such subjects, and it may be thought equally probable that what was hailed with delight as the work of a



Russian might have raised doubt or disapproval if it had been the work of an Englishman. It may be worth while to add, lest we should be in any way misunderstood as to this matter, that in Tourgénief's method there was never the slightest cause for honest disapproval. Only to take one instance, one may imagine that if he had taken charge of the relations between Montagu and the American lady in "The Way We Live Now," he would have left them a little, but only a little, less vague, than they were left by Trollope. For the rest, both writers had an extraordinarily keen eye for the manners and the cast of thought of all classes of men, and an unusually graphic power of hitting them off in writing in which there was no semblance of effort.

Of the novel they held, it would seem, very different views. Tourgénief, like Mérimée, was often content to leave the conclusion of the complications with which he had dealt unsettled. Trollope, so far as we remember, never did this. To him a story which he once undertook was a thing which had to be carried out to the very end. You were to be interested in the varying fortunes of the heroes and heroines, and you were to know when you closed the book how, when, and why their difficulties had been solved, and the only thing to be left to your imagination was how they got on in that state of life in which the author had left them; and this is true even of each complete work in a series like that of the Barchester people. The reader is delighted to hear more of Lily Dale, of Eames, and even of Crosbie; but the end of each book is an end. You are not left out in the cold, as it were, wondering what is the final explanation of the vague conditions with which the book closes. But, for illustration of this radical difference, the short stories of both writers are perhaps more convenient than the longer novels; and for such a purpose one may perhaps contrast Tourgénief's "Three Meetings" with Trollope's "La Mère Bauche," a story which in a compressed form gives an indication of how much more tragical and imaginative power Trollope possessed than he cared as a rule to put forward in his longer novels. In "La Mère Bauche," every character,

down to the wretched, weak-minded young man who is practically the pivot of the story, is a living reality. The stern mother, the detestable and strictly conscientious wooden-legged Captain, the girl who is driven to death by their machinations, are all actual people, people that we should recognize at once if we met them after reading about them. And one knows all that one can possibly want to know about them after the catastrophe. In "Three Meetings" also we know, or think that we know, the characters of the people concerned thoroughly enough. The narrator, the mysterious lady, her sister, the sleepy *starosta*, the sullen care-taker Loukianitch, even the scarce-seen high-bred rascal to whom a mystery attaches—all these are living persons, and, as in the other case, persons whom we should at once know if we met them. But in the one case, that of Tourgénief, suggestion; in the other, that of Trollope, information, is used to bring about this result. The English novelist knocks in his nail; the Russian merely calls your attention to the fact that the nail is there inviting your notice; and the Russian gives no end to his story. It begins mysteriously, it ends mysteriously. "I went home," says the narrator after his third meeting and his first interview face to face with the mysterious lady. "Since then I have met my unknown no more. Like a vision I first saw her, like a vision she passed before me, to vanish forever." What happened at Sorrento, what was the association with the Italian ballad "Passa quei colli," what were the relations between the lady and "the tall handsome man with the mustaches," we never learn. It is the writer's art to make us as interested in these people of whose unravelled fortunes he shows us three slight episodes, as we are in the fortunes of people whose literary creator seems to know all about them. Both methods are, in their way, in first-rate hands, equally good; and it may depend upon the reader's or student's mood whether he prefers the one or the other. There is, perhaps, more scope for imagination, both on the writer's and the reader's part, in Tourgénief's way than in Trollope's; but it does not follow that the one was necessarily more or less imagi-



native than the other. But in the one case the old saw of "decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile" is certainly more clearly instanced than in the other. Tourgénéf's method was undoubtedly less conventional than that of our best-esteemed English novelists of the day. The want of conclusion was in his hands striking, not irritating. In the hands of his imitators it is irritating, and by no means striking. His minute treatment of detail was masterly; it all contributed to a general effect. His imitators have all the minuteness, nothing of the effect. They want, to use a common and expressive phrase, backbone. One feels in reading Tourgénéf that he knows his characters, however lightly they may be touched in writing, thoroughly, and that

he imparts this knowledge to the reader. One certainly cannot always feel this in reading Mr. Henry James, good as some of his work is. Tourgénéf was capable of a long flight as well as of a short one. Mr. James's best work—and that is of its kind first-rate—has been in short stories. To put it shortly, Tourgénéf overtopped, mentally as well as physically, most contemporary writers of fiction. His loss to the public is the greater, because he has left behind him, so to speak, a school without an instructor. His loss to his friends and acquaintances, who knew in the man the same sincerity, humor, and unostentatious purpose which were found in the writer, is inestimable.—*Saturday Review*.

TOURGÉNIEF's fame will undoubtedly rest on his "Fathers and Sons" and "Virgin Soil," both of which have been translated into English. In these works he has represented, with a genius unrivalled in modern literature, that movement and that system of philosophy to which he himself gave the name of Nihilism, and which has made such a mark on contemporary history. He was the first to discover, analyze, and reproduce the character of the modern Nihilist. His famous creation Bazaroff is the real hero of "Fathers and Sons," which appeared in 1862, and was received with volleys of abuse from the Russian Liberal press. The abuse Tourgénéf did not mind; what pained him, however, was to find himself praised by the writers of the opposite, the reactionary party, who mistook his work for an attack on the progressionist tendency of the age. He has himself confessed that he admired and revered his splendid indomitable Nihilist, but he was too true a craftsman to idealize his hero. The original had been a provincial doctor, who had died in 1860. In this man Tourgénéf thought he discovered the principles of a new tendency of the period, and while bathing at the Isle of Wight he conceived the idea which resulted in handing down to posterity so wonderful a type as Bazaroff. Every author worthy of the name has a bias, a color, a gospel to preach, a mission to fulfil, and Tourgénéf came to

preach to his countrymen at a time when they were sorely in need of it. It was his mission to preach the great gospel of simplicity and truthfulness. Honesty and uprightness, and that manly independence which cares not for the opinion of the world so long as the conscience is clear—these were the objects of his admiration, and he never missed an opportunity of holding them up to the veneration of the public. Deception, hypocrisy, convention, and sentimentality were the objects of his especial scorn and detestation. Tourgénéf loved freedom with the ardor of a devotee, and he hated despotism with all his heart. But he was an artist first and a prophet afterward. He never permitted himself to exaggerate, nor for one single instant even to be so carried away by his idea as to be false to human nature. He considered himself merely as the exponent of nature, the scientific analyst of character, and never permitted his mind to take those fantastic flights which we are accustomed to regard as the inevitable faults of genius. He worked conscientiously, and has himself said that his only delight was to be true to nature, even though by that truth the moral of his story had been modified. The consequence of this severely scientific attitude toward his art was the production of a collection of typical characters which are so true, so living, that they will remain familiar friends to the Russian people as long as



the Russian language is spoken. Indeed, in Tourgénéief Russia has reached the pinnacle of literary excellence. No son of his can ever surpass—it is doubtful whether he will ever come near—him. It may be premature to pronounce so decided an opinion; but the foreigner has somewhat of the advantages of posterity in that he can judge an author impartially, and Europe has been unanimous in according to Tourgénéief the first rank in contemporary literature. For Tourgénéief is no longer monopolized by Russia, his works are the property of the world; they have inaugurated a new school of creative literature; they have set on foot a new tendency in the treatment of fiction which cannot fail to leave a deep impress on the age. Notwithstanding his cosmopolitan popularity, however, Tourgénéief was a Russian heart and soul; and though he jokingly called himself a "Zapadnik" (a Western), he had, in truth, no part in the Russians who were ashamed of their nationality, and wished nothing better than the effacement of the Slavonic race from off the globe. Tourgénéief loved his country, but he had no sympathy with the Philo-Slav party. To him it seemed childish to ignore the labors of the West, and to endeavor to create an Eastern Slavonic

civilization out of the ruins of that patriarchal autocracy which had been based on serfdom and the knout, institutions which he hated cordially. "We may wash ourselves seven times, but we shall never succeed in washing away the Russian essence of our life," he said; and he has illustrated the truth of his words in his own person. Although he lived the best part of his life out of Russia, studied at Berlin, and knew and spoke fluently the languages of Western Europe, he never lost his nationality, and his style is a model of pure, idiomatic, and yet elegant Russian. No one possessed a greater power over the language, and no writer has written in a simpler style than he. His method of writing was laborious. He generally spun out his novels to great length in MS., and then carefully "boiled them down" till they had dwindled into short stories. His fondness for short stories was, indeed, very great, and he has published a multitude of these. Some years ago a leading American magazine asked him to contribute an article on Nihilism; but such was his respect for the privilege of creative work that he declined to do so, and offered to write a short story instead. He would not degrade his talents by writing articles. —*London Athenæum*.

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#### SALMON-FISHING.

BY W. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT, M.P.

It is the unknown which constitutes the main charm and delight of every adult human creature's life from very childhood; which life from the beginning to the end is, I maintain, one continued gamble. Uncertainty is the salt of existence. I once emptied a large fishpond, which, from my youth up, I had held in supreme veneration and angled in with awe, lest some of the monsters with which it was supposed to abound, especially one ferocious and gigantic pike which a six-foot gamekeeper gravely asserted to be as big as himself, and to have consumed endless broods of young ducks, should encounter me unawares, and the result was a great haul of small and medium-sized fish of all kinds, a few obese fat-headed carp, and the conspicuous absence of the monster pike.

I refilled the pond but never fished in it again; I knew what was in it, and also what was *not* in it. Its mystery, and with it its glory, had departed. So it is with shooting—I hate to know how many pheasants there are in a wood, how many coveys in a partridge beat, how many birds in a covey. So it is, of course, with everything else in life. Whatever is reduced to a certainty ceases to charm, and, but for the element of risk or chance—uncertainty in short—not only every sport or amusement, but even every operation and transaction of this world, would be tame and irksome. If we foreknew the result one would seldom do anything, and would eventually be reduced to the condition of the bald, toothless, toeless, timid, sedentary, and incombative "man of the future" fore



shadowed recently by a writer in this review. How few would even marry a wife if the recesses of her mind were previously laid as bare as my fish-pond! And how few women would accept a husband under similar circumstances! So that the elimination of the element of uncertainty would perhaps lead to universal celibacy. Still possessing it, however, and far from any approximation to this latter result, let me sing the praises of that sport which ranks next to fox-hunting in its utter absence of certainty—the prince and king of all the angling domain—salmon-fishing. Delightful in itself, this regal sport conducts its worshippers into the grandest and wildest scenes of nature, to one of which I will at once ask my reader to accompany me.

We will imagine that it is the middle of June, and that London has begun to be as intolerable as it usually becomes at that season, and that he is willing to fly with me across the sea and to settle down for a space in Norwegian valley, and surrounded by scenery unsurpassed in its abrupt wildness by anything to be seen even in that wildest of wild countries, survey salmon-fishing from an Anglo-Norwegian sportsman's point of view. Having with more or less discomfort safely run the gauntlet of that most uncertain and restless of oceans, the North Sea, we land at the head of the Romsdal Fjord, and after about an hour's carriage drive are deposited, stunned and bewildered by the eccentricities which stupendous and impossible Nature has erected all around us, at the door of a clean, pine-built, white-painted house, in the midst of what looks like the happy valley of Rasselas; surrounded by bright green meadows, walled in by frowning impracticable precipices 2000 feet high at their lowest elevation, and over 4000 at their highest, at the top of which, opposite the windows to the south-west, even as exclusive mortals garnish their walls with broken bottles, so Nature appears to have wished to throw difficulties in the way of some gigantic trespasser by placing a fearful *chevaux-de-frise* of strange, sharp, jagged, uncouth and fantastic peaks, which baffle all description in their dreamy grotesqueness. These are called by the

natives "Troll tinderne," i.e. "witch peaks" or "sorcerers' seats." A stone dropped from the top would touch nothing for 1500 feet, and thence to the bottom would lose but little velocity, so near the perpendicular is the rest of the descent. Below the steepest portion is a long stony slope having the appearance of a landslip, formed by some of the broken and pulverized *débris* of many a colossal craig, whose granite foundations Time, having besieged ever since the Flood, has at length succeeded in undermining, and which has then toppled over with a report like a salvo of 10,000 80-pounders, filling the valley—here two miles wide—with a cloud of fine dust resembling thick smoke, and yet, after scattering huge splinters far and wide, has still retained sufficient of its original gigantic self to roll quietly through the dwarf birch and sycamore wood at the bottom, crushing flat and obliterating trees thick as a man's body in girth, and leaving a gravel walk behind it broad as a turnpike road, till it subsides into some sequestered hollow, where, surrounded by trees no taller than itself, it will reclathe itself with moss and grow gray again for another 4000 years or so. The prevailing opinion among the peasants is that this wall being very narrow, and its other side equally precipitous, some day or other the whole precipice will fall bodily into the valley; and in this theory they are strengthened by the fact, or tradition, that at a certain time during the winter the moon can be seen to shine through an orifice situated half-way up its face, undiscernible save when lighted up in this manner. This is a pretty belief, and I am sorry that my telescope, with which I have narrowly scanned every cranny, does not confirm it. The fact is possible all the same; but the convulsion of nature which they anticipate does not follow as a matter of course, and in my opinion the "trolls" will sit undisturbed on their uncomfortable seats till some general crash occurs, which will convolve other valleys than this, and higher peaks than theirs. However

Mountains have fallen,  
Leaving a gap in the clouds,

and I can only hope that I may be non-



resident at my Norwegian domicile when this little accident happens. Here and there in nooks and crannies rest large patches of drift-snow which, when loosened and released by the summer heat, fall down the sides in grand thunderous cascades, bringing with them rocks and stones, with occasional fatal results to the cattle and sheep feeding in apparent security in the woods below. Opposite the Troll tinderne on the north-eastern side of the valley the Romsdal Horn rears its untrodden head. It falls so sheer and smooth toward the river that it affords no resting-place for the snow, consequently no avalanches fall on this side; but occasionally, as from the Troll tinderne, a huge rock is dislodged by time and weather; and sometimes I have seen one of these come down from the very top, and marked its progress by the slight puffs of smoke which long before the report reaches the ear are plainly to be seen, as in its successive leaps it comes in contact with the mountain side; and the length of time which elapses between the first reverberation that makes one look up when the solid mass takes its first spring from the summit, and the last grape-shot clatter of its fragments at the foot of the Horn, gives me some idea of the terrific proportions of this wonderful rock. Sometimes I can hardly help, as I look up at its awful sides, giving it personal identity and the attributes of life—regarding it with a sort of terror, and with a humble desire somehow to *propitiate* it, as a merciful giant who respects and pities my minute life, and disdains to put his foot upon me or crush me with one of his granite thunderbolts.

In my youth I tried to gain its summit, where tradition says there is a lake on which floats a golden bowl. I failed miserably; but have no doubt that with proper appliances, which I had not, some skilled Alpine climber would succeed. One such, alas! came out some two years ago with such appliances, and the strong resolve of youth and abounding strength, steadfastly purposed to solve the mystery. He only attained the deeper mystery of death; not in the attempt, but drowned deplorably by the upsetting of a boat which he had engaged to cross the Fjord (being unwill-

ing, in his eager haste to reach the scene of his proposed adventure, to wait even a day for the regular steamer which would have conveyed him safely) close to the shore at the very mouth of the "Rauma" River. It is this river Rauma out of which I want my reader to catch a salmon, or see me catch one. It flows down the middle of the valley, not as Scotch rivers, London, or Dublin, porter-hued, but clear, bright, and translucent as crystal.

Here, amid such scenes, with this glorious stream rushing tumultuously in a sort of semicircle round me, thus giving me some half a dozen salmon pools, each within about 200 yards from the house, have I provided myself with a dwelling and an estate—partly for sake of the sport, and partly to have another string to my bow—some refuge even in Republican Norway from the possible legislation of constitutional England, where inability to pay the heavy bill for "unearned increment," which has in my case been running for some 900 years, may cause my family estates to be handed over to somebody else. It is too late to-night—we will fish to-morrow—we are tired. The wooden walls and floors of the house still heave and sway with recollections of the German Ocean. We will sleep the sleep of Tories and the just.

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"Klokken Fem imorgen, Ole!" "Five o'clock to-morrow morning, Ole!" was my last instruction to my faithful boatman and gaffer yesterday evening; and, sure enough, as I jumped up instinctively a quarter of an hour before the appointed time, I see him outside my window busying himself with my rod, while my reel gives out short periodical sounds, like the call of a corn-crake, as he passes the line through each successive ring. One glance at the sky is enough—clear blue and cloudless, fresh and cool, but no wind—a slight mist hangs half-way up the Troll tinderne; below it all is clear, though heavily laden with moisture, and in dark contrast with the bright sun above, which is already, and has been for some hours, playing among the topmost peaks, and gladdening the stony-hearted rocks themselves.

Brief—oh, brief is the process of



adornment and ablution in the india-rubber bath, for my soul is very eager for the fray; and the day will evidently be a hot one, rendering it impossible to fish after nine o'clock, when the sun will be on the river. A hot cup of coffee—made as Norwegians can make it and we can't—and a scrap of biscuit occupies about one minute of time in consumption, and the next I am striding away toward "Aarnhoe," my upper and best pool, brushing away the heavy dew from the grass and dwarf juniper bushes, and drinking in life and health from every inspiration of the fresh morning air. My little boat tosses like a nutshell among the high waves of the turbulent stream as it is swept across to the other side of the river, where a romantic glade conducts me to the wooden bridge, two planks wide, which crosses a divergent stream and leads me to the now almost dreaded pool. A keen salmon-fisher will understand me and forgive me if I fail to do justice to the impressions, the hopes, and the fears of the hour. The field of battle is before me, white and tumultuous at the head, smooth and black in the middle, full of surging bubbles, like the ebullitions of millions of soda-water bottles from the bottom, clear, swift, and transparent at the tail.

In spite of the roar of the foss in my ears, I am under the impression of perfect stillness and *silence* in the objects round me, so wild, solitary, and secluded is the spot; no habitation or trace of man, save my boatman's presence, desecrates the scene. My eyes are fixed with a sort of fascination on the water, whose swift but calmly flowing surface remains unruffled, unbroken as yet by the dorsal fin of any scaly giant, and gives no evidence of the life it contains. It is the Unknown! and as Ole unmoors the boat I confess that a feeling of trepidation seizes me—a feeling difficult to define—of anticipated pleasure mingled with respect for the power and strength of the unseen and unknown antagonist with whom I am about to grapple, and making me entertain no boastful confidence in the result of the struggle which will forthwith commence between us. But all is prepared. Ole, smiling and expectant, holds the boat, which dances a little in the swell, steady

for me to enter; and, with his cheerful but invariable platitude: "Nu skal ve har store fiske" ("Now we will have a big fish"), takes his place and rows me up under the very breakers of the foss. A few short preliminary throws give me the requisite length of line to reach the smooth black water, full of submerged eddies, beyond the influence of the force of the torrent, and I begin; once—twice—thrice does the fly perform its allotted circuit and return to me unmolested; but the fourth time, just as I am in the act of withdrawing it from the water for another cast, the bowels of the deep are agitated, and, preceded by a wave impelled and displaced by his own bulk, flounders heavily and half out of the water a mighty salmon. Broad was he, and long to boot, if I may trust an eye not unaccustomed to such apparitions; his white and silvery side betokening his recent arrival from the German Ocean, the slightly roseate hues of his back and shoulders giving unfailing evidence, if corroborative evidence were wanting, after one glimpse of that spade-like tail, of a "*salmo salar*" of no common weight and dimensions. My heart—I confess it leaped up to my very mouth—but he has missed the fly, and an anxious palpitating five minutes which I always reluctantly allow must elapse before I try him again. They are gone, and in trembling hope—with exactly the same length of line, and the boat exactly in the same place, Ole having fixed the spot to an inch by some mysterious landmarks on the shore—I commence my second trial. Flounce! There he is! not so demonstrative this time—a boil in the water and a slight splash, as the back fin cuts the surface, that's all; but something tells me this is the true attack. A slight, but sharp turn of the wrist certifies that fact, and brings—oh, moment of delight!—my line taut and my rod bent to a delicious curve.

*Habet!* he has it! Now, Ole! steadily and slowly to the shore! He is quite quiet as yet, and has scarcely discovered the singular nature and properties of the insect he has appropriated, but swims quietly round and round in short circles, wondering no doubt, but so far unalarmed. I am only too thankful for the momentary respite, and treat him with the most respectful gentleness,



but a growing though scarcely perceptible increase of the strain on my rod bends it gradually lower and lower until the reel begins to give out its first slow music. My fingers are on the line to give it the slight resistance of friction, but the speed increases too rapidly for me to bear them there long, and I withdraw them just in time to save their being cut to the bone in the tremendous rush which follows. Whizz-z-z ! up the pool he goes ! the line scattering the spray from the surface in a small fountain, like the cut-water of a Thames steamer. And now a thousand fears assail me—should there be one defective strand in my casting-line, one doubtful or rotten portion of my head-line, should anything *kink* or foul, should the hook itself (as sometimes happens) be a bad one—farewell, oh, giant of the deep, forever ! *Absit omen !* all is well as yet, that rush is over. He has a terrible length of my line out, but he is in a safe part of the pool and rather disposed to come back to me, which gives me the opportunity, which I seize eagerly, of reeling up my line. The good-tempered, reasonable monster ! But steady ! there is a limit to his concessions. No further will he obey the rod's gentle dictation. Two rebellious opinative kicks nearly jerk my arms out of the shoulder joints, and then down he goes to the bottom. Deep in the middle of the pool he lies, obdurate, immovable as a stone. There must he not remain ! That savage strength must not be husbanded. I re-enter the boat, and am gently rowed toward him, reeling up as I advance. He approves not this, as I expected. He is away again into the very midst of the white water, till I think he means to ascend the foss itself—hesitates irresolute there a moment, then back again down the middle of the stream like a telegraphic message. "Row ashore, Ole ! Row for life ! for now means he mischief !" Once in the swift water at the tail of the pool he will try not only my reel, but my own wind and condition to boot ; for down he *must* go now, weighed he but a poor five pounds ; once out of this pool and there is nothing to stop him for 300 yards. We near the shore, and I spring into the shallow water and prance and bound after him with extrav-

agant action, blinding myself with the spray which I dash around me. Ah ! well I know and much I fear this rapid ! The deep water being on the other side of the river, the fish invariably descend there, and from the wide space intervening, too deep for man to wade in, too shallow for fish to swim in, and too rough for boat to live in, the perturbed fisherman must always find an awful length of line between him and his fish, which, however, he can in no way diminish till he arrives considerably lower down, where the river is narrower. Many a gallant fish has by combination of strength and wile escaped me here. Many a time has my heart stood still to find that my line and reel have suddenly done the same—what means it ? In the strength of that mighty torrent can mortal fish rest ? Surely, but he must have found a shelter somewhere ? Some rock behind which to lie protected from the current ! I must try and move him ! Try and move the world ! A rock is indeed there and the line is round it, glued to it immovably by weight of water. It is *drowned*. But he, the fish ! seaward may he now swim half a league away, or at the bottom of the next pool may be rubbing some favorite fly against the stones. Nay—but see ! the line runs out still, with jerks and lifelike signs. Hurrah ! we have not lost him yet. O dreamer, ever hoping to the last, no more life there than in a galvanized corpse, whose spasmodic actions the line is imitating ! It is bellying deep in the stream, quivering and jerking, slacking and pulling as the current dictates, creating movements which, through the glamor of a heated imagination, seem as the struggles of a mighty fish. That fish, that fly, and perhaps that casting-line shall that fisherman never see again. Such doom and such a result may the gods now avert ! My plungings and prancings have brought me to the foot of my wooden bridge—made very high on purpose to avoid the perils above described (and for the same purpose I keep well behind or up-stream of my fish)—which I hurry over with long strides, and many an anxious glance at my 90 or 100 yards of line waving and tossing through the angry breakers encompassed by a hundred dangers. With rod high held



and panting lungs I spring from the bridge, and blunder as I best may along the stony and uneven bank for another hundred yards with unabated speed. I am saved! Safe floats the line in the deep but still rapid and stormy water beyond the extremest breaker, and here, fortunately for me, my antagonist slackens his speed, having felt the influence of a back-water which guides him rather back to me, and I advance in a more rational manner, and in short sobs regain the breath of life; but one aching arm must still sustain the rod on high while the other reels up as for very existence. Forward, brave Ole! and have the next boat ready in case the self-willed monster continues his reckless course, which he most surely will; for, lo! in one fiery whizz out goes all the line which that tired right hand had so laboriously reclaimed from the deep, and down, proudly sailing mid-stream, my temporary tyrant recommences his hitherto all triumphant progress. I follow as I best may, but now having gained the refuge of the boat, a few strokes of Ole's vigorous boat-compelling oars recover me the line I had lost, and land me on the opposite bank, where, with open water before me for some distance I begin for the first time to realize the possibility of victory. However—

Much hath been done, but more remains to do,

but of a less active, more ponderous, painstaking, patience-trying description. The long deep stream of Langhole is before me in which he will hang—does hang, will sulk—does sulk, and has to be roused by stones cast in above, below, and around him. As yet, I have never seen him since his first rise, but Ole, who has climbed the bank above me, and from thence can see far into the clear bright water, informs me that he gets an occasional glimpse of him, and that he is "meget meget store," or very very big. My heart—worn and weary as it is with the alternations of hope and fear—re-flutters at this intelligence, for I know that Ole is usually a fish-decrier or weight-diminisher. All down the length of Langhole, 250 yards by the tale, does he sullenly bore, now and then taking alarming excursions far away to the opposite shore, oftener burying

himself deep in the deepest water close at my feet; but at length he resolves on more active operations, and, stimulated by the rapid stream at the tail of Langhole, takes advantage thereof and goes down bodily to the next pool, Tofte. I have no objection to this, even if I had a voice in the matter; I have a flat smooth meadow to race over, the stream has no hidden rocky dangers, so, like swift Camilla, I scour the plain till the deeper and quieter recesses of Tofte afford an asylum for the fish and breathing time to myself. Here, I hope, but hope in vain, to decide the combat; occasionally I contrive to gain the advantage of a short line, but the instant he perceives the water shoaling away he bores indignant, and spurns the shallow. The engagement has now lasted more than an hour, and my shoulders are beginning to ache, and yet no symptoms of submission on the part of my adversary; on the contrary, he suddenly re-assumes the offensive, and with a rush which imparts such rotatory motion to my reel as to render the handle not only intangible but actually invisible, he forsakes the delights of Tofte, and continues his course down the river. I must take to the boat again (I have one on every pool) and follow, like a harpooner towed by a whale. The river widens below Tofte, and a short swift shallow leads to the next pool, Langholmen, or Long Island. I have a momentary doubt whether to land on the island or on the opposite side where there is a deeper but swifter pool, toward which the fish is evidently making. I decide at once, but decide wrong—which is better, however, than not deciding at all—and I land on Langholmen, into whose calm flowing water I had fondly hoped that incipient fatigue would have enticed my fish, and find him far over in the opposite pool with an irreconcilable length of line doubtfully connecting us. It is an awful moment! If he goes up stream now, I am lost—that is to say, my fish is—which in my present frame of mind is the same thing; no line or hook would ever stand the strain of that weight of water. But, no, mighty as he is, he is mortal, and but a fish after all, and even his giant strength is failing him, and inch by inch and foot by foot he drops down the stream, and



as he does so the reel gradually gains on him, till at the tail of Langholmen I have the delight of getting, for the first time since he rose, a fair sight of his broad and shining bulk, as he lies drifting sulkily and indolently down the clear shallows. I exult with the savage joy which the gladiator may have felt when he perceived for the first time the growing weakness of his antagonist, and I set no bounds to my estimate of his size. Fifty pounds at least! I proclaim loudly to Ole, is the very minimum of the weight I give him. Ole smiles and shakes his head detractingly. The phlegmatic, unsympathetic, realistic wretch! On I go, however, wading knee-deep over the glancing shingle. The lowest pool, and my last hope before impassable rapids, Lærneset, is before me, and after wading waist-deep across the confluent stream at the end of the island, I gain the commanding bank and compel my now amenable monster into the deep still water, out of the influence of the current. And now, feebler and feebler grow his rushes, shorter and shorter grows the line, till mysterious whirlpools agitate the calm surface, and at last, with a heavy, weary plunge, upheaves the spent giant, and passive, helpless, huge, "lies floating many a rood."

Still even now his *vis inertia* is formidable, and much caution and skill have to be exercised in towing that vanquished hull into port, lest with one awkward heavy roll, or one feeble flop of that broad spreading tail, he may tear away hook or hold, and so rob me at last of my hardly earned victory. No such heart-breaking disaster awaits me. Ole, creeping and crouching like a deer-stalker, extends the fatal gaff, buries it deep in the broad side, and drags him, for he is, in very sooth, too heavy to lift, unwilling and gasping to the shore, where, crushing flat the long grass, he flops and flounders till a merciful thwack on the head from the miniature policeman's staff, which I always carried for this purpose, renders him alike oblivious and insensible to past suffering or present indignity. And now I may calmly survey his vast proportions and speculate on the possibility of his proving too much for my weighing machine, which only gives information up to fifty

pounds. To a reasonable-sized fish I can always assign an approximate weight, but this one takes me out of the bounds of my calculation, and being as sanguine as Ole is the reverse, I anxiously watch the deflection of the index as Ole, by exercising his utmost strength, raises him by a hook through his under jaw from the ground, with a wild sort of hope still possessing me (foolish though I inwardly feel it to be) that the machine won't weigh him.

Forty-five anyhow he *must* be! Yes, he is! no, he ain't! Alas! after a few oscillations it settles finally at forty-three pounds, with which decision I must rest content, and I *am* content. I give way to senseless manifestations of extravagant joy, and even Ole relaxes. Early as it is, it is not too early for a Norwegian to drink spirits, and I serve him out a stiff dram of whiskey on the spot, which he tosses down raw without winking, while I dilute mine from the river, for this ceremony, on such occasions, must never be neglected. "Now, Ole, shoulder the prey as you best can, and home to breakfast;" for now, behold from behind the giant shoulder of the Horn bursts forth the mighty sun himself! illuminating the very depths of the river, sucking up the moisture from the glittering grass, and drying the tears of the blue bells and the dog violets, and calling into life the myriads whose three-score years and ten are to be compressed into the next twelve hours. Yet how they rejoice! Their songs of praise and enjoyment positively din in my ears as I walk home, rejoicing too after my Anglo-Saxon manner at having killed something, fighting the battle over again in extravagantly bad Norse to Ole, who patiently toils on under the double burden of the big fish and my illiterate garrulity. In short, I am thoroughly happy—self-satisfied and at peace with all mankind. I have succeeded, and success usually brings happiness; everything looks bright around me, and I thankfully compare my lot with that of certain pallid, flaccid beings, whom my mind's eye presents to me stewing in London, and gasping in mid-summer torment in the House of Commons. A breakfast of Homeric proportions (my friend and I once ate a seven-pound grilse and left nothing even for a dog)



follows this morning performance. Will my reader be content to rest after it, smoke a pipe, bask in the sun (he won't stand that long, for the Norway sun is like the kitchen fire of the gods), and possibly, after Norwegian custom, take a mid-day nap?

\* \* \* \* \*

Five o'clock P.M.—we have eaten the best portion of a Norwegian sheep, not much bigger than a good hare, for our dinner, and the lower water awaits us. Here the valley is wider, the pools larger and less violent. It is here that I have always wished to hook the real monster of the river—the sixty or seventy pounder of tradition—as I can follow him to the sea if he don't yield sooner, which from the upper water I can't, because impossible rapids divide my upper and lower water; and if I had not killed this morning's fish where I did I should have lost him, as it was the last pool above the rapids. We take ship again in Nedre Fiva, a splendid pool, about a mile from my house, subject only to the objection which old Sir Hyde Parker, one of the early inventors of Norway fishing, used to bring against the whole country: "Too much water and too few fish!" I have great faith in myself to-day, and feel that great things are still in store for me. I recommence operations, and with some success, for I land a twelve and a sixteen pounder in a very short space of me; after which, toward the tail of this great pool, I hook something very heavy and strong, which runs out my line in one rush almost to the last turn of the reel before Ole can get way on the boat to follow him, and then springs out of the water a full yard high; this feat being performed some 120 yards off me, and the fish looking even at that distance enormous. I have no doubt that I have at last got fast to my ideal monster—the seventy pounder of my dreams. Even the apathetic Ole grunts loudly his "Gott bewarr!" of astonishment. I will spare the reader all the details of the struggle which ensues, and take him at once to the final scene, some two miles down below where I hooked him, and which has taken me about three hours to reach—a still back-water, into which I have with extraordinary luck contrived to guide him, dead-beat. No

question now about his size. We see him plainly close to us, a very porpoise. I can see that Ole is demoralized and unnerved at the sight of him. He had twice told me, during our long fight with him, that the forty-three pounder of this morning was "like a small piece of this one"—the largest salmon he had ever seen in his fifty years' experience; and to my horror I see him, after utterly neglecting one or two splendid chances, making hurried and feeble pokes at him with the gaff—with the only effect of frightening him by splashing the water about his nose. In a fever of agony I bring him once again within easy reach of the gaff, and regard him as my own. He is mine now! he *must* be! "Now's your time, Ole—can't miss him!—now—now!" He does though! and in one instant a deadly sickness comes over me as the rod springs straight again, and the fly dangles useless in the air. The hold has broken! Still the fish is so beat that he lies there yet, on his side. He knows not he is free! "Quick, gaff him as he lies. Quick! do you hear? You can have him still!" Oh, for a Scotch gillie! Alas for the Norwegian immovable nature! Ole looks up at me with lack-lustre eyes, turns an enormous quid in his cheek, and does nothing. I cast down the useless rod, and dashing at him, wrest the gaff from his hand, but it is too late. The huge fins begin to move gently, like a steamer's first motion of her paddles, and he disappears slowly into the deep! Yes—he is gone! For a moment I glare at Ole with a bitter hatred. I should like to slay him where he stands, but have no weapon handy, and also doubt how far Norwegian law would justify the proceeding, great as is the provocation. But the fit passes, and a sorrow too deep for words gains possession of me, and I throw away the gaff and sit down, gazing in blank despair at the water. Is it possible? Is it not a hideous nightmare? But two minutes ago blessed beyond the lot of angling man—on the topmost pinnacle of angling fame! The practical possessor of the largest salmon ever taken with a rod! And now, deeper than ever plummet sounded, in the depths of dejection! Tears might relieve me; but my sorrow is too great, and I am doubtful how Ole might take



it. I look at him again. The same utterly blank face, save a projection of unusual size in his cheek, which makes me conjecture that an additional quid has been secretly thrust in to supplement the one already in possession. He has said not a word since the catastrophe, but abundant expectoration testifies to the deep and tumultuous workings of his soul. I bear in mind that I am a man and a Christian, and I mutely offer him my flask. But, no; with a delicacy which does him honor, and touches me to the heart, he declines it; and with a deep sigh and in scarcely audible accents repeating "The largest salmon I ever saw in my life!" picks up my rod and prepares to depart. Why am I not a Stoic, and treat this incident with contempt? Yes; but why am I human? Do what I will, the vision is still before my eyes. "I hear the 'never, never!'" can the chance recur again. Shut my eyes, stop my ears as I will, it is the same. If I had only known his actual weight! Had he but consented to be weighed and returned into the stream! How gladly would I now make that bargain with him! But the opportunity of even that compromise is past. It's intolerable. I don't believe the Stoics ever existed; if they did they must have suffered more than even I do in bottling up their miseries. They did

feel; they *must* have felt—why pretend they didn't? Zeno was a humbug! Anyhow, none of the sect ever lost a salmon like that! "What! a small sorrow? only a fish!" "Ah, try it yourself!" An old lady, inconsolable for the loss of her dog, was once referred for example of resignation to a mother who had lost her child, and she replied, "Oh, yes! but *children are not dogs!*" and I in some sort understand her. So, in silent gloom, I follow Ole homeward.

Not darkness, nor twilight, but the solemn yellow hues of northern midnight gather over the scene; black and forbidding frown the precipices on either side, save where on the top of the awful Horn—inaccessible as happiness—far, far beyond the reach of mortal footstep, still glows, like sacred fire, the sleepless sun! Hoarser murmurs seem to arise from the depths of the foss—like the groans of imprisoned demons—to which a slight but increasing wind stealing up the valley from the sea adds its melancholy note. My mind, already deeply depressed, yields helplessly to the influence of the hour and sinks to zero at once; and despondency—the hated spirit—descends from her "foggy cloud," and is my inseparable companion all the way home.—*Nineteenth Century.*

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THE BRIDE'S CHAMBER.

*A Summer Morning.*

BY THEODORE WATTS.

I.

At length the yellowing east grew barred with pink,  
 The casement flushed and chattered to a breeze,  
 The rooks outside were stirring in the trees,  
 The sun's rim rose above a golden brink:  
 I heard the earliest anvil's tingling clink  
 Across the farm; the cattle on the leas  
 Began to low. I watched her; by degrees  
 Sleep's rosy fetters melted, link by link.  
 What dream was hers? Her eyelids shook with tears,  
 And when the bright eyes opened, scared and blue,  
 She sobbed I know not what of passionate fears:  
 "You'll not forsake me now; there is but you!"  
 Then told me what God's Angel of the Years  
 Had whispered of wild love; and "Was it true?"



## II.

As if to lend the Morning fragrancv,  
 She rose and oped the casement : round the girl,  
 Like drops of sunshine fiering each fair curl,  
 The dews fell glittering from the jasmine tree.  
 She turned and smiled and kissed her hand at me !  
 Ah, what wild rose whose petals half unfurl,  
 Or creamy rose-bud veined with mother-of-pearl,  
 Might match that hand ? Ah, what so fair as she ?  
 Not Morn herself—not Morn with all her flowers,  
 Though rich scents rose of hay and meadow-sweet,  
 And dead the Night lay and the bright-limbed Hours  
 Seemed clustered round—seemed staying their golden feet—  
 Seemed drawing apart, with tremulous hands but certain,  
 Fold after fold of Morning's ruddy curtain !

## THREE YEARS AFTER.

BENEATH the loveliest dream there coils a fear :  
 Last night came she whose eyes are memories now ;  
 Her far-off gaze seemed all-forgetful how  
 Love dimmed them once, so calm they shone and clear.

"Sorrow," I said, "hath made me old, my dear ;  
 'Tis I, indeed, but grief doth change the brow—  
 A love like mine a seraph's neck might bow.  
 Vigils like mine would blanch an angel's hair."

Oh, then I saw, I saw the sweet lips move !  
 I saw the love-mists thickening in her eyes—  
 I heard a wordless melody of love  
 Like murmur of dreaming brooks in Paradise ;  
 And when upon my neck she fell, my dove,  
 I knew the curls, though heavy of amaranth spice.—*Athenæum.*

## THE STAGE IN RELATION TO LITERATURE.

## SECOND PART.

BY THE EARL OF LYTTON.

THE previous paper on this subject concluded with a letter from the author to the actor of *Richelieu* on the subject of that play. While unreservedly consulting Mr. Macready, and deferring to his opinion, on all matters as to which the instincts of the actor are likely to be safer guides than those of the author, my father did not leave to the uncontrolled initiative of the actor even the consideration of more or less technical details. His suggestions about them were incessant. Some of those made in the following letter have reference to a scene possibly suggested by some elec-

tioning experience of his own ; which, however, was ultimately omitted from the play. Others contain hints which may still, perhaps, be studied with advantage by the performers of *Richelieu* :

"MY DEAR MACREADY : Voltaire, who was the *Richelieu* of letters, once sent to 'knock up Le Kain (who was to act a tyrant in one of his plays) at two o'clock in the morning. 'But, sir,' said the messenger, 'Monsieur Le Kain will be asleep.' 'Go, sir,' answered the author, 'tyrants never sleep.' Though I am not Voltaire, I give to my Cardinals as little rest as he vouchsafed to his tyrants. I have three suggestions to make. 1st. I know not if you



conceive Richelieu's illness (Act V.) as I do? I do not mean it for a show illness. He is really ill, though he may exaggerate a little. When they are going to tear France from him, they do really tug at his heart-strings. He is really near fainting at the prospect of his experiment with the Secretaries; and it is the mind invigorating the body—it is the might of France passing into him, which effects the cure. If there be delusion, it is all sublimed and exalted by the high-hearted truth at the bottom of it. This is my conception. Is it yours also? Or would you really have him all vulpine? 2d. I think it natural to anticipate the probability of some of the conspirators wishing to see Richelieu dead, in Act III. It would increase the terror and suspense, and it would also give a higher notion of the Cardinal's self-possession, if, when De Mauprat returns and says, 'Live the King! Cardinal Richelieu is no more,' he were to throw open the folding-doors, and you saw a bed in the recess (which, of course, would be obscure and dim) with the distinct outline of Richelieu's form. Huguet might advance half way to gaze upon the body, and De Mauprat follow him, grasping his dagger with the byplay of fear and resolve, when Huguet would say, 'Are his eyes open?' 'Wide,' answers De Mauprat. Huguet, 'Then I will not look on him,' and turns away. This would not delay the action, and I think it would be more natural and more effective."

This suggestion was adopted, and the act altered accordingly. It needs but little knowledge of the stage to perceive how completely the close of the third act in *Richelieu* would miss fire if the bed in which the Cardinal is supposed to be lying murdered, and the apparently lifeless body of Richelieu himself, were not shown to the audience as well as to the conspirators; for the audience is here, to some extent, in the position of the conspirators. Its imagination must be satisfied; not, indeed, that Richelieu is actually dead, but that there is palpable evidence of his death; and no such evidence would be contained in the mere assertion of Mauprat or any one else that "Cardinal Richelieu is no more." This detail, however, so indispensable to the effect of the acting play, would be superfluous, and perhaps even obstructive, to that of a reading play. For the whole acting of a reading play is invisible to the physical sense. It passes in the mind, and not before the eyes of the reader. But it is in the power of a vulgar actor to debase or disgust the imagination of an audience by excess of demonstration. A single misplaced gesture suffices to distort the impressive into the repulsive. The scene in which

Richelieu is shown to the conspirators as dead, I once saw performed by an actor of considerable repute (especially in this part), who, between the departure of the conspirators and the fall of the curtain, thought fit to jump out of bed and brandish his fist with a convulsive exultation, which at once let down the whole part to the level of Punch and Judy.

"3dly. When Richelieu addresses the mob,\* I think you snub them a little too much in the old play way, and don't enough see his address in managing them. I think that in the middle of his third speech one or two timid voices should cry out, 'Meat a farthing a pound!' and he, stopping for a moment, rejoins, 'Bah! would that be fair to the butchers?' This would create a laugh with the mob; and he would then go on, with increased effect, to ordering them to disperse. That single touch would, in my opinion, add much to the indicated genius of the man, and do away with the mere bullying of the crowd. *Appropos* of the crowd, however, how the devil do you mean to manage that the King and Richelieu should address them through the palisades? Unless they can be elevated somehow by steps or platforms the effect will be ludicrous, like talking to so many monkeys in a large cage. Properly, they would show themselves at a balcony, but this is impossible. Will you have the kindness to turn to the end of Act IV.? Julie, in her last speech, says, 'You shall not go! You will not!' Put in a stage direction to Julie (*caressingly*), for otherwise, if Miss Faucit delivers the words 'shall not' in the tone of a command, she will destroy all the interest of her part. After she sees that the old man is ill, she must not appear to bully him. Her very agony must be made expressive by being subdued. Tell me if I hit off your idea at the end of Act IV., and if my alterations generally meet your suggestion, which was a masterpiece in conception. Why the deuce were you not author as well as actor? I am now going to retaliate, and (mark my modesty) suggest how I meant a line to be said by you. In Act IV., when you say, 'And sheltered by the wings of sacred Rome,' I want you *actually* to shelter her with the priestly robe, and to cover over her like an old eagle. While I wrote I had in my mind a dim recollection of an action of yours, somewhere, I think, as *Lear* with *Cordelia*. I think it was *Lear*; but I remember that, wherever it was, it was thoroughly grand and tender in its protectiveness.

"Now my weary lips I close,  
And leave the Cardinal to repose.

"Yours, E. L. B."

\* This scene is omitted from the play, either because the author and actor could not agree about the conception of it, or because it involved too many mechanical difficulties.



"Tell me," says the author to Macready in this letter, "if my alterations generally meet your suggestion, which was a masterpiece in conception." The question is explained by the following entry in Mr. Macready's diary :

"November 17th.—Called on Bulwer, and talked over the play of *Richelieu*. He combated my objections, and acceded to them as his judgment swayed him. But when I developed the whole plan of alterations, he was in ecstasies. I never saw him so excited, several times exclaiming he was 'enchanted' with the plan, and observed, in high spirits, 'What a fellow you are!' He was, indeed, delighted. I left him the play, and he promised to let me have it in a week! He is a wonderful man."

Some difficulty seems to have been anticipated in casting François, and the possibility of substituting a different character for this one was discussed. On which subject the author again writes to the manager :

"I cannot find any substitute for François, though I have been hunting through all the memoirs of the next reign for some Son of Fortune brought up by the Cardinal whose character would correspond. He must, therefore, stay as he is at present. Let me have back my MSS. as soon as they are copied. They ought to bear the motto *Cut and come again*. If there are any lines to be altered or strengthened, let me know. We will fight up every inch of our way. Don't give Louis to Serle without mature thought. He would look it well and walk it well. But would he do with sufficient fire and strength the passages in which he discovers the treason and reads the scroll? The Cardinal's effect would be much impaired if the agony and dismay of Louis were not forcible. Also, is he sufficiently audible? There are so many allusions to the youth of François, and the interest of the character so much depends upon his being young, that I have great doubts of the audience being sufficiently conscious of the great youth of Elton—wig him as you will!"

In the end, the part of François was confided to Mr. Howe, who acted it exceedingly well, with grace as well as vigor. He is now one of the ablest and most accomplished members of Mr. Irving's company at the Lyceum, where his admirable impersonation of old Montagu was conspicuously among the best features of Mr. Irving's splendid revival of *Romeo and Juliet*. Mr. Elton, also, and not Mr. Serle (owing, probably, to the foregoing letter), was cast for the part of Louis XIII.

"I spoke to him," says Mrs. Macready in her diary, "about the manner in which he had

rehearsed the part of Louis XIII., and read him various extracts from *Anquetil* and *Cinq Mars* to show him the weak and nervous character of Louis, of which he knew nothing, nor would he have known anything. He went away seemingly more at ease about his part than when he came."

Even at this stage, however, neither the author nor the actor appear to have been thoroughly satisfied with the result of their joint labor. "The play is greatly improved," writes Macready, "but still not up to the point of success." Moreover, the author's conception of the available sources of dramatic interest in the character of the great Cardinal appears to have puzzled the actor's historic impressions more than it attracted him, at first, from a histrionic point of view. He had been reading "a short account of Richelieu in D'Israeli;" and not finding in it the counterpart of the Richelieu in the play, "I gave my attention," he says, "to the inquiry as to the possibility of reconciling the character which Bulwer has drawn under the name of Cardinal Richelieu with the original from which it so entirely differs. Was not much cheered by the result of my investigation and experiment."

These reflections raise a question of considerable importance in relation to the principles of dramatic composition, and consequently to those also of dramatic criticism. The adequate discussion of it would fill a volume, and I can only state here my own conclusions on it in the crudest way, without entering into the grounds of them. I conceive, however, not only that the historic dramatist is under no obligation to copy history, but that the temptation to do so, and the fascination of historic accuracy, are the dangers he must vigilantly avoid. If he yields to their influence they will infallibly transform his dramas into panoramas and what are called chronicle plays, which bear much the same relation as miracle plays to the genuine drama. The drama is no more a vehicle for the presentation of historical fact than it is for the inculcation of religious doctrine. When the dramatist finds the germ of a drama in a single feature of some historic character, or a single incident of some historic situation, he separates it from its undramatic surroundings, mingles it with other



dramatic germs found only in his own fancy, and produces from them, not a copy of what history is, but a development of what history suggests. In such a process he must disregard every object but one—dramatic truth. This, and not historic accuracy, demands his constant care. The dramas of Schiller, Goethe, and Victor Hugo abound in misrepresentations or perversions of history, which must be shocking to historians. But were they more historical they had probably been less dramatic. It would be easy to name historical plays which would certainly be more dramatic were they less historical. No doubt my father had dealt with Richelieu as a dramatist, and not as an historian. But, as a matter of fact, his selection of those aspects of the Cardinal's character and career which appeared to him susceptible of effective dramatic treatment had been made from careful consultation of the contemporary records and memoirs, with no greater variation of the historical or moral perspective than is inseparable from the process of bringing historic fact into the right focus of dramatic art. The lens necessarily enlarges every feature that it covers, leaving invisible all that lies beyond it. It was, I suppose, in deference to Mr. Macready's "historic doubts" that the following letter was written :

"MY DEAR MACREADY : Above I send you a list of books relative to Richelieu. Enough to consult if you were going to write his history. But I don't think you will obtain from them much insight into *his manner*. At least very few details on it. Scattered anecdotes, that may seem trivial when collected, furnish a notion of his raillery, his address, his terrible good humor. His vindictiveness, his atoning wisdom, his genius, these are all in the broad events of his history. In France there is a kind of traditional notion of his personality, much the same as we have of Henry VIII. or Queen Mary, or almost of Cromwell. A notion not to be found in books, but as it were orally handed down. And this seems general as to his familiarity with his friends, his stateliness to the world, the high physical spirits that successful men nearly always have, and which, as in Cromwell, can almost approach the buffoon when they are most the butcher. For the mere trick of the manner you will have to draw on your own genius almost entirely."

This letter was followed by some conversation on the subject of it, thus recorded by Macready: "Bulwer spoke

to me about Richelieu, and satisfied me on the justice of his draught of the character from the evidence that history has given us. *Allons donc à la gloire !*"

Still, however, the play was very far from the attainment of its final form, as may be seen by the following extracts from a further correspondence too lengthy for transcription here.

#### BULWER TO MACREADY.

"You are right in supposing that I do not perceive any relation between us in which any little service I may have rendered to you has not been amply repaid. But even were some figures on my side of the balance not rubbed out, your present letter would indeed be 'the moistened sponge' of Oseylus blotting all records. I fully appreciate the manly and generous friendship you express so well, and have only one way to answer it. I had intended to turn to some other work already before me. But I will now lay all by, and neither think of nor labor at anything else until something or other be done to realize our common object. Send me back *Richelieu*; and if you think it possible, either by alterations or by throwing the latter acts overboard altogether, to produce such situations as may be triumphant, we will try again. The historical character of Richelieu is not to be replaced, and is therefore worth preserving. But if neither of us can think of such situations, we must lay his Eminence on the shelf and try something else. You may still count on me (health saving and God willing) as 'a lance at need.' . . . The mob may be done away with altogether, and the bell ringing for Mauprat's death in Act V. But I fear the mysterious something will be wanting. . . . I propose to end Act IV. by bringing on Baradas at the close, and a stormy struggle in Richelieu between his rage, his craft and secret design, his tenderness for Julie, etc.; so overpowering him at last with all these rapid emotions that he shall fall back in their arms. I will answer for the effect of this to close the act, and it will prepare for his illness in Act V. But if you don't fancy it let me know, for it will cost me much labor. . . . I have thought that one reason why the conspiracy and plot seem arrested at Act III. is that Richelieu has the packet, and even subsequently the audience can feel that, having the packet, he can save himself at last. The interest may be greatly heightened by delaying the receipt of the packet till Act V. As thus" (here follows a sketch of the plot as now constructed in relation to the recapture of the packet). "Another thing I should like would be to keep Julie on the stage in Act V. scene with Richelieu and the King. She would augment the interest. But would this be possible? Think over what I have written and give me your thoughts. . . . Act V. There should be a little alteration here" (alteration described). . . . "I enclose you a new design for the early part of Act V., by which we heighten the suspense and avoid the movement to and from the Louvre. . . . On this half sheet you will find a few general amend-



ments. In the other envelope I enclose the principal one. Let me know how you like it. You do right to omit the speech about France, Act IV. Any cuts which don't interfere with the natural development in Acts I. and II. would be seasonable, especially where you are not on."

At this stage of the matter Mr. Macready decided on a private reading of the play, thus described in his diary :

"Henry Smith and Serle called first, then Browning, Fox, Blanchard, and Lane, to hear the reading of the play. I told them no one must speak during the process, gave pencils and paper to each, with which they were severally to write down their opinions. The play was listened to with the deepest interest, and the opinions, all of which were favorable, were given in. I then spake to them individually, and endeavored to gain their precise opinions more in detail. Wrote an account of the result to Bulwer."

These favorable opinions, however, were received with a considerable misgiving by the author. He wrote in reply :

"Many thanks for your kind consideration in writing so late at night and collecting so many opinions. The result is encouraging ; but, at the risk of seeming over-fearful, I must add also that it is not *decisive*. Fox's is the most enthusiastic. But he is an enthusiastic person and kind-hearted. I doubt his judgment. Serle's assurance that it will succeed better at the beginning than at the end occasions me misgivings ; for after the first night or two the end is much more important and excites more attention than the beginning. Browning's short line of 'The play's the thing' is a laconism that may mean much or little. Besides, he wants experience. Mr. Smith's is altogether chilling. The more so that he has repeated a criticism of your own. I doubt whether he hits the right nail in saying that the fall of a mistress or a minister was the real interest of *La Valière* or *Richelieu*, or that great human questions are not involved in both plays. But the fact of his opinion, that the latter wants interest as a dramatic work, is startling and clear. And we need not inquire whether he be right or wrong in his guess as to why it wants interest. It may be said that the interest of *Richard the Third* is only the fall of a bloody tyrant, not greater in itself or its results than the fall of a mighty statesman. But *Richard the Third* certainly does not want interest ; and in *Richelieu* it is the fate of France, the heart of Europe, as embodied in the packet, and the success of Baradas that makes the grander interest. But if that interest is not perceived there must be a want somewhere in the execution. To my mind the real defect of the play is twofold. First, that the tender interest (in Mauprat and Julie) is weakened and swallowed up by the fortunes of Richelieu ; and, secondly (and this I think the gravest), that the final triumph is not wrought out by the pure intellect of Richelieu, but de-

pends on the accidental success of François ; a conception which wants grandeur, and which, if the play were unmixed tragedy, would be now serious. I wish this could be obviated, but I don't well see how. For were I to create a new agency for the recovery of the despatch, and make that recovery the result from the beginning of the unerring machinations of the Cardinal, he would retain from first to last a calm certainty of success fatal to the struggle, the uncertainty, the passion, which at present create the pathos of the play and the suspense of the audience.\* I attach no importance to opinions on the literary merits of the play ; because these are of a kind which comes, not from poetical wording, which every one can judge of, but from a somewhat naked intellectual strength of which few are capable of judging, and also upon the variety and individuality of the character, the effect of which must largely depend upon the actors. What I feel is this. Were I myself certain of the dramatic strength of the play (as I was in the case of the *Lady of Lyons*) I would at once decide on the experiment from the opinions you have collected. But I own I am doubtful, though hopeful, of the degree of dramatic strength in it ; and I remain just as irresolute now as I was before. I fancy that the effect on the stage of particular scenes cannot be conveyed by reading. Thus in the fifth act the grouping of all the characters round Richelieu, the effect of his sudden recovery, etc. No reading, I think, can accurately gauge the probable effect of this. And in the fourth act, the clinging of Julie to Richelieu, the protection he gives her, etc., will have, I

\* This criticism (a very sound one) is inapplicable to the play as it now stands. At least, the author has, I think, completely succeeded in removing the defect here recognized in time for its correction, by reconciling the dramatic interest arising out of the struggle between character and circumstance, with the dramatic propriety of a *dénouement* to which intellect is more instrumental than chance. It is Richelieu's knowledge of human nature, and the ascendancy of his character over that of other men, that furnish François with the motive powers which create for him the opportunity of redeeming his trust by the recovery of the packet. This is distinctly indicated by the Cardinal's action in the pregnant scene where he hears of the loss of the packet, and the action of François throughout the rest of the play. And yet the dramatic conflict between man and fate, will and accident, the combinations of the intellect and "the wiles of the unconscious" remains, as in real life, uncertain up to the last moment which determines the issue of it, and subject at every stage of it to the incalculable. You cannot tell whether François will recover the packet in time, or whether he will recover it at all ; but you feel that his best chance of recovering it lies in the strength of will, the energy, and hope with which his character has been inspired by contact with that of Richelieu ; and when at last he succeeds, you feel that in all probability he would have failed had he served a different sort of master.



imagine, the physical effect of making the audience forget whether he is her father or not. There they are before you, flesh and blood—the old man and the young bride involved in the same fate, and creating the sympathy of a domestic relation. More than all my dependence on the stage, is my reliance on the acting of Richelieu himself—the embodiment of the portraiture, the look, the gesture, the personations, which reading cannot give. But still, I may certainly overrate all this. For, if the play do fail in interest, the character may reward the actor, but not suffice to carry off the play, especially as he is not always on the stage. On the whole, therefore, I am unable to give a casting vote; and I leave it to you, with this assurance—that if it be withdrawn you shall have another play by the end of February."

After undergoing further alterations (in the sense of the foregoing letter) the play was again submitted to the test of a private reading, which seems to have elicited a very encouraging expression of opinion from those present at it. On this the author wrote:

"What I want to know is whether the jury knew or guessed who I was. I fancy it from the wording of their criticism; and there is enough in the mannerism to betray me. I don't feel at all encouraged by Blanchard's judgment, as he thought both Miss Landon's and Hunt's plays sure of a brilliant success. To tell you the truth, it is rather your letter, and what you say of the opinion of Mrs. and Miss Macready, than the pencil notices, that encourages me."

And, in the postscript to a subsequent letter, he characteristically adds:

"Your information that I was more than suspected by the authors of the pencil notes makes me eye their opinions more favorably. Whenever men know who an author is, they are always (Heaven knows why) more afraid of committing themselves by a superabundance of praise."

Finally, it was decided on both sides to abide the issue of the experiment, referred to in the following letter:

"MY DEAR MACREADY: I congratulate you heartily on the safe footing your offspring (taking an unfair advantage of my less maternal child) has established in the world.\* Long life and happiness to him! In my earlier day, in that old language of the affections over which time or the devil draws red-hot ploughshares, the advent of these shrill-tongued strangers was always a very nervous event to me. Never myself having been in the family way (which is odd!) I have a most terrific notion of what ladies go through, and shall feel happy when I get from you a good account of Mrs. Macready."

\* A son, named after my father. This child died in 1857.

I now approach my own creation, which, if I die immediately, will certainly not have to complain of want of nursing. Do you recollect that passage in the "Confessions," where Rousseau, haunted by vague fear that he was destined to be damned, resolved to convince himself one way or the other; and, taking up a stone, shied it at a tree? If the stone hit he was to be saved; if it missed, he was to be damned. Luckily it hit the tree, and Rousseau walked away with his mind perfectly at ease. Let us follow this notable example. Our tree shall be in the green-room. You shall shy at the actors. If it hit the mark well and good. If not, we shall know our fate. To speak literally, I accept your proposal to abide by the issue of a reading to the actors; though I remember that jury anticipated great things from *La Valière*, and I think they generally judge according as they like their parts. The general tone of your friendly and generous letter induces me, indeed, to release you at once from the responsibility of the decision, and to say boldly that I am prepared to have the play acted. It can therefore be read with that impression to the green-room; and if it does not take there, why it will not be too late to retreat. If it does, I can only say, *Make-ready!*\* Present! Fire! All I could doubt was the theatrical interest of the story. Your account reassured me on that point, and therefore you will have fair play for your own art and genius in the predominant character. I must leave it to you to determine what steps should be taken to preserve the incognito as well as we can."

Mr. Macready records in his diary that, on the 5th of January, 1839, he read Bulwer's play of *Richelieu* to the actors, and "was most agreeably surprised to find it excite them in a most extraordinary manner. The expression of delight was universal and enthusiastic."

Two more extracts from this correspondence, and I have done with it.

#### BULWER TO MACREADY.

"With regard to the business part of your letter, I can only say that it seems to me the terms had better be regulated by the success; and that all I shall expect is that they shall not be so estimated as to defeat my primary objects—that of being of service to your enterprise."

#### THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"I have been thinking that you are not strong in afterpieces. Shall I try to do you one in two or three acts? I don't know that I shall have time, but if I have I can try. Of course this must be the most profound secret, successful or not. I don't wish to be known as an author of afterpieces. But all things are in themselves worthy if they worthily serve the Republic."

\* Apparently a pun on Macready.



I have been led on by the general character of the foregoing correspondence to transcribe more of it than I originally intended; because in illustrating the sort of consultation between author and actor which seems to me, if not an indispensable, at least a highly favorable, condition to the successful construction of an acting play, it also illustrates the cordiality of a remarkable friendship between two remarkable men. To sum up. The revival of the literary character of the English stage largely depends, I think, at the present moment, upon the possibility of practical co-operation to that end between an actor of eminence who possesses literary taste, and a writer of eminence (or at least a genuine man of letters) who possesses dramatic genius. The actor of eminence exists in Mr. Irving, whose achievements at the Lyceum must be regarded, by all who contemplate our contemporary stage from the point of view adopted here, as the most interesting, the most important, and the most promising features of it. Their significance lies in the fact that Mr. Irving owes his present immense popularity mainly to what is commonly eschewed by actors who seek popularity only—a persistent aspiration toward the highest realms of dramatic art. The remarkable success of his efforts in this direction, combined with the intellectual qualities to which it is due, offer to any dramatic poet or humorist of a higher order than the common all the requisite assurances that his work, if confided to Mr. Irving, will be placed upon the stage under conditions exceptionally favorable to its reception by the public. The writer of eminence undoubtedly exists in Mr. Tennyson. But, if it be, as I think it is, premature to assert that the character of Mr. Tennyson's genius is not dramatic, it must be acknowledged that he has not hitherto succeeded as a dramatist. I do not know, of course, what amount or degree of constructive co-operation there may have been between Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Irving in the production of *Queen Mary* and *The Cup*. But it is at least natural to attribute the structural defects of those plays to the author's probable ignorance of the stage and to his unfamiliarity with the kind of writing in which success up to a certain

point may be accomplished by art without genius, but never by genius without art. *The Cup*, for instance, contains, perhaps, the finest dramatic verse that has been written since Shakespeare. At least I know of nothing in this kind of verse, which as regards vocabulary and cadence, can be placed between the double invocation in the Temple of Artemis written by the author of *The Cup*, and the double invocation in the Temple of Mars written by the author of the *Two Noble Kinsmen*. But the dramatic construction of the play is so inferior to its versification that, notwithstanding its poetic beauties, the effect of it upon the stage owed very much more to Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry than to Mr. Tennyson and his muse. Yet, considering this play is the work of a poet who in the departments of poetry most cultivated by his genius is a consummate artist, they who believe, as I do, that by a right employment of the right principles of dramatic art, a genius much inferior to Mr. Tennyson's could produce a good and genuine play, will be slow to doubt that Mr. Tennyson might produce a great one if he knew how to conceive and construct a drama as well as he knows how to conceive and construct a metre. This consideration involves another. It may seem paradoxical to say that the poverty of our modern English drama is largely due to the opulence of our greatest dramatic genius. But I am convinced that the study of Shakespeare has been altogether mischievous, and his influence fatally misleading, to the dramatic efforts of our modern poets. The great writer (and he only) creates great characters. Plays which contain supremely great characters will, however obsolete in form, keep a hold upon the stage so long as there are great actors to act them. And such plays tend to perpetuate the race of great actors by providing them with test parts and great traditions. This is the secret of the periodical revivals of the Shakespearian drama. It teems with supremely great parts. But if the secret of their creation is incommunicable? The genius of Shakespeare was for all time; but his form belongs exclusively to his own time, when some of the most important principles of dramatic construction were



very imperfectly understood. Those principles, however, have since been studied, developed, and brought to a perfection undreamed of in the dramatic philosophy of the Elizabethan age; and the modern poet who attempts to construct a play upon the Shakespearian model is less excusable than Rowe when he boasted that his tragedy of *Jane Shore* was "writ after the manner of Master William Shakespeare." Had I the temerity to advise such a poet, I think I would venture to say to him, "Put the plays of Shakespeare out of your mind, and carefully study the plays of Voltaire. Voltaire's genius, being unpoetical, is not likely to over-master your own; nor his form, which is foreign, to fascinate your taste and seduce your judgment. Your intellect will thus remain free to concentrate itself without bias or obstruction on the analysis of his constructive art, which well deserves your study, for, if you master it, you will at least know how to put together the parts of a play in their dramatic order, and to distinguish between what is dramatic and undramatic in the selection and arrangement of incident. Moreover in acquiring this technical knowledge you will not have impaired the originality of your own genius."

Eminent actors and successful managers cannot be expected to waste time and trouble, for the pure love of literature, in unprofitable speculations, nor can eminent and successful authors be expected to write for the stage if the result is not conducive to their literary reputation and pecuniary advantage. On the other hand, it must be remembered that no great result is ever achieved by the artist whose sole or chief motive is pecuniary gain. For this reason, and from this point of view, the extreme costliness of the modern *mise en scene* is to be regretted. I do not see how it can be helped, but it must obviously operate as a serious impediment to managerial enterprise in the encouragement of untried literary talent. The able and impartial critic of the *Quarterly Review* blames Mr. Irving for spending too much pains on "mere scenic effect." The question raised by this criticism is a very wide one, and I cannot here attempt to enter into it;

but, broadly speaking, it seems to me a question of detail and degree rather than of general principle. The play-going public of to-day has no *naïveté*. It is less imaginative, and in every sense but a dramatic one more educated, than the public of yesterday. Whatever the public be, the actor must studiously consult its mental conditions, for its mental co-operation is indispensable to the effect of his performance. The simple scenery of the earlier stage has ceased to be suggestive to the imagination of the modern audience; and if Mr. Irving can, by an original and imaginative arrangement of scenic effect, promote the purely poetic impressions made upon his audience by the performance of the poetic drama, I think he does well to spend pains upon its employment for that purpose. The question is, does it subserve that purpose, and are the impressions promoted or created by it really poetic? In the main I think they are. But on this point opinion must be qualified and specialized by considerations of detail too numerous for notice here. It seems to me that the objection of the *Quarterly* critic to the introduction of the main altar into the scene of *Much Ado about Nothing*, where Claudio repudiates Hero, and generally to the conversion of the locality there represented from a private chapel to a public cathedral, is quite unanswerable; that the stage accessories in this case are not in harmony with the purpose of the play or conducive to a right appreciation of it; and that the critic's condemnation of them is fully justified. On the other hand, I must own that I do not share his dissatisfaction with the moonlight and dawnlight effects of the scenery in Mr. Irving's *Romeo and Juliet*. My own impression is that Mr. Irving's scenic treatment of this play is altogether commendable, and that it amounts to an imaginative creation which appropriately embodies the whole spirit of the poem. The fact is *Romeo and Juliet* is not a play, properly so called. It is one of the least dramatic, and most poetic, of its author's works. The love of young lovers should never be made the main interest of drama, for on the stage it can never be dramatic except in conflict with some other and stronger interest. But



*Romeo and Juliet* is not a drama, it is a love poem, a stage pastoral, the character of which Shakespeare has distinctly emphasized by the introduction of the *aubade* and other forms of verse peculiar to the love poets of Italy and Provence, from whom he caught or inherited the inspiration of this exquisite creation. The essential poetry of *Romeo and Juliet*, the aroma of amorous purity, the delicate sensuous sweetness of that romance in which the real characters are Italy, youth, and love, all this can never be expressed by the mere action of the play, however well it may be acted; and this I think Mr. Irving has, to a great extent, succeeded in expressing, by investing the action of the play with a scenic atmosphere appropriate to it; which caresses the eye as the verse caresses the ear, and mitigates the disillusion that is inevitable in witnessing the efforts of any mortal flesh and blood to represent to the eye those immortal types of youth and beauty which even Shakespeare himself never beheld except in his visions of a Verona which he had never seen, or which as seen by him never existed. But these reflections are by the way. The fact remains that the enormous sums of money spent upon mounting plays in this manner, so far from being conducive to the revival of a literary stage, are positive impediments to it. They can only be recouped by keeping the same play running month after month till the public is satiated;

and the manager who invests a fortune in the decoration of a play naturally finds it more profitable or less ruinous to select for the purpose some old play, which is common property, than a new play, whose author expects to be paid for it. The efforts of the greatest actor can do little for the advancement of dramatic literature if they begin and end in Shakespearian revivals. What is wanted in the interests of literature, and no less in those of the stage itself, is a living school of drama, worthy of the national literature and distinctive of the best intellectual features in the character of the age. Mr. Macready's influence as an actor inspired the production of a number of new plays, all of them representing serious literary effort and purpose. Many of them have secured a permanent place in the literature of the country, some of them a permanent hold upon its stage; and but for Mr. Macready himself, few if any of them would have been written. Since Mr. Macready retired from it, the stage has known no such commanding influence as Mr. Irving's. But one would wish to see it directed with a like success to the creation of a new school of literary dramatists, and the training of a new group of imaginative actors capable of effectually supporting him in the high endeavor to bestow upon his country and his age the much-needed gift of a genuine national drama.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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#### THE PATHETIC ELEMENT IN LITERATURE.

THAT the Literature of our own day is deficient in Pathos must have been an observation often made by the critic; probably it has appeared before in these columns. We do not imagine that in the whole history of Fiction so much wealth in every other kind of excellence has been ever before combined with so much poverty in this one. The works of George Eliot, for instance, present us with specimens of wit, humor, imagination, tragic power, poetry, and the most subtle and delicate observation. The one literary beauty which we should remark as lacking to them is pathos. Perhaps the exclusion may appear to imply some peculiar

use of the word; and words are used so vaguely, that the attempt to confine it to its specific meaning may possibly be peculiar. We understand by it that slight, delicate touch which, reaching below the region of idiosyncracies, and penetrating to the depths of purely human emotion, surprises the spring of tears; not, perhaps, bidding them flow—that depends on temperament—but rousing in every one the peculiar blending of emotion and sensation which tears manifest and relieve. It must be transient. The feeling it evokes is swallowed up immediately in something that is not itself. It hovers on the edge of pity, but as it passes into pity



it ceases to be pathos. It is entangled with the web of memory, but when we take up that thread, the pathetic touch has ceased to vibrate. All that is strongly individual is without it; it must be simple, it must be human, or indeed something wider than human, for it seems to us especially connected with the animal world, and one reason why we find none on the page of our great novelist is that the influence of a peculiar individuality is felt there too strongly. It is gone at the first approach of anything of the nature of analysis, and we question whether a certain sense of inadequacy be not inseparable from it. The feeling represented, at all events, must be always associated with a certain dumbness; it is the appeal that is made to us, whether in life, or in some representation of life, by a sorrow that reveals itself unconsciously. We mean of course unconsciously to the sufferer; it is not necessary that the creator of a pathetic work should be ignorant of what he does, though he often is so; as far as he stands outside the feelings he expresses, it is not necessary that this note should be sounded unconsciously more than any other; the indispensable condition is only that the reader should look at the sorrow from afar. As we try to describe the feeling, we are closely reminded of the etymological connection between a *dimness* and *dumbness*. What we mean by pathos brings home to the mind of the person who feels it the sense of both these things—the clear daylight, the distinct utterance, effectually dispels it. Where eloquence begins, it ends.

Pathos, if we have rightly described it, is not pre-eminently the characteristic of any first-rate genius. To find a writer whose productions it characterizes, we must turn to some shy, reserved nature, with whom it is not merely a dramatic effect, but, what is a very different thing, an actual outcome of the character. And we do not, accordingly, find much of it in Shakespeare, in proportion to the wealth of every kind which we find in his works. But we may take from him specimens of the wealth in which he is poorest, and one scene from *King John*, which will occur to every reader as an apparent refutation of the limitations we have given to the scope of Pathos, affords, in fact, a good illustration of our mean-

ing. The lament of Constance for Arthur is the specimen of pathos, perhaps, most universally appreciated, and it is undeniable that she cannot be called dumb; we have known her lament in dramatic representation made extremely clamorous, and though such a conception seemed to us very injurious to the beauty of the situation, it certainly did not destroy its tear-compelling power. But no small part of the wonderful power of the picture seems to us to consist of the dumbness of Arthur—the slightness and faintness of the sketch, the truth, in a certain sense, of his own words—

“Good, my mother, peace!

I am not worth this coil that's made for me.”

And in the case of Constance herself, our sympathy is solely with the *mother*. It is the purely human feeling—nay, it is the one emotion we share with the creatures below humanity—that is made interesting. If the reader imagines how an artist of lesser genius would have treated the grief of a bereaved mother, he will see that it is touched with wonderful temperance, though with such great impressiveness. The few lines beginning, “Grief fills the place up of my absent child,” touch on the anguish of every bereaved heart; they open a vista for every reader to some remembered longing, they put before us the sorrow that belongs not to rich or poor, high or low, wise or foolish, but to all. And yet how few they are, how soon we turn to other things, how little is Shakespeare engrossed with that pathetic image! He gives us an indirect glance at it, and hurries on to the interests of a nation. It is interesting, in the case of the only dramatist who can be named on the same page with Shakespeare, to observe how the pathos of this indirect glance fades away, when it becomes direct. Antigone seems to us the grandest female figure in dramatic literature, but the only time she is brought forward in a pathetic light is in her first appearance as an unconscious child. Pathos cannot combine with the full diapason of tragic power; those flute-like notes are lost in any flood of harmony, their melody is soon over, but for the moment it must be heard alone.

The age which we should choose as richest in accessible specimens of Pathos, the eighteenth century, is of itself a good



illustration of the power that lies in this indirectness of attention. This period has of late been much rehabilitated, but its poetic claims have not yet been brought forward; and its best friends will confess that it was, on the whole, an age of prose. But the poetry of a prosaic age is exactly that which is most likely to be pathetic. It supplies the inevitable element of reserve—of dumbness, we would rather say—without which pathos is swallowed up in something beyond itself. And to take Gray as the type of this kind of poetry, the few words of one of his friends quoted by Matthew Arnold, and recurrent in his essay on Gray as a sort of refrain—"he never spoke out"—express with wonderful happiness and simplicity not only the characteristic of a particular poet, but the characteristic of all to whom we should apply the epithet "pathetic." Hackneyed as they are (and it is a peculiar disadvantage to all pathetic poetry to be hackneyed), his "Elegy" and the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College" keep for all readers that dim sense of far-off troubles and sorrows which seems to bring "some painless sympathy with pain." No poetry is more purely, abstractedly human; the dim vision of the cottage-door gladdened by the father's return, of the playing-fields alive with schoolboys, touching as they do on the two extremes of society, contain nothing that is individual, nothing that is not absolutely common to humanity. Where Gray does diverge into individuality, he seems to us most unfortunate; and the picture of the indolent day-dreamer of whom we learn that "large was his bounty, and his soul sincere," while yet "he gave to misery all he had, a tear," exchanges poetry for something that, if we could forget its beauty of language, we should perceive to be twaddle. The whole interest of the poem is that common life is here, as it were, set to music. The dim, obscure lives of toil and privation are brought before us, not in their painful sordidness, and not in their arduous effort and meritorious success either, but in their broad human interest, as the lives of those bound together by strong affections, rejoicing in the daily meeting, busied with each other's needs, seeking on the bed of death a last glance from the eyes fullest

of love. It takes nothing from the simplicity of this broad human interest that the words which call it up are essentially those of a scholar, and that we might restore some of its gems to their original setting on the page of Lucretius or Tacitus. On the contrary, it adds much to it. It gives that *indirectness* of attention which is what we want. Turn from Gray to Wordsworth, *concentrate* your attention on the lives of the poor—you may gain much, but the pathetic touch is gone. If, for instance, any one fresh from the passage to which we have alluded should read Wordsworth's "Michael," which is nothing more than the hint at peasant life expanded into a little biography, and assert that he found as much pathos in the portrait as the sketch, all we could say would be that he and we mean different things by the word. When we are invited to contemplate a specimen of humanity at that nearness in which we discern such special facts as that the parents were advanced in life when the son was born, and that they lost their money through the treachery of an acquaintance, we are apt to feel that the picture, being as individual as this, is not individual enough. The present writer, at least, confesses to feeling very often that Wordsworth has lost one excellence, and not fully gained the other.

The contrast between the two, at any rate, is an instructive one for our purpose. Wordsworth and Gray, from this point of view, may be considered as representing the nineteenth century and its predecessor. That Wordsworth was the greater poet (though that is at least not a disqualifying circumstance for this representation), we leave out of the question; we consider them only with regard to their contribution to this particular kind of literature. Wordsworth represents what is best in modern democracy. He looks at the poor not as the picturesque retainers, the grateful dependents of their social superiors; he sees in them specimens of humanity interesting on their own account, but he often fails to render his picture of them interesting, because he specializes what is characteristic of the class without specializing what is characteristic of the individual. Where he aims at pathos, he sometimes drops into prosaic triviality. We should have expected most of his readers to agree



with us in thus describing his "Alice Fell," if Mr Arnold had not included the verses in his selection from the poet. The attempt to describe in poetry such an incident as a child having her cloak caught in a coach wheel and replaced by a benevolent passenger seems to us, we must say, in spite of this formidable vote on the opposite side, a very good illustration of what pathos is not. It might almost be set by the side of the caricature of Wordsworth in the "Rejected Addresses" as a specimen of what is puerile when it should be child-like. This incident is too trivial for the most passing allusion, but the homely, every-day sorrows of the poor may be most pathetic when shown us by the light of a far-off sympathy, transient as the gleam that fringes a flying shower, while yet if hammered at through six or seven verses they become simply tedious. Describe the incidents of village life at which the "Elegy" glances from afar, and you have your choice between being tedious, and exchanging the broad, human view for one that takes cognizance of idiosyncracies; and Wordsworth seems to us so much afraid of the last alternative, that he has constantly chosen the first. If you expand the fitting subject for the allusion of half a line into a theme of a poem, you will in either case eliminate the pathetic element from it.

The contrast between the two poets brings out the explanation of our poverty in this direction, and its connection with the democratic spirit of our age. It is a twofold connection. In the first place, all literature feels the direct influence of the political spirit of the age. It is true that we should not expect the influence of democracy to be hostile to pathos; an attention to the needs of the poor and the obscure would appear, at first sight, its moral correlate, and this attention will be allowed to be a part of democracy by its bitterest enemies. Its very excellence is that it attends only to what is human in each of us, and demands no special claim of character and position before it will devote itself to remove grievances and mitigate suffering. Of course, this means attending *more* to the needs of the lowly than the exalted, for they are greater, and also they are the needs of the majority. This is a gain worth paying any price to secure. But,

as a matter of fact, we do pay a price to secure all excellence; and the price we pay for a complete recognition of every need is, that we have somewhat lost the subtle power of emotion which belongs to an indirect expression of all dumb need. Gray represents the eighteenth-century glance at the life of the poor—a glance full of sympathy, but essentially a glance from afar. They are still the *dumb* masses. They are certainly "our own flesh and blood," in the sense that they feel those sorrows and hopes which their poet feels also. "On some fond breast the parting soul relies," in the palace as well as the cottage. But they are hardly our own flesh and blood in Mr. Gladstone's sense. They are not beings whom we have any notion of calling into council as to the sanitary or educational arrangements which affect their welfare. From this point of view, the notion of helping them out of their dumbness, and endowing them with the franchise, must be allowed to strike the reader with horror. A neat, slated roof does not more disadvantageously replace what Gray carelessly calls a straw-built shed, than the new view of the agricultural laborer replaces the old, with regard to his place in poetry. Wordsworth does not regard him from this point of view exactly, but he is not so far from it as he is from the view of the predecessor with whom we contrast him. We feel that the Bastille has fallen, that the "Rights of Man" are in the air, that America has set an example of successful rebellion, that the first Reform Bill is on its way—that Democracy, in short, is a growing power. The poor are dumb no longer; they can occasionally be very tedious. We cannot look at a thing at the same time from at hand and from afar. The "humane century," as Mr. Frederic Harrison has called the eighteenth century, was just in time for its educated men to look at the poor with sympathy, and from afar. Earlier ages were too soon for the first; our own, and apparently all the following ages, are too late for the last. The transition age supplies the elements of pathos.

It may seem to be putting a strain upon the theory of political life thus to connect it with literature, and that homely, every-day life which supplies literature with its subjects. But those who care



least for politics are moulded by politics. That perennial life in which each one of us partakes, makes up in permanence what it lacks in vividness; its hopes and fears become our hopes and fears to some extent, and even they who turn away from all political interest and try to lose themselves in the past, discover in the echoes to which they cannot deafen their ears something that by its very continuity forces them to fear it or admire it—somehow or other, to wish that this or that may come of it. However, it is not so much the direct influence of democratic feeling on literature that we would trace, as its influence on literature through the medium of the social life. The tendency of our age to leave nothing unsaid is impressed on our attention by every newspaper and almost every book we open, and is forced on our belief by its record on contemporary legislation. Why was Obstruction never a part of the tactics of Opposition until our own day? Not because people have suddenly discovered, as a truth of which their forefathers were ignorant, that while you insist on discussing a measure it cannot pass into a law, nor because Members of Parliament are less high-minded than they were, but simply because the whole tone of general taste was in former days against such a method of procedure, and in our days is with it. The change is a part of that democratic influence on the social code to which we have so often adverted—a change which it seems to us those equally misinterpret who insist on labelling it as either good or bad. This particular side of it seems to us to be regretted, but it is inseparably associated with so much that is a cause of satisfaction, that we would rather speak of its dangers than its evils. It is intimately associated with what Carlyle meant by *veracity*. People are always mistaking unreserve for truthfulness, and if there were no connection between the two, they could not be confused. Our contemporary literature is marked by instances of this unreserve that would have been inconceivable to our grandfathers; an allusion to the legend of *Godiva* with which we remember a specimen of it being greeted many years ago, would have lost all its point by this time, so many have followed *Godiva's* example. And the fashion is reflected in fiction. Our

greatest writer of fiction expresses all she means. Hers is not the art that calls up a train of suggestion with half a word, we never feel in closing the volume that she has roused a set of recollections in which the original note is drowned; her words linger in the memory with all the strong characteristics of their own individuality; but they stir no hidden spring, surprising the reader with the revelation of depths of emotion within, perhaps forgotten, perhaps never fully known. And the words which convey the writer's whole meaning, though they may convey it perfectly and admirably, can hardly, according to our understanding of the word, convey what we mean by pathos.

The loss of the pathetic element in literature is great. With it, we lock the door of escape from unendurable compassion, we forbid ourselves ever to contemplate pain without actually sharing it. We lose the medicine for many a sick mind, the spell that recalls without its bitterness many a bitter memory, the mediator that teaches us compassion for many a hated foe. We lose that refuge from the pressure of individual sorrow which is so little the discovery of a civilized age, that the singer whose words most recall it is the earliest known to our race, telling us how the obsequies of a hero released the tears they did not cause. "His loss the plea, the griefs they mourned their own." Nor let it be thought that we speak of a merely sentimental loss; the thing we describe is, after all, the literary reflection of a view of the sorrows of life needed by all. What we can never forget, we must at times put far from us, and contemplate through the softening medium of thoughts that blend sorrow with hope. What pathos is in literature that resignation is in life, and if a democratic age fail to recognize the excellence of this virtue, it is because men forget that apart from it, no manly effort is possible, and for the majority of lives, no sustained cheerfulness. They know it little who think it the foe of energy; the truth is, that energy loses half its efficacy in a nature that knows nothing of resignation. Do we mean to urge that the literary quality thus nobly related should be made a conscious effort? All we have said shows that we hold such an attempt to be self-defeating; at the first effort to attain



pathos, it takes its inexorable flight. But we do not think that the endeavor to avoid its foes is equally vain, and the most deadly among them, that love of the ridiculous which is quite equally the foe of all humor, is what, for our own part, we feel among the most serious dangers of a democratic age. While the inquest over a heart-rending calamity is interrupted with laughter at every grotesque or absurd expression in the account of the disaster, while the pages of *Punch* are the chief study of the young in their leisure hours, and while the bracketed "laughter" in our Parliamentary reports

call the attention of the reader to statements in which there is no wit or pleasantry, or any possible source of them, we shall lose the pathetic element in literature, and a great many other good things also. Against this vulgarizing tendency of our time we would gladly see a strong and conscious effort, being certain that it would encourage not only those faculties which make literature pathetic, but also that it would reinforce the sources of all true humor, as much the friend to true pathos, as it is the foe of its vulgar and libellous caricature.—*London Spectator*.

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### THE GODS OF CANAAN.

BY PROF. A. H. SAYCE.

MIDWAY between the eastern and the western worlds, between the immemorial civilization of Egypt and the rich valleys and snow-clad mountains of Asia Minor, lies the once wealthy island of Cyprus. It has been the meeting-place and battle-ground of all the nations who have left their mark upon the history of the ancient East. Babylonian, Assyrian and Egyptian, Phœnician and Greek, Hittite and Roman, have all passed through it or planted their colonies upon its shores. The kings of Assyria called it the "Island of the Ionians;" but there was an earlier epoch, when it was known rather as Chittim, when the Greek stranger had not as yet supplanted the Phœnician in the waters of the Mediterranean. Cyprus, in fact, was the first of Phœnician colonies; Phœnician traders sailed from its harbors, and the most famous of the shrines of the great Phœnician goddess rose upon its coast. This was the temple of Astartê or Ashtoreth, the Phœnician Aphroditê at Paphos, the fame of which lasted down to the days of the Roman Empire. Coins and gems tell us what it was like. In the centre of the temple was a nave, on either side of which ran an aisle of lesser height. In front stood the chief altar, on which the rain was said never to fall. No sacrifices were ever offered upon it; incense alone was burnt in honor of the goddess within. But the goddess was represented by no image, no idol of stone or metal or wood.

A stone column of cone-like shape was the only symbol that stood inside the shrine, like the stone symbol that still exists inside the old Phœnician temple, now called the Giants' Tower, in the Island of Gozo. Legend declared that it had fallen from heaven, as had the aerolite before which sacrifices were offered in the great temple of the Asiatic Artemis at Ephesus. Between the shrine and the vestibule were hung two chandeliers, not unlike those which adorned the temple of Jerusalem, and at the entrance were two pillars reminding us of Jachin and Boaz, the two pillars in the porch of the Jewish sanctuary, which Phœnician artists built for Solomon. The walls were constructed of huge, unshaped blocks of stone, and the hill whereon the building stood was named Galgi or Gilgal, "the cairn," while the air above was filled with doves, the gentle messengers of Ashtoreth.

The worship of Ashtoreth, like the kindred worship of the Sun-god, Baal, marked the footsteps of the Phœnicians wherever they trod. They were a restless people, and there were few parts of the Mediterranean to which their trading ships did not, sooner or later, come, bringing with them the elements of culture and the civilization of the East. It was only in the language of the Greeks that they were termed Phœnicians. "Phœnician" is but a translation of Kefa or Képhne, the inhabitant of the palm-land, the name under which



they were known to the ancient Egyptians. On the monuments of Egypt Keft is Phœnicia, while Keft-ur or "Greater Phœnicia," the Caphtor of the Old Testament, denotes the coastland of the Delta, where multitudes of Phœnician colonists had settled from an early period. But the title which they themselves gave to their mother-country was Canaan, "the lowlands," fitly denoting the narrow strip of plain shut in by mountain and sea on which Sidon and Tyre and Gebal and the other cities of Phœnicia had been built. The title came in time to be extended to the whole tract of country ordinarily known to us as Palestine or Philistia; but this was because the tribes which peopled it belonged to the same race, spoke the same language, and used the same manners and customs as the natives of Canaan proper. When the Israelites invaded Palestine, their enemies were roughly divided into the Canaanites of the plains and valleys, and the Amorites of the hilly districts. Apart from their names, however, there was little difference between the two; though possibly the Amorites were ruder than their neighbors of the plains, and included descendants of the aboriginal population whom the Semitic Canaanites had dispossessed.

However this may be, the Canaanites of Palestine and the Canaanites of Phœnicia were one and the same people. We may call them, if we will, Canaanites of the north and Canaanites of the south, but we must not forget that in language, race, culture, and, above all, religion, they differed only as one Greek State differed from another. The gods of Canaan were the gods of Phœnicia as well as of Palestine, and the rites which were practised in Phœnicia were practised in Palestine as well.

Unfortunately we know but little of Canaanitish religion except in the days of its decay. When the old cities of Phœnicia had passed under a foreign yoke, when new creeds and new ideas had been introduced, and the spirit of an unbelieving Greek philosophy had penetrated into the minds of the educated classes, an attempt was made to gather together the religious legends of the several States, and to present the world with a systematized account of the gods

of the Phœnicians. Fragments of this account in the Greek translation of Philo of Gebal have been preserved, and scholars have long found abundant employment in analyzing and comparing them. The original work, translated by Philo, was written by a priest named Sanchuniathon, "the gift of the god Sakun," whose date has been assigned to the age of the Judges in Israel, but who must have lived at the earliest under the Persian domination. The myths of Gebal, of Tyre, of Sidon, and of the Canaanites generally, are all mixed and fused together in the fragments we possess, and the Greek names under which their chief personages appear are sometimes difficult to understand. Nevertheless, with the help of inscriptions, of proper-names, and of the notices of the religion of the Southern Canaanites contained in the Old Testament, it is possible to make out a consistent and connected story. We must, however, remember that the deities of a past age have been rationalized into human beings, and that the separate traditions of different tribes have been thrown together without marks of distinction. Thus we find two entirely different accounts of the Creation, one of which bears a striking resemblance to the account given in Genesis, as well as to that recovered of late years from the clay records of Assyria. In both Philo and Genesis we are told of the *bohu* or chaos, "waste and desolate," of the darkness in which it was enshrouded, and of the *ruakh* or "spirit" which brooded over it, and gave rise to a watery substance, "the deep" of the Biblical narrative. But here the Phœnician document parts company with both the Old Testament and the legends of Assyria. The Creation itself, the movement which brings light and life out of chaos, is the work, not of the Word of God, but of desire, of the yearning felt by the Spirit for the chaos on whose bosom it reposed.

The chief object of Canaanitish worship was the Sun, the source of light and life, and at the same time the destroyer of living things in the fierce heats of summer. But it was more especially as creator and generator that the sun was adored. To him Nature owed its origin and existence, and his reappearance was



anxiously looked for after the darkness of night or the clouds of winter and storm. The sun, therefore, was much more than the simple luminary of day, the lord and ruler of heaven; he was a creating power, whose presence was felt even where his rays did not shine, who might be recognized in all the generative forces of Nature, and by the side of whom stood a female power, like the woman by the side of the man. All living beings were his offspring; but it was because he was a father, united with his double or "reflection," as the husband is with a wife. The Sun-god, consequently, did not stand alone; by the side of Baal, "the lord," stood Penê-Baal, "the face of Baal," more commonly known as Ashtoreth or Astarté. But Ashtoreth was not only the face or reflection of Baal; the pious Phœnician saw in her also the crescent moon, the pale reflection of the sun.

The forms under which the Sun-god might be worshipped were as numerous as the operations of Nature in which he displayed himself, or the separate cities upon which he shone. Hence, besides Baal, the supreme "lord" of Canaanitish faith, there were Baalim innumerable, as there were also Ashtoreth or Astartés, besides Ashtoreth. We hear of Baal-Peor, the god of the mountains of Moab; of Baal-Berith, the covenant-god of Shechem; of Baal-Zebub, the god of Ekron, adored under the form of a monstrous fly; of Baal-Hammâm, "the lord of heat," who became the Zeus Ammon of the Greeks; of Baal-Melkarth, the special deity of Tyre. Baal, in fact, was but a title, which was applied to the Sun-god wherever or in whatever form he might be worshipped. There was a time when the God of the Hebrews also had been addressed by the same title; the son of David was called Baal-yada (Beeliada, 1 Chr. 14:7), and the son of his friend Jonathan Merib-baal (1 Chr. 8:34). It was only when the associations connected with the title had made it abhorrent to the pious Israelite, and the prophet Hosea had declared that the God of Israel should no longer be termed Baali, "my Baal" (Hos. 2:16) that *el*, "god," and *bosheth* "shame," were substituted for it, so that Beeliada became Eliada (2 Sam. 5:16), and Merib-baal Mephibosheth (2 Sam. 4:4).

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But Baal was not the only title by which the Sun-god was known. He was also El, "god"—a name, however, little used in the southern parts of Phœnicia—Elyon "the most high," or Melech, Moloch, "king," or again, Adon "master," and Adoni "my master." Elyon, "the most high," was the name under which he was worshipped chiefly at Gebal, where he was said to have married the sister-town of Beyrût, and to have been slain in a conflict with the wild beasts of savagedom and anarchy. But other myths spoke of him as El, and told how he had founded Gebal and struggled for the mastery against the Baal of Sidon and Tyre. Like the Kronos of the Greeks, he slew his own son Sadid and cut off his daughter's head with the sword, while he rent his father, the sky, into pieces, filling the streams and rivers with the blood that flowed from the mangled corpse. Here the veil of the legend can be easily lifted: the blood of the sky is the rain which is poured upon the ground before the Sun-god pierces the dark storm-cloud that covers his face. Yet another myth told of the sacrifice offered by El when danger threatened his land—a sacrifice repeated but too often by his worshippers in later days. High upon the peak of the consecrated mountain, where men held nearest converse with the gods, El invested his son Yeûd, "the only-begotten," with the adornments of royalty, and sacrificed him to the deities whose wrath had been aroused. The myth was but the reflection of the hideous practice which stained the ritual of the Canaanites with blood. The calamities which befell mankind were, they believed, the signs of divine anger, and must be propitiated by the sacrifice of that which was nearest and dearest to the worshipper. Baal was not only a god of beneficence and creation, he was also a jealous god, visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children; not the father of men merely, but their destroyer as well. To him, therefore, the parent had to bring his first-born, his only one; to resign him to death without tears or regret, while the cries of the innocent sufferer were drowned in the noise of flutes and tambourines, and the image of the stern deity was crowned with flowers. And the sacrifice had to be made by fire—by that



pure element which formed the very essence of the Sun-god, and through which he dealt both life and death. The human victim was burned alive, a mode of death which the Jew of later times euphemistically described as passing through the fire. The custom, it must be said to the credit of the Semitic race, was not of Canaanitish origin. It had been borrowed, with so much else of religion and ceremonial, from the primitive Accadian population of Babylonia; but once borrowed, it became an integral part of Canaanitish belief. It was no sign of savagery or brutality, but of profound self-sacrifice, which led the worshipper to give even more than his own life to the offended gods. It was, in fact, a true *auto-da-fé*, or act of faith, and so deeply rooted was the conviction of its necessity, that not only did the Israelites yield again and again to its fascination despite the remonstrances of the prophets, but in far later times, when Carthage had been overthrown by the Romans, all the edicts of the conquerors, all the vigilance of their police, were unable to prevent the horrible sacrifices from secretly taking place. Whatever religious doctrine the Semite has once adopted he has always clung to ardently and fiercely; the empty form of leaping through the flames which superseded the burnt sacrifice among other peoples, could never satisfy him; when he ceased to burn his children to Baal it was because he had ceased to believe in Baal.

It was as "king" that the destroying Sun-god was more particularly adored. He was the "king of the city," Melkarth, a name which Greek popular etymology transformed into Makar ("Il., 24, 544); elsewhere, as among the Ammonites, he was simply "the king," Milcom, Malcham, or Moloch. To Moloch the fires of sacrifice were lighted in the valley of the son of Hinnom, and the princes of Judah brought their first-born to perish in the flames. Malik, too, was honored in Assyria, and it was to Anammelech and Adrammelech, to "King Anu" and "King Adar," that the inhabitants of Sepharvaim, or Sippara, on the Euphrates, burnt their children in the fire. When invoked as Adon or Adoni, the Sun-god showed himself under a kindlier aspect. It was a title that brought with it no grim or

unholy associations, and the prophets of Israel, accordingly, did not proscribe the use of it as they did the use of Baal. Throughout the books of the Old Testament their God is addressed as Adonai, and a time came when superstition caused the proper name of that God, national though it had been, to be disused and Adonai substituted in its stead. Nowhere in the Greek translation of the Septuagint do we find Yahveh (or Yahu); its place is taken by Κύριος; and in the Masoretic copies of the Hebrew text, though the consonants of Yahveh are written, the vowels inserted underneath them are the vowels of Adonai, which the Jew is bound to pronounce. When the scholars of Europe turned their attention to Hebrew in the sixteenth century, they imagined that the vowels ought to be sounded along with the consonants, and so produced the hybrid monster *Jehovah*, which the English reader has still further deformed by pronouncing the German consonant at its beginning as though it were the English *j*.

Perhaps there was a special reason why the title Adonai remained in favor with the Jewish prophets. It had long been in use at Jerusalem, and in Judah generally as the title of the Supreme Deity. Adoni-Tsedek, "Adoni is Tsedek," was the name of the Amorite king of Jerusalem whom Joshua defeated, and Adoni-Bezek, "Adoni of Bezek," was the prince overthrown by the tribe of Judah a few years later. Tsedek, "the just," is the Sydyk of Sanchuniathon, the father of the Kabeiri. Adoni, therefore, was a name familiar to Jewish ears, a name long in use among those Canaanites whom the tribe of Judah had partly destroyed, partly amalgamated, and was even more familiar to the people than the name Baal itself.

Such, then, were the Baalim of Canaan, the manifold aspects under which the Sun-god revealed himself to his worshippers, varying with the season of the year and the locality in which he was adored. Now he was the stern El or Moloch, now again the beneficent Adoni, now Baal-Hammâm, the Baal of the fierce heats of summer, destroying the creatures he himself had made, or Baal-Shemaim, "the lord of heaven" and father of mankind, to whom the first generations had lifted up hands of



prayer. But even more numerous still were the Baalim worshipped among particular tribes or in particular cities. Wherever the high place had been consecrated on the sacred summit of the hill, wherever the temple had been founded in the midst of the populous town, there was the special Baal who looked after the interests of his adorers, hating their enemies and loving their friends. Baal-Melkarth was the God of Tyre, Baal-Zebub of Ekron, Baal-Gad of the shrine of Gad. Thus while Canaanitish religion was fundamentally national, acknowledging but one supreme god and beholding him in all the operations of Nature, it was at the same time intensely tribal. Just as Israel had its own, its covenant God, so too had each Canaanitish community. The power and protection of this special Baal did not extend beyond the territorial limits of his worshippers; the gods of the hills had no influence in the plain or the gods of the plain among the hills. While Israel still addressed its God as Baal, a careful distinction was made between the Baal of Israel and the Baalim of Canaan, and even David asks Saul why he would drive him not only from his country but also from his God? It was not until the later age of systematizing philosophy, when the spirit of Greece combined with the spirit of the Semite, and the rivalries of the Phœnician cities had long been suppressed under the unifying rule of Persia, that the individual Baalim were absorbed in the one supreme Baal, and consciously regarded as but so many attributes or aspects of the common national deity.

By the side of Baal, the "lord," as we have seen, stood Baaltis, the "lady." She was but his "face," or reflection, just as woman, according to the conception of the Semite, was but the reflection of man. The subordinate part played by female deities in Phœnician religion will account in some measure for the ready way in which a belief in a goddess or goddesses was eradicated from the popular faith of the Jews. In this respect the Canaanite differed strikingly from his brethren in Assyria and Babylonia. Here the goddess occupies almost as important a place in mythology and religion as the god; she is no mere double of the male deity, but

an active and independent power. The reason of this is easy to explain. The religious cult of Assyria was largely borrowed from that of the pre-Semitic Accadians of primeval Chaldea, and the Accadians honored the woman as the equal, if not as the superior, of man. Among them, therefore, the goddess held as high a rank as the god, and continued to hold it when they had handed on their deities and ritual to their Semitic conquerors. If the female deity ever emerged into a position of importance and independence among the sons of Canaan, it was through that early influence of a more cultivated people which had affected their ancestors in the valley of the Euphrates.

The proof of this is not far to seek. We find two divinities only in Canaan who can be called goddesses in the true sense of the word. These are Ashtoreth, the goddess of the Northern Canaanites, and Ashêrah, the goddess of the Southern Canaanites. Students of the Old Testament have often confounded them together, while our Authorized Version has made confusion worse confounded by translating Ashêrah "a grove." In many respects, it is true, the two deities resembled one another, but there were also many other respects in which they differed. Ashtoreth is the Istar of the Assyrians, a name which, as is shown by the want of a feminine termination, is not even of Semitic derivation. Both name and deity have alike come from the Accadians. Istar was the goddess of love and war, the patroness of the moon and the planet Venus, the equal and sometimes the rival of the male deities. So, too, was the Phœnician Ashtoreth, or Astartê, "with the crescent horns," as long as she was regarded as the goddess of the moon and the planter of love in the hearts of men. But in passing to the West, Istar underwent transformation. Not only did she become Ashtoreth, with the Semitic feminine suffix attached to her name, but she also became the mere double of Baal, the Sun-god. Hence in the Phœnician Ashtoreth we have to see the amalgamation of two essentially different conceptions—the Accadian goddess of love and war and the Semitic female reflection and consort of the male deity. It is the first Ashtoreth who became the



Aphroditê of the Greeks, the Astartê of Paphos and Ashkelon; the second Ashtoreth represents the plural Ashtaroth of the Old Testament.

Like Ashtoreth, Ashêrah carries us back to the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates. The word is an Assyrian one, and denotes the rich fecundity of Nature. Ashêrah was the goddess of birth and growth; the season over which she presided was the season of spring, and it was to her that the first-fruits of the earth were offered. She was symbolized, like Astartê at Paphos, by an upright cone of stone, or the trunk of a tree which had been chipped of its branches. Both symbol and goddess were often confounded together, and the Jewish prophets denounce them both under one and the same name. The symbol, however, was not peculiar to the goddess. Baal also, as god of generation, had upright columns, the "sun-images" of the Old Testament, dedicated to him, two of which stood at the entrance of the great temple which Hiram reared to Baal Melkarth at Tyre. A similar column, surmounted with a star, represents on gems the Moon-god, the chief deity of Harran.

Both Ashtoreth and Ashêrah, when viewed as independent deities, were worshipped with rites which seem to us too strange and foul to have been ever practised in the name of religion. But we must not forget that pagan religion did not imply morality. It was a strict attention to matters of ritual with which human conduct had nothing to do. The myths told of the gods frequently violated all the moral principles which govern a civilized community, and came down from a time when barbarous man did that which was right in his own eyes. The Phœnician did not go to his religion to learn the rule of right and wrong; his religious duty consisted in winning the favor of the gods or deprecating their resentment; and this could only be effected by sacrifice and offering, and the strict performance of the ritual. Whatever, therefore, was done in the service of religion lay outside the sphere of morality; the ethical principles which controlled daily life ceased to exist within the precincts of the temple. It was this view of religious worship and duty against which the prophets of

Israel protested, but protested so long in vain. Religion, mythology, and ceremony, were all united together. Religion was dogma enacted on the stage, the representation of the actions and sufferings of the gods. The worshipper became one with the deity, by doing himself what the deity was supposed to have done. He was thus placed in sympathetic union with the divine, and offered in his own person the sacrifice needed to obtain the favor of heaven. Hence the prostitution which disfigured the worship of the goddesses of Canaan, as well as of the Sun-god himself. Eunuchs, and worse than eunuchs, served in the temples; the foulest acts were performed in the name of religion, and the unmarried maidens were required to sacrifice their honor to the gods. It was all performed in cold blood, as a religious duty, not as a gratification of the passions. No wonder that the Jewish prophets lifted up their voices at the abomination, and cried aloud against the obscene rites of Canaan, which had defiled the inner sanctuary of the temple of Jerusalem itself.

It was more especially during the autumnal festival, which commemorated the death of the Sun-god, slain by the boar's tusk of winter, that these rites took place. In days long since past the Accadians of Chaldea had recounted how Duzu or Tammuz, the young and beautiful Sun-god, the "only son" of heaven, had been the bridegroom of the goddess Istar. As he hunted in the enchanted forest he was slain by an evil monster, and Istar wept in vain over his blood-stained corpse. The blood could not be stanchèd, and the Sun-god had to descend into the nether darkness of the underground world. Thither the goddess descended also in her passionate love, and was imprisoned like her husband in the comfortable realm of the dead, until the bright powers of heaven sent "the renewal of light" to release her and Tammuz from their sojourn below. The waters of life that bubble up beneath the golden throne of the spirits of earth were given them to drink, and the Sun-god and his bride rose again from the embraces of death. The story sank deep into the mind of the uncultured Semite, while he yet lived under the shadow of the Accadian empire, and his descend-



ants carried it with them to their new home in the west. Each year at Gebal, when the streams ran stained with the red clay of the hills, the women wept for the death of Tammuz, and saw his blood in the crimson waters by the side of which they sat. For seven days the funeral feast was celebrated, and the air filled with cries and lamentations. When, in the later days of commercial intercourse, the art and wisdom of Egypt came to Gebal, Tammuz was identified with Osiris, and the priests of Phœnicia saw in the Egyptian Sun-god, who was slain, and yet destined to rise again from the dead, their own Sun-god Tammuz. To Byblos or Gebal, therefore, the ark, in which the dismembered limbs of Osiris were hidden away, was believed to have been carried by the waves, and at Byblos they were found by the mourning Isis, even as Tammuz had been found by Istar in the under-world. The day of finding was followed by the day of resurrection. When the seven days of mourning were over, grief gave place to uncontrolled joy. It was now that the renewed union of Istar with Tammuz was enacted in the persons of the worshippers; the women gave themselves up to strangers in the courts of the temples, and license without restraint reigned on every side.

The feast of autumn was not the only feast that was held in honor of Tammuz. There was also the feast of spring, when again the death of the beautiful god was celebrated with all the marks of excessive grief. The eunuch priests ran through the streets, or sat in silent sorrow around the empty sarcophagus in which the body of the god was believed to lie; the women, with unkempt hair, uttered shrill cries of lamentation and lacerated their breasts, while vases filled with withered flowers, and called the Gardens of Adonis, were exposed to the scorching heat of the mid-day sun.

Adonis was the Greek form of the Phœnician Adoni, the title by which Tammuz was specially addressed. It was the name under which he became known to the Greeks when they received the myth of his death from the Phœnicians; Ashtoreth became Aphroditê, and Adoni Tammuz became Adonis. The Greeks, however, were not the only nation of the West which adopted the

old Accadian legend of the Sun-god. The nations of Asia Minor also found a place for it in their own mythologies. A similar tale had been told of the Sun-god Attys, and the rites with which Attys was worshipped were of a like kind, so that there was little difficulty in identifying Attys with Tammuz, and fusing together the beliefs and ritual of Phrygia and Accad. But with Attys and Asia Minor the Phœnicians had nothing to do; the Accadian myth came to Asia Minor through another channel than Phœnicia, and we may therefore pass over the modifications undergone by the worship of Tammuz among Kappadokians and Phrygians. They need only just be glanced at, to show how widely the myth travelled in the ancient world along with the religious ceremonies entwined about it.

In Canaan itself, however, as was inevitable, it also underwent modifications. It was a myth which was the common property of the whole Canaanitish race. Even within the courts of the Temple of Solomon, in a chamber where the elders of Judah sat, surrounded by the images of their totems upon the walls, Ezekiel saw the women weeping for Tammuz. From Nineveh and Babylon in the east, to the shores of the Mediterranean in the west, the same cries went up to heaven, the same rites were practised, the same Divine name was invoked when the autumn brought with it the first notice of approaching winter. But there were some who averred that it was not the wild boar that had dealt the youthful Sun-god the fatal blow. He had stricken himself to escape the embraces of the goddess of love and preserve his honor unscathed. There was yet another story which made him mutilated and slain by the sickle of his own revolted son; while the legend of El, sacrificing his only born son Yeûd on the high-place of Canaan, is but the myth in another form. Yeûd is merely the Phœnician rendering of the Accadian Tammuz. A time came when the myth was still further modified in accordance with the gentler feelings of a later age. Circumcision took the place of sacrifice, and the Sun-god ceased to be the first of the long line of human victims whom the parents of Canaan offered to their offended deity, and became instead the founder and patron of the



rite of circumcision. Can we help being reminded that Abraham, who bound his only-born Isaac on the sacrificial altar of the high-place of Moriah, was also the "father of circumcision" among the people of Israel?

It has been necessary to speak of Tammuz as if he had been a separate and independent divinity, unrelated to the other forms under which the Sun-god was worshipped by the Canaanites. And this was strictly the case, if we look only to the two great feasts celebrated in his honor. At these Tammuz was doubtless conceived as an independent deity of whom an individual tale was told. But his title Adoni shows us that in reality Tammuz also had become but a form or aspect of the supreme Sun-god. He was as much Baal-Tammuz as Melkarth was Baal-Tsur. And opposed to him stood Baal-Tsephon, "Baal of the North," the maleficent form of the Sun-god, who, like Typhon in the myth of Osiris, had been the cause of his death. Baal-Tsephon was dreaded more particularly by the sailors. When the cold and gloom of winter set in, the north wind rages over the Mediterranean, bringing shipwreck and disaster to the traveller by sea. To Baal-Tsephon, therefore, stood two temples on the lofty mountains which overlook the sea at either extremity of Canaan, and in them the sailor made his vows or hung up his offerings. Each mountain was called Kasios by the Greeks, from a Phœnician word signifying an extreme point or promontory. The northern Kasios commanded the entrance to the Bay of Antioch and is termed Baal-Tsephon in an inscription of Tiglath-Pileser II.; the southern Kasios jutted out from the edge of the Serbonian lagoons between Alexandria and the Philistine coast. Mountains had a peculiar sanctity in the Canaanitish faith. The mountain-top was a consecrated spot, and the name of Hermon "the sanctuary" still survives to bear witness to the belief. The gods of Canaan, the king of Syria imagined, were essentially gods of the mountains, and Phœnician mythology made Lebanon and Kasios giant deities of old time. Hence it is that so many of the Baalim are called after the highplaces where they were worshipped, and that in the Greek period the temples raised on the

flanks of Hermon were made to look toward the great central shrine which crowned its summit.

We may pass over the long list of the inferior deities of Canaan, of whom we know little save the names. Some of them had been borrowed from the nations whom the Canaanites had dispossessed; others had been brought from Babylonia when the Semitic tribes first moved westward from their primitive Euphratean home. Others, again, were local forms of Baal and Ashtoreth. Thus we hear of Mut, the god of death, to whom human victims were offered, of Pu'm, the pigmy deity, and of Sakun, whose name enters into that of Sanchuniathon. Resheph or Baal-Resheph was the Sun-god as he appeared during the sultry heats of summer, and M. Clermont-Ganneau is probably right in seeing in him the origin of the name of Arsûf, a ruined town to the north-east of Jaffa, under whose walls Saladin was defeated by Richard Cœur-de-Lion. Two of these inferior divinities are mentioned by the prophet Amos (v. 25, 26) in a passage the sense of which has been wholly missed in the Authorized Version. Though sacrifices had been offered to the God of Israel, the prophet declares, for forty long years in the Desert, the people had now fallen away to the deities of Canaan and worshipped Siccuth or Sakkut their king and Chiun their image, the Star-god they had made from themselves. Sakkut was one of the gods borrowed by the Semites from the Accadians of Babylonia, while Chiun was the planet Saturn, the Kaivan of the Assyrian texts.

But there is one group of gods which occupied a position of importance midway between the Baalim and Ashtaroth on the one side and the herd of inferior deities on the other. These were the seven Kabeiri and their leader Eshmun, "the eighth," whom the Greeks identified with Asklepíos, the god of healing. Wherever the Phœnicians planted their colonies they left behind them a remembrance of these mysterious deities. In Lemnos, in Samothrake, in Imbros, in Asfa Minor, the worship of the Kabeiri survived to the last days of Greek paganism, the object of deep veneration on the part of the people, and of curious speculation on that of the philosophers. The



names under which they went in Canaanitish mythology were various. More usually they were addressed as Kabeiri, or "mighty," but they were also known as the Pataeki, or "creators," and the Pygmi (Pygmæi) or "dwarfs." they were the fashioners of the universe, the architects whom the Demiurge had employed at the beginning of the world. To them Philo ascribes the invention of navigation and medicine, and makes them the children of Sydyk, "the just." Perhaps we may see in them the seven planets, perhaps the seven Pleiades; however that may be, they belong to the oldest stratum of Semitic belief, and refer us to a time when the Sun-god had not as yet attained the supreme and unquestioned place he afterward held, and the plural *elohim* had not as yet become the singular *El*.

In Eshmun we may discover the ancient Fire-god, who, as the hidden deity of the celestial fire, sits invisible above the waters of the heavenly ocean, and guides the movements of the planets and stars. He was naturally the chief architect of the world, the master-mind who guided the work of his ministers, the Kabeiri, the creator who made all things, and can therefore heal the maladies of those who pray to him. But as the cult of the Sun-god, little by little, engrossed the attention of the Canaanites, the Fire-god was confused with the deity from whom warmth and life were believed to come, and Eshmun himself tended to pass into a form of Baal. But it was a tendency only. His close connection with the Kabeiri prevented the amalgamation from ever being completely carried out, and up to the last Eshmun had independent temples by the side of those of Baal. Nevertheless, the legends which gathered round his name took upon them more and more a solar character. Like Tammuz, he was associated with Ashtoreth, and we read in Damascius how he had been the most beautiful of the gods, how in the fulness of his youth he was loved by Astronomé or Ashtoreth-Naamah, and how in escaping from her passion he mutilated himself and died, only to be recalled to life by the goddess through the aid of the magic word. It is the myth of the Sun-god and Astarté over again, and in this Eshmun of popular mythology we

can see only the young and beautiful Tammuz. But the Eshmun of the priests continued to remain distinct from the Eshmun of the popular mythology, and when the influence of Egypt was at its height, he was identified with the Egyptian Thoth, the god of writing, and made the inventor of letters and literature. Not only had he created the world, he had also written the history of all that he had done.

Shall we ever recover this literature and the history that the imagination of later ages assigned to the Phœnician Thoth? The marvellous results that have attended the excavations carried on in Egypt, in Assyria, and in Babylonia, give us ground to hope that we may yet do so when some Layard or Schliemann arises to explore the buried cities of the Phœnician coast. There is reason for believing that some part of the literature of Tyre, of Sidon, or of Gebal, was inscribed upon clay, and if so, we may hope it may yet be again brought to light like the clay literature of Nineveh. Meanwhile, we have to be thankful for the few and scanty inscriptions which tell us of the deities, the ritual, and the beliefs of the Phœnicians. One of the very oldest, an inscription perhaps coeval with Solomon, engraved on the fragments of a bronze bowl, is the sole contemporary record we possess of the worship of Baal-Lebanon, the solar giant whose temple rose on the mountains behind Tyre. At Marseilles and Carthage tariffs have been found enumerating the sacrifices offered to Baal, and the prices at which each could be commuted. Oxen, kids, rams, lambs, goats, and birds were the animals alone allowed. For the most part they are the same as the animals prescribed to the Israelites by the Mosaic code, and, as among the Israelites, the first-fruits of the harvest, cakes, milk, cream, and perhaps also wine, were required to be placed upon the altar. It is curious to find no reference made to human victims: it is clear that the tariffs belong to those later days when Roman domination and the sceptical influences of Greek philosophy had abolished the ancient custom, and the ram seems to have taken the place of the child. It is at least worth notice that, when the hand of Abraham was stayed by the angel on



the high-place of Moriah, a ram was the sacrifice accepted by God in the stead of Isaac.

Before we part from the Canaanites and their gods, there is still one question which needs an answer. Did they look forward to a future life, and, if so, what conception did they form concerning it? We all know how fiercely it has been contended whether or not the Israelites before the exile believed in a life beyond the grave, and Bishop Warburton in his "Divine Legation of Moses" rested his proof of the divine origin of the Mosaic code upon a denial of their having done so. Had Bishop Warburton lived to-day, it is probable that his book would have remained unwritten. The cuneiform inscriptions have given us detailed information as to what the Accadian instructors of the Semites and the Assyrian brethren of the Phœnicians thought of the world to come. As in the Old Testament, so too among the Accadians, the realm of death was a Sheol or Sual, the land of "the strong city" from which "there was no return"—a place of gloom and forgetfulness, where the pale and unsubstantial ghosts of the dead flitted like bats in the darkness, and the phantoms of the heroes of old time sat on their shadowy thrones. But above and beyond Sheol there lay another world, "the land of the silver sky," where the great ones of the earth reclined upon golden couches, feasting at banquets which knew no end, under the light of everlasting sunshine and in the company of the gods. A similar con-

ception prevailed among the Phœnicians also. On his granite sarcophagus Eshmun Ezer, a Sidonian king of the fifth century before our era, prays that he who should violate or injure his tomb may never find a resting-place among the Rephaim or "shades," may leave behind him neither son nor seed, and be destroyed by "the holy gods." When the violator dies, he adds, "may he have neither root beneath the earth, nor fruit above it, may he leave no image to the light of day, may he be as wretched as I am; I who have lost the fruit of my life, sons intelligent and valiant; I who am solitary and alone." The poor old king's pathetic words remind us of the psalm of Hezekiah, when he, too, childless and alone, turned his face to the wall and wept. For the Phœnician, as for the Assyrian and the Greek, the grave was "the house of eternal habitation;" the spirits of the dead, so far as they existed at all, were believed to dwell in this gloomy under-world. While man lived in the sunlight there was hope; out of the sunlight he passed away from the care and knowledge of the sun-god, and however much there might be a faint and lingering hope that Baal would provide for his pious worshipper, it never became an assured certainty. The living dog was better than the dead lion; the living alone had voice and power to praise the gods many and lords many of Canaan; and it was for him only that the sun brought forth the fruits of the earth or withered and destroyed them in his fierce anger.—*Contemporary Review*.

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LI-HUNG-CHANG.

DURING the reign of Hien Fung a mighty mandarin was degraded to the ranks for his knowledge of and sympathy with barbarians. One of the means he adopted to console himself in his disgrace was to write a treatise, a sort of *moyen de plaire*, on Europeans. In this he dwells on our restlessness and our love of feasting, and recommends those who would "soothe and bridle" us to share our "cup and spoon." It might well be supposed that Li-Hung-Chang had learned the work of his contemporary by heart, and made it his guide, philosopher, and friend; for no

man in modern China has so profited by a study of our ways or done more for his fellow-countrymen by following our advice and accepting our aid. No official has shown more daring, more knowledge, and at times more tact in his dealings with Western nations; indeed, his highest honors as China's most notable soldier and statesman are in great part due to his unfaltering faith in the value of foreign principles of progress, of foreign policy, and of foreign arms. Intercourse with "Chinese Gordon" greatly strengthened this faith—intercourse which resulted in lasting friend-



ship between these two men, whose names are now household words throughout the Empire.

Li-Hung-Chang is now sixty years of age, and, according to the *Pekin Gazette*, was born at Seuchew, in the Hofei district. He comes of a long line of distinguished *Literati*. Resolved at an early date on following an official career, he studied steadily for a degree; and in 1847, having passed the necessary examinations, entered the Hanlin, or College of Scholars. For the next six years he continued his studies, and was engaged for the most part as a compiler in the Imperial printing office. But the troubles in the Empire during 1853 made it urgent for all men of marked ability to use their talents in the field. The rebel bands of the self-made Heavenly King were marching across the Flowery Land, spreading destruction far and wide. Nankin had fallen before the destroyers, and the Imperial Generalissimo Tseng-Kwo-fan was vainly striving to crush the Armies of the Great Peace. So it came about that during this critical time Li-Hung-Chang was called upon to adopt the profession of arms. The ready ability with which the quiet student became the active leader of men says much for the practical wisdom of Chinese education. In less than five years, owing to his knowledge of affairs, Li-Hung-Chang had done such good service as a soldier that he had gained the White Button of the Sixth Grade, the Black Feather, and the brevet rank of Judicial Commissioner; while Tseng-Kwo-fan, recognizing his value and ability, selected him as one of his counsellors, and appointed him to an important command. It is not until 1862 that Li-Hung-Chang came into contact with Europeans; yet hardly had he done so, ere his reputation became European. His brilliant generalship in connection with the allies during the campaign in Chekiang and round Shanghai was to no small extent the cause of this; and before the end of the year he was appointed Futai of Kiang-soo.

At this time a movement was on foot which brought the new Governor into still closer relations with foreigners. Shanghai being threatened by the rebels, a number of wealthy merchants subscribed

together for the formation of a foreign contingent to protect the city. With the commander of this force, now known to all the world as the Ever-Victorious Army, Li-Hung-Chang acted conjointly. The rapid promotion he afterward obtained was in no small degree the result of accrediting himself with successes which were in reality achieved by another (Gordon); and this came about in the following way. The foreign levy, a handful of rowdies, had fought under the two filibusters, Ward and Burgevine; but these commanders had proved themselves mere mercenaries. They had ransacked the sacred temples, broken the idols, and despoiled them of their gems. One of Burgevine's acts, which was to assault the treasurer of the force and to make off with his funds, led to a change in the command. Li-Hung-Chang, to whose notice the affair was brought, made a formal complaint to General Staveley, and asked him to appoint an English officer in the American's place. This, which was Li's first political move in favor of Europeans, turned out to be the wisest and best action of his life, for it led eventually to the suppression of the rebellion and saved a tottering Empire from downfall. The request, after some delay, was granted; an officer was appointed provisionally, and then Gordon, in March, 1863, took the command. How, owing to the magic swiftness of his acts, city after city fell before him, and how the once daring and ruthless rebels fled panic-stricken at the rumor of his name, is a romance unique in military history. It will be enough to say here that, while Gordon saved China, declining all reward, Li-Hung-Chang, who had played but a minor part, accepted the highest honors and became a power in the Empire. In his despatches and reports to the Emperor the Chinese general told the story of Gordon's four-and-twenty victories in his own way; and it was not, perhaps, unnatural on the part of those in power that, considering the disturbed state of the country, they should accept an undue share of credit for the Imperial arms. These things, however, were not allowed to pass unnoticed. A considerable outcry was raised when, on the death of Ching, Li-Hung-Chang issued his report relative



to that general's history. It was held that in his eulogy of the man he had himself recommended to Court favor his own praises were too loudly sung; and this was the more marked since, in the account of the campaign, no mention was made of Gordon's services, without which neither Ching nor his colleague could ever have brought the rebellion to an end. As a matter of fact, Ching, though a brave soldier, rather checked than aided Gordon by his rashness and interferences; and in the early stage of the campaign he actually fired on the captain of the Ever-Victorious Army and his force. In December, 1863, Li-Hung-Chang committed an act of barbarity which sent a thrill of horror through this country, though it gained him the highest applause in the Celestial Empire. At the fall of Soochow it was agreed between him and Gordon that the lives of the rebel chiefs should be spared, and that no looting should be permitted among the Imperialist troops. No sooner had that stronghold surrendered, however, than Li-Hung-Chang had the chiefs decapitated, and gave the city up to plunder. By this cruel breach of faith he placed his own life in peril; for Gordon, whose only weapon up to this point had been a cane, at once armed himself and pursued his faithless ally, intent on avenging the murder of the chiefs. When the news of the assassination reached this country, it produced a profound sensation. Indignation meetings were held, the newspapers were full of the subject, and Parliament warmly discussed this latest specimen of Chinese politics. Lord Palmerston, in dealing with the subject of this massacre said, "We hope for the honor of humanity that adequate punishment will be inflicted upon the Futai for his barbarity—an act which we are entitled to resent because Colonel Gordon was made the unwilling instrument to lure these people into the power of the Futai, and was of course so far an instrument in their barbarous execution." But while in this country all classes condemned the act, the Imperial Government approved it as an example of high and useful policy. Indeed we have it on the evidence of one who discussed the subject at the time with a high official in China, that his Eminence had only done what his

obligations as Futai forced him to do—that he had been degraded already three degrees for following the counsel of foreigners in offering free pardon to rebels who would come over to the Imperialist cause, and that a pardon to the rebel Wangs would have secured not only his entire disgrace, but perhaps have endangered his head. In fact, Li-Hung-Chang's conduct, as subsequent events have shown, secured him the approbation of the Court of Peking, and no doubt played a considerable part in winning for him the great position he now occupies in the councils of the Empire. At any rate, before the end of 1865, for his services in clearing a province of the rebels and for his operations before Nankin, he had been appointed Junior Guardian of the Heir Apparent, temporary Governor-General of Nankin, and had been given the hereditary title of the Third Degree, the Double-eyed Peacock's Feather, and the Yellow Jacket.

The growth of his power had indeed been so rapid, that in 1866—the year in which he became Imperial Commissioner for the suppression of the Nienfei rebels—his elaborate preparations against the insurgents were construed into a determined design on the throne. Suspicions of the kind are not uncommon in China. They are, after all, a natural result of previous attempts to snatch the Dragon Throne. When Tseng-Kwo-fan became Generalissimo of the Imperial forces, the wildest rumors were afloat that he would seize the reins of power. There has since been ample reason for believing that Li is as loyal to the existing dynasty as any of his compatriots. One of the earliest proofs of this is to be seen in the way in which he dealt with the Nienfei, though at one period of the campaign he incurred the censure of the Government. This arose from his adoption of foreign methods of warfare which were ineffectual in the face of an enemy differing in many respects from the Taepings. By allowing a number of the rebels to break through his lines, he brought upon himself the following severe rebuke from the throne: "We trusted Li-Hung-Chang with the high office of Imperial Commissioner for the suppression of the rebellion. How has our confidence been rewarded? In spite



of our urgent commands that he should take immediate action against the body of rebels marching north, he has not attempted to hasten his subordinates in their operations, and has left our capital exposed. Let him be deprived of the Peacock's Feather, the Riding Jacket, and the hereditary ranks." Not only did he, however, get back all these titles and honors by his ultimate success in routing the rebels and capturing their chief, but even gained higher ones. He was raised to the rank of Senior Guardian to the Heir Apparent, and, with many other marks of Imperial favor, to the position of Assistant Grand Secretary.

Since 1870, when he was raised to the Viceroyalty of Chihli, Li-Hung-Chang has been brought more and more into prominence. This is to a great extent due to the fact that his sway extends over the whole of Northern China; that he is within easy distance of the centre of Government; and that he protects the famous Taku Forts, where the bold Sankolinsin once held his own against a British naval force. It was Li-Hung-Chang who was chosen in 1876 to meet Sir Thomas Wade and arrange the terms of the Chefoo Convention. Like many other representatives of power, the Grand Secretary has had his rival, and this has been in the person of Tso, a statesman and soldier like himself, who represents one party, while Li represents the other. The position of these two great satraps was perhaps never more clearly defined than three years ago, when war between Russia and China seemed imminent. At that time two influences were distinctly visible—a war party and a peace party—the one represented by Prince Kung and Li-Hung-Chang, the other by Prince

Ch'un and Tso. The tussle between these opposing parties was for a time considered most serious and not unlikely to have a tragic end. Prince Ch'un's policy in favor of war was regarded as merely ephemeral and as adopted only with intent to wrest the reins from the hands of Prince Kung. For a time it seemed as though the war party would succeed in getting the upper hand, and their adherents began to speculate as to what would be the fate of Li and the Prince. At the very moment that Li was sending urgent messages to the Taotais bearing the significant "fire mark," with the view to ascertaining what support he might expect in the event of civil war, a third influence arose and turned the scale. The man who seventeen years before had brought peace to China, brought it once more. In answer to a call from his old colleague, Gordon came to Li Hung-Chang. The consequence of this visit was that Li-Hung-Chang and the peace party won the day. More recent events have shown that the Viceroy of Chihli, though in favor of peace, can, if the occasion demand it, declare for war. What will be the result of his new attitude—with no Gordon at his side—it is impossible at present to predict. Of Gordon's views as to the military strength of China we can speak with more certainty. Only the other day he expressed it as his belief that "the Chinese are sufficiently powerful to give the French a great deal of trouble. It is not with France," he said, "as with Russia, who could approach Peking by land. . . . China has not signed the Declaration of Paris, *in re* privateers, and she will make full use of her rights."—*London Saturday Review*.

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#### IN PITTI: A SCENE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY OUIDA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR OSCAR BERESFORD, *an English Gentleman.*  
DOROTHY CLAREMONT, *a Tapestry Painter.*

SCENE: *The Sale degli Arazzi in Palazzo Pitti*

TIME: *An April morning: twelve o'clock.*

*Sir Oscar Beresford.* Mind you let me out at once.

*Custodian.* *Al tocco—al tocco!—non dubiti signore!*



*Sir Oscar.* Why on-earth do you lock one in? *Custodian (shrugs his shoulder).* M-a-h!

*Sir Oscar.* Of course I know you only obey orders; but it's an awfully idiotic regulation, and devilish uncomplimentary to one's appearance.

*Custodian (shrugs, and bows, and smiles).* M-a-h!

*Sir Oscar.* Suppose one fell ill?—had a fit? It's awfully stupid this lock and key business. You know very well one couldn't get an order to paint here, unless one were pretty honest.

*Custodian (shrugs, smiles, spreads out his hands).* M-a-h!

*Sir Oscar.* Well, if it must be, it, must be. Thanks; you may go.

[*CUSTODIAN retires and locks the door on the outside; his steps die away in the distance. SIR OSCAR goes to open a window.*]

*Dorothy Claremont (seated painting, with her back to him, looks around, and speaks).* You must not do that; they will turn you out.

*Sir Oscar.* Why?

*Dorothy.* Why do they lock us in? No one knows, except that Italy just now is in love with red tape, and ties up her tiniest parcels with it. She thinks it an emblem of freedom.

*Sir Oscar.* But it is such a warm morning, and by noon it will be terrible.

*Dorothy.* You are a stranger, I see, or you would not expect such simple reasons to have any weight.

*Sir Oscar.* And you really mean the windows are never opened?

*Dorothy.* Never. At least not by such profane hands as ours. Besides, Italians never see the necessity for open windows. In winter they would let in the wind; in summer they would let in the sun. Such a trifle as air does not count.

*Sir Oscar.* Good heavens!

*Dorothy.* Would you kindly stand a little aside? You take off the light.

*Sir Oscar.* A thousand pardons! Excuse me, you are copying this tapestry?

*Dorothy.* This sofa. I have an order for the sofa and all the chairs.

*Sir Oscar (aside).* An order! She looks like a princess out in a cotton frock for a freak. (*Aloud.*) How much

that painted imitation tapestry is the fashion, isn't it? It must be a great bore to do, though; at least, I should think so. Myself, I hate copying.

*Dorothy (coldly).* Probably you do not need to do it.

*Sir Oscar.* Oh, yes, indeed—at least—no, I do not need to do it—but I want to have rooms just like these built down at my place in Dorsetshire; and as I can draw a little, I thought I would design their decorations and take the scale of their proportions myself. Don't you think it better to do things one's self as far as one can?

*Dorothy (briefly).* No doubt.

*Sir Oscar (thinks).* How chilly she is all in a moment! I dare say she is vexing herself about having talked so familiarly to me. What a pretty girl it is! and all that bright short hair of her own is charming. She is copying that sofa as if her life depended on it. Perhaps her bread does depend on it, poor child! I will go into the next room and take my measurements. When I come back she may have thawed again. Who on earth can her people be that let her come out and be locked up all alone? I am sure she is English. No other than an English girl would dare be all alone with the face of Venus on her shoulders. There is something absurdly wrong, now, in a pretty child like that having to paint linen for her bread, while here am I, who could very well earn my own living if I were pushed to it, bothered with more land and more money than I know what to do with. I must say Fate is a very silly person; she always gorges her fat chickens and starves her lean ones. (*Goes into the next room and remains there ten minutes; then returns.*) This is the finest room, don't you think?

*Dorothy (coldly).* By no means. There are others far finer. Take the Sala dei Stucchi.

*Sir Oscar.* Oh, yes; but that is not what I want. It is superb; but all that snow-white immensity would not suit a dusky English country-house. These carvings, these sombre tapestries, this solemn gold, will suit it down to the ground. Do you—do you—know England at all? I think I cannot be mistaken in claiming you as a *compatriote*!

*Dorothy (coldly).* Yes; I am English.



*Sir Oscar.* But you live in Italy?

*Dorothy.* I live in Italy.

*Sir Oscar (to himself).* I am sure she thinks me a confoundedly impudent fellow. May not one talk in these old galleries? Art surely is a very good chaperon. She has got shy all in a second. Did I say anything insolent? Surely not. I had better sketch a little, perhaps, or she will think I cannot. (*For twenty minutes measures proportions and draws outlines; stealthily glances from time to time at the tapestry painter.*) How steady she is over that linen and her bottles of dyes! She never raises her head. How well-shaped it is, and all those loose boyish curls are charming. I should say she would be tall if she stood up. How can I get her to talk? How very thoughtful of them when they lock one in to give one such consolation! (*Aloud.*) Pardon me, I think the sun is touching your work. I will move the shutter a little. (*Moves it; she does not speak.*) Isn't that better? It grows excruciatingly warm; and to think those duffers keep the windows shut! (*She does not answer; he walks about, and pauses behind her.*) How very beautiful all this Gobelin is! What a charming landscape this upon your sofa!—a perfect picture in itself.

*Dorothy (coldly).* It is not in very good taste on a sofa.

*Sir Oscar.* Oh, you are hypercritical! You are right, of course, æsthetically. One ought not to lean one's shoulders against a seashore, a sky, and a cart.

*Dorothy (coldly).* There are the Dolce pictures and much fine furniture in the other rooms of this suite.

*Sir Oscar.* I am afraid I bother you by drawing here? You want me to go away?

*Dorothy (with significance).* Oh—if you draw—you have as much right here as I.

*Sir Oscar (conscious of reproof).* But I am drawing! Only if you would permit me to talk just now and then—I can always work so much better when talking.

*Dorothy.* I cannot.

*Sir Oscar (sensible of a snub, retires to his seat and draws diligently in profound silence).* What a dear little girl! How she gives it to one! To be sure she does not know anything about me.

Perhaps it is bad form to try and draw out a woman while one's unknown one's self. How can I tell her my name, I wonder? I won't lose sight of her. She is too charming for anything. I must wait a little before I try.

[*Draws carefully for an hour, but draws the profile of his companion instead of the proportions and decorations of the room. She is engrossed in her own work.*]

*Sir Oscar (to himself).* There! with a few washes of color, what a perfect head that will be! And she has not an idea of what I have done. It is a very delicate profile; she must have good blood in her. Women always are kind to me; I don't see why she should be so uncivil. I suppose it puts a woman's back up to be seen here by all the idiots that dawdle through their Murray—stared at, pestered, and worried all day long. I will leave her alone till the time comes to go, and then—(*Aloud.*) Pray forgive me if I venture to disturb you before I go; it is now one o'clock; the man will come for me. Might I be permitted to ask—did I hear you rightly?—did you really say you were copying these tapestries for—for—any one?

*Dorothy.* For the tradesman who has ordered them—yes.

*Sir Oscar.* Then might I ask a very great favor indeed of you? Might I beg you to paint me a suite of this furniture? As I said, I am going to have some rooms in my own house decorated like these, with some tapestries that I found in Flanders, and if you would have the infinite goodness—

*Dorothy.* There is no question of goodness—I copy for any one who employs me.

*Sir Oscar (disconcerted).* Ah, exactly—but, still, you know, it will be a very great favor for me if you will permit me to be classed among your—

*Dorothy.* Patrons. When I have finished this set I shall be happy to begin other pieces for you. It is my trade.

*Sir Oscar.* Pray do not call it a trade!

*Dorothy.* You cannot call it an art.

*Sir Oscar.* But indeed it is, as you do it. You have made me very happy. May I see you again to-morrow?



*Dorothy.* I am always here. But there is nothing to see me for, if you will give your orders now, and tell me where to send the pieces when finished.

*Sir Oscar.* Here is my card. I am staying in Florence at the Hotel del' Arno; but the paintings of course will be sent to Rivaux, my own place. We had one wing burnt down last autumn; and, as I must rebuild it, I thought I would make it a *replica* of this part of the Pitti.

*Dorothy (glancing at his card).* Since you are rich enough to do that, you should not have imitation tapestries on your sofas and chairs, when you have real ones on the walls. Go to the School of Art in Kensington. They say their embroideries are beautiful.

*Sir Oscar.* Oh, thanks; but I want you to do me these identical chairs.

*Dorothy.* As you please. If you will write your directions, I will attend to them as soon as this commission is finished.

*Sir Oscar (to himself).* Clearly she wants to get rid of me. (*Aloud.*) Where may I send them?

*Dorothy.* You might leave them on that table.

*Sir Oscar.* I shall return to-morrow. I will bring them. I suppose the man won't forget to unlock the door?

*Dorothy.* Probably not. I was once forgotten until sunset.

*Sir Oscar (sotto voce).* I wish I might be to-day if you were forgotten too! What a cool young lady it is! She knows who I am now, but it don't seem to make any difference. (*Looks at his watch.*) By Jove, it is half-past one! Pardon me—how late do you stay here?

*Dorothy.* Till four.

*Sir Oscar.* Without eating anything?

*Dorothy.* I breakfasted before I came out.

*Sir Oscar.* So did I. Still, when it gets on to luncheon time—not that I care much what I eat, but one must have something.

*Dorothy.* Yes; humanity is very badly organized.

*Sir Oscar.* We should lose a good deal of enjoyment though, if we didn't eat.

*Dorothy.* You think so? To me it seems such a waste of time.

*Sir Oscar.* Not more than the

stoker's; the train couldn't get on without coals. But I suppose at your age you think yourself able to live upon air?

*Dorothy (to herself).* What business has he with my age? And he is not so very old himself either.

*Sir Oscar.* Might I be favored with your address, in case—in case—anything should prevent my coming back here to-morrow?

*Dorothy.* Certainly. My name is Claremont, and I live at the Colombaia, Via di Petrarca.

*Sir Oscar (writes it down).* So many thanks! The Dovecot—what a pretty idea! And are there any other doves besides you in it?

*Dorothy (coldly).* I live with my mother. It is a poor place. We are poor.

*Sir Oscar (tempted to say that with such a face as hers any one is rich enough, but refraining).* But does not your mother feel uneasy about you when you are so long away?

*Dorothy.* Oh, no; she knows I am strong and well.

*Sir Oscar (thinks).* Is it absolute innocence, or admirable acting? I'll be shot if I can tell! The girl must be conscious of her own pretty face. (*Aloud.*) It's quite awfully hot, don't you think? I really must open that window and call somebody. They have certainly forgotten us.

*Dorothy (uneasily).* It is very odd. They must come in a minute or two. Every one must be gone from the galleries.

*Dorothy (aloud).* The custode has certainly forgotten you.

*Sir Oscar (gallantly).* Very fortunate for me.

*Dorothy.* What, when you have had no luncheon! I have two buns here; but I am afraid those will scarcely console you.

*Sir Oscar.* Indeed, I am perfectly happy. One can lunch any day, but it isn't every day that one can enjoy the happiness of being—

*Dorothy.* Locked up! Well, certainly you will have full time to complete your designs.

*Sir Oscar.* Who taught you to snub people so mercilessly?

*Dorothy.* Strangers—who suppose



that because I am copying in the palace I may be addressed without any ceremony, and am here only to amuse them.

*Sir Oscar (coloring).* Oh, come; that is very severe! I assure you, my dear young lady, I never dreamed of being impertinent; I wouldn't be so for worlds; nobody could be to you—

*Dorothy.* I shall be more convinced of that if you will kindly allow me to continue my work in silence.

*Sir Oscar.* Oh, of course! I beg your pardon (*goes again into the next room and begins to draw*). What a severe little kitten it is! Perhaps she is right, though. It is not altogether good form to bother these people who are pinned to their easels here; they must be mobbed and stared at day after day till they naturally show fight. That man decidedly has forgotten me. If the little girl would let one talk to her it wouldn't matter, but making architectural sketches all alone on an empty stomach is not enlivening. I suppose I ought to have tipped the fellow beforehand. This is one of the lands of backsheesh. How pluckily the child holds on at her work! She makes one ashamed. To think I have never done anything I did not like all my life long, and that pretty child there has to slave away in a stifling room to make a few pounds at an age when she ought to be doing nothing but lawn-tennis, garden parties, and cotillions. If one only might speak to her!—but it will seem such awful bad form after that snub direct.

[*Hesitates, then sits down again to his plans; an hour passes; four o'clock strikes.*]

*Sir Oscar (taking out his watch).* Yes, four, as I live. Well, now we shall get out. I think I may say a word. She is putting up her calicoes. (*Aloud.*) I suppose we shall be let out soon, shall we not? How fearfully warm it is! Are you not very tired? Do you never get a headache or anything?

*Dorothy (rising).* Yes, I often get a headache in the heat of the rooms. The *custode* will be here in a moment. The people all leave the galleries at four.

*Sir Oscar.* May I not come and see your studio? I am sure you must have quantities of pretty things to show me?

(*Opens the window, and shouts half-a-dozen times; there are echoes but no answers.*) Certainly that row of mine ought to wake up the ghost of Luca Pitti himself. The courtyard is absolutely empty and mute, and every window round it hermetically closed.

*Dorothy.* It is an inner court, quite a secluded one; I am afraid nobody will hear you. It is actually a quarter to five—something must have happened!

*Sir Oscar.* Oh, no; the fellow has had an extra dose of garlic and blue wine, and has gone to sleep somewhere. He'll be sure to come as you said just now. Pray don't mind, and do eat one of your buns.

*Dorothy.* I do not want to eat, thanks; I am very thirsty. That air is pleasant.

*Sir Oscar.* Yes, we'll have the window open, though you hinted that the tortures of the Inquisition would follow.

*Dorothy.* It is the rule for no one to touch them.

*Sir Oscar.* And do you always follow rules?

*Dorothy.* Yes; I think one ought, else what use is it for them to be made?

*Sir Oscar.* Well, none that I ever could see, that is why I make a point of breaking them.

*Dorothy.* I suppose that is all very well for a man.

*Sir Oscar.* Why, what an old-fashioned little lady you are! you are not a bit emancipated, you are quite *arriérée*. Women want all the fun and all the frolic nowadays. They don't care to have a day out unless they break down every fence in the country.

*Dorothy.* I do not understand your metaphors.

*Sir Oscar.* Well, you know, I mean they like all their birds to be rocketers, and they like to put all their money on dark horses, and they like the spot stroke in billiards, and they'll always win by a fluke if they can—you know what I mean.

*Dorothy.* I really do not.

*Sir Oscar.* Well, I mean women never run straight if they can help it.

*Dorothy (coldly).* Your experience must have been unfortunate.

*Sir Oscar (smiling).* It's a good deal longer than yours, anyhow; you'll allow that. I ought to beg your pardon for uttering such a beastly cynical sen-



timent ; I am sure I didn't mean it. If women do get off the line, it's because men shunt them there.

*Dorothy.* It is ten minutes past five ; the man is late.

*Sir Oscar.* One can't make him hear ?

*Dorothy.* Quite impossible. There is nothing for it but patience.

*Sir Oscar.* An admirable quality wholly missing from my constitution.

*Dorothy.* Especially when you have had no luncheon.

*Sir Oscar.* Oh, that does not matter ; you know when one is out grouse-shooting or deer-stalking one goes a whole day on cold tea. Do you really come here every morning ?

*Dorothy.* Here, or some similar place, wherever there are tapestries or frescoes to be copied. You seem to have forgotten—it is my trade, I am only a copyist ; I can do what you order, I have nothing of my own.

*Sir Oscar.* But do you do nothing original ?

*Dorothy.* Can the mill-horse run about where he likes ? I never even dare to think of anything original ; I should have no sale for it.

*Sir Oscar.* It makes me sad to hear you say that ; I fancy you would like to be sketching birds, and flowers, and trees, out in the air, wouldn't you ? It must be such drudgery imitating all these faded figures. I am sorry now that I ventured to ask you to paint these chairs for me.

*Dorothy.* Pray do not be so. I shall be happy to execute the work.

*Sir Oscar.* I think you said your name is Claremont ?

*Dorothy (coldly).* I did say so.

*Sir Oscar.* I wonder if you are any relation of a man I was much attached to once : he was my tutor at Eton, a magnificent scholar and a true gentleman. What became of him I never knew. I am ashamed to say I forgot all about him when I went into the Guards ; one grows so brutally selfish in the world. He was called Tom Claremont ; he had been a Balliol Scholar—

*Dorothy.* I think you speak of my father.

*Sir Oscar (with great animation).* You don't mean it ! Well, you are like him, now I think of it. Is he—is he—living ?

*Dorothy.* No ; he died many years ago. He had been obliged to come to Italy, for his health. He married here. I know he was once a tutor at Eton.

*Sir Oscar (with feeling).* My dear little lady, don't snub me any more ; I can assure you I loved Tom Claremont as much as a boy can love anything ; any grain of sense or decency I have in me I owe to him, to say nothing of any Greek and Latin. You are the daughter of a very noble fellow. He deserved a better fate than to die in a foreign land and leave his child to work for her living.

*Dorothy.* He had always worked for his own, I believe. He always told me to rely on myself. He said poverty mattered little, but independence was the bread of life.

*Sir Oscar.* Oh, he was always a very proud fellow—if he had been less so he might have been a head master or a bishop before now ; but he could never eat that humble pie which is the only food that makes a man climb like a beanstalk. I was only a boy—a very graceless tiresome boy—but I was devoutly attached to him. You do not seem to believe me ?

*Dorothy (hesitates).* You did not care to learn what became of him !

*Sir Oscar.* My dear child—I beg your pardon—I mean you don't understand what the world is when a young fellow is just launched into it, with money enough and birth enough for everybody to come buzzing about him like bees. There is no room left for old friendships. The whole year is a galop ventre à terre. Everybody flatters you ; everybody tempts you ; everybody invites you ; you think everybody feminine is an angel, and every man Jack of them a good fellow. You are like a colt in a clover field—you don't know that the pace will tell on you and that you may come a cropper before you've done, though you are first favorite. Myself, I went straight from Eton into the First Life, and—and—and I enjoyed myself ; I did no end of follies ; I spent a great deal of money—I bought my experience, in a word—and bought it pretty dear. Well, all this don't interest you, I know ; only I want you to understand how it was that I came not to know anything about Tom Claremont.



One never does know anything about one's tutors. But, on my honor, I very often thought of him. He had had great ideas of what I might do, and I had disappointed him greatly by becoming a Guardsman—no doubt he thought much better of me than I deserved. I had a sort of reluctance to see him when, after all, I had just fallen into the ruck with the others, and done nothing on earth except amuse myself; and so, you see, the time slipped away and I never met him again; and now you say he died years ago, and you are his daughter?

*Dorothy (the tears in her eyes).* Yes, he died some years ago; he died at Camaldoli one summer.

*Sir Oscar (earnestly).* When one of my big livings came vacant, I wrote and offered it to him. I was just of age then. He thanked me, but he would not take it. He had some scruples about preaching what he did not believe. He was not orthodox; he was something much better. I ought to have gone and offered it to him. I shall never forgive myself.

*Dorothy.* He would not have taken it. He thought the whole system of the Church of England wrong. He used to say that the beneficed clergyman was worse than the fat monk, for the monk at least gave no dinner-parties and had no liveried servants.

*Sir Oscar.* How like him! I can hear him say it. Yes, he was one of the few men who lived up to their principles. What did old Hildebrand write? *Dilexi pistitiam, ed odivi iniquitatem, propterea morior in esilio.*

*Dorothy.* I am prouder of him, so.

*Sir Oscar.* Quite justly. To have the courage of one's opinions and to suffer for them is the grandest thing a man can do. It is not my way; but I can admire it.

*Dorothy.* Have you no opinions? I suppose you hardly lack the courage?

*Sir Oscar.* Perhaps I lack both—I don't know. You see there is nothing to try me; I have always done what I wished to do; and when you are an idle Colonel of Guards, nobody expects you to have any "views."

*Dorothy (with interest).* The Guards! Did you go to Egypt?

*Sir Oscar.* Oh, yes—Kassassin and

Cairo, and all the rest of it. It was over too soon; that was the worst of it. If only Arabi had destroyed the Canal we should have had a great deal more fun; we might have been there now. To be sure (*lowering his voice*) I should not have had the happiness of meeting dear Tom Claremont's charming daughter.

*Dorothy (brusquely).* Please do not pay me compliments. Remember I cannot get away from them.

*Sir Oscar.* I beg your pardon for the hundredth time; and it wasn't a compliment. Did your father teach you to draw?

*Dorothy.* No; but he encouraged me to draw and to study in the galleries. He thought I should be able to support myself. He knew he could only leave us a hundred and fifty pounds a year in English money.

*Sir Oscar.* Good heavens! what one gives for a weight-carrier!

*Dorothy.* A weight-carrier?

*Sir Oscar.* A horse that can carry twelve stone over plough. I forget you are not used to the English we talk at home. Claremont, I am sure, reared you on Shakespeare and Ford and Marlowe?

*Dorothy.* Why do you talk that other English?

*Sir Oscar.* I don't know why. In the world one gets a sort of jargon. It is the same thing in French; what we say on the Boulevards and in the Cercles would sound like high Dutch to Voltaire or Marmontel or Madame de Sévigné. Fashion always has its *patois*. You know it is a law to itself.

*Dorothy.* I know nothing about it. Fashion and I have never been introduced to each other.

*Sir Oscar (thinks).* And yet what a charming creature you would look if one handed you over to Worth, and put five rows of pearls round your throat, and gave you tan gloves up to your elbow, and a big fan with sapphires in the handle!—you would take to it in five seconds. You have the *diurnal féminin* in you, though you work away so bravely with your dyes and your varnishes at that ugly coarse cloth. What an amusement it would be to teach you everything—to show you your own powers, to make you understand all there is in



yourself—and one must never try to do it, because you are Tom Claremont's daughter! If one could hurt his daughter one would deserve hanging without court-martial. (*Aloud.*) Might I ask—you spoke of your mother—did my old friend marry an Italian?

*Dorothy.* My mother is a German; she was Countess Hedenige von Brander. She met my father in Rome. Her own people have refused to know her since her marriage; they leave us quite to ourselves. She is blind.

*Sir Oscar.* Blind! Good heavens, my poor child! what have you done to Fate that you should be so persecuted?

*Dorothy.* Fate might be much more cruel. I have my blessings. My mother is not at all unhappy. She is of the sweetest temper. She has a beautiful voice and sings beautifully. If she could be reconciled to her own people she would desire nothing more; but they are very hard of heart. They thought the marriage beneath her because my father was not noble and was poor; but if you knew him you knew that he was worthy of an empress.

*Sir Oscar.* Most surely. (*Thinks to himself.*) So that is where you get your blond curls and your little air of hauteur. You are a German aristocrat at bottom, though you have Claremont's brown eyes, and Claremont's simple good sense. You are really very interesting; and how innocently you accept me for your father's friend, though for aught you could know I might be only telling you a heap of falsehoods!

*Dorothy (restlessly).* Is it not very strange this *custode* does not come? He left me here once until six; but then it was only myself—now that he knows you are here.

*Sir Oscar.* I ought to have refreshed his memory with five francs. But if you are not in a hurry I am not; if he had come at the regulation hour I should never have found out you were Claremont's daughter. Now you will let me call on you, won't you?

*Dorothy (hesitating).* Yes—I suppose—I don't know—I will ask my mother. She does not wish people to call; she dislikes new acquaintances.

*Sir Oscar (sotto voce).* Afraid of the hawks for her dove—one can under-

stand; and she can't see what's going on, poor soul. But I sha'n't do the child any harm; I should always feel Tom Claremont's ghost after me.

*Dorothy (uneasily).* What time is it? Perhaps my watch has stopped.

*Sir Oscar.* Mine's half-past six, but it may be too fast; I haven't listened to the town clocks lately. Do tell me more about your father. Did he suffer greatly? Ah! how sad that is! Where did you say he died? At Camaldoli? Where is Camaldoli?

*Dorothy.* It is a monastery in the hills which has been changed into an hotel; it stands in the midst of pine forests. The physicians ordered him to go to Davos Platz; but we could not afford to move so far. He was so patient, so quiet; it seems only yesterday—please do not speak of it—

*Sir Oscar.* If only he had accepted my living! It is the living of Rivaux—my own place. I should have seen you as a little child; you would have had all an English child's playtime—archery, lawn-tennis, pony-riding, boating; Rivaux would please you, I think. It's an old Stuart place buried in very deep woods; you can ride thirty miles on turf. I used to call it beastly dull, but of late I've got fond of it; after the glare and scorch of Egypt last year it looked so cool and green and pleasant I was glad to see it again.

*Dorothy.* If I had a place like that I should never leave it.

*Sir Oscar.* Well, you know, I think it was much better for the country when people didn't leave their places. In the last century it was a mere handful of people who could afford Court life in London or in Paris, and the country-houses in England and the châteaux in France benefited proportionately; the territorial nobility and gentry lived in their own county or their own province all their lives. Now we've changed all that; even the little bits of folks think they must have their town season, and never go near their places except when they have a house-party at Easter, or for the shooting in autumn. They play right into the hands of the Socialists; it is ridiculous that heaps of great houses and great parks should all be monopolized by people who are scarcely in them six whole weeks out of the year.



*Dorothy.* Why are you in Florence in April?

*Sir Oscar.* Well, because I have the disease of the time; the French call it *périgrinomanie*. Besides, you know, a man alone—if I were married I would live more than half my time at Rivaux. As it is, I'm a good deal there.

*Dorothy.* But if you are a soldier?

*Sir Oscar.* Oh, yes, I am in the First Life; but that doesn't tie one much. I did go to Egypt; I would go anywhere else if they sent us anywhere else; but they don't. Sometimes I think your father was right. I ought not to have gone in the Guards; I might have studied, and that sort of thing; instead, I let all my best years slip away in that idle London life which makes one good for nothing else.

*Dorothy.* Have you no relatives at all?—no mother or sisters?

*Sir Oscar.* My mother died long ago; I have two sisters; entirely fine ladies; they don't care a hang about me, nor I a rap about them; they are larky women, both of them, more than I like.

*Dorothy.* That is the English which is not Shakespeare's. What does it mean?

*Sir Oscar.* It is hardly worth while to tell you. I only meant to say that my sisters both married while I was at Eton, and there is no sort of sympathy between us. Oh, I have lots of relations—about five hundred; but I see as little of them as possible; they are always wanting something—my county borough, or my lord-lieutenancy, or my tenants' votes, or a hundred guineas for a charity; they are always wanting something, if it's only to be asked to dine at Hurlingham.

*Dorothy.* You are honey, and the flies eat you.

*Sir Oscar.* Oh, I assure you I am not honey; I can be very bitter sometimes, especially if I feel people want to get over me.

*Dorothy.* To get over? That means—?

*Sir Oscar.* Well, in our language, it means cheat one, use one for their own purposes.

*Dorothy.* Is it not just as easy to say "cheat" as "get over"?

*Sir Oscar.* I suppose it would be. That slipshod language is a habit—a bad

habit, like smoking cigarettes. I hope you don't smoke, do you?

*Dorothy.* I! Smoke! I—!

*Sir Oscar.* How dreadfully scandalized you looked! I was sure you didn't. If you knew how sick one gets of seeing the women smoke, and making believe they like it, and spoiling their lips and their breath!

*Dorothy.* I did not know women ever smoked. In what country do they?

*Sir Oscar.* In that very queer country which you happily have never traversed—society. If you had smoked, however, I have some cigarettes with me, and it might have made you feel less hungry.

*Dorothy.* Thanks, I am not hungry, I have eaten my buns. But you must want your dinner terribly, colonel—Sir Oscar—I am not sure what you are called?

*Sir Oscar.* My men call me the first; society the second. You can call me whatever you like, so long as you don't call me *de trop* or impertinent. You did think me impertinent, didn't you?

*Dorothy.* Yes, a little. You see, when one is working, as I am, one is so much at the mercy of those who pass through; and my mother is always so anxious that I should speak to no strangers. I cannot help answering now and then, because they ask me questions about my work or about the pictures, and sometimes they are very kind and agreeable—sometimes they are rude.

*Sir Oscar.* I was in the latter category, but I shall never be so again. Your mother is quite right; you are much too—young—to speak to people you see in these places that are open to the public.

*Dorothy (gayly).* But when one works for the public!

*Sir Oscar.* I can't believe you do. I mean, you know, it seems awfully wrong that you should need to work hard, while here am I—

*Dorothy.* What has that to do with it? There is nothing wrong about it. That is the sort of thing the Communists say; but an English gentleman—

*Sir Oscar.* May feel ashamed of himself, mayn't he? I mean, you know, that to see a little lady of your years, and your—your appearance—shutting herself up all day and toiling away for



her mother, makes one's own selfish, idle, self-indulgent life seem the most hateful thing under the sun.

*Dorothy.* I do not see it at all. I am not the least bit of a radical. I am sure it is all these inequalities which make life picturesque; if it were all a dead level, there would be no hills to climb, no valleys to repose in; I think it delightful that there should be people rich enough and happy enough to enjoy themselves all their lives long. If I were living near Rivaux, I should be the better for Rivaux every time I walked through it; I should not want to own it. To hear the birds sing, to see the primroses come out—

*Sir Oscar (admiringly).* What a philosopher you are! I recognize Claremont's spirit in that admirable unselfishness, in that absolute absence of envy; he was always like that. He came to Rivaux once in my father's time, and I remember that he enjoyed it just in your spirit; he said he made it his own through his eyes. Are you his only child?

*Dorothy.* Yes. He taught me all I know. Were I only more like him!

*Sir Oscar.* I think you are very like him. Perhaps the best gift of all he gave you has been that of his cheerful content and sweet ungrudging justice to all men. It is such a rare quality in private as in public life; no doubt it is so rare because it is only possible to the highest natures.

*Dorothy.* How well you understood him!

*Sir Oscar.* Perhaps I understand him better by my memories of him than I did when I was a lad, too eager to enjoy myself to care much for anything else. If I had followed his example and his counsels, I should have been a very different man and a much more useful one in my generation.

*Dorothy.* You have been fighting in Egypt.

*Sir Oscar.* Is that useful? Well, anybody could have done what I did—lost three chargers and hunted down a few poor beasts of fellahs. I made some sketches certainly, but they're not worth much. Those marvellous sunsets, and hard white moons—one could not reproduce them if one were Turner himself.

*Dorothy (in awe).* Did you really kill an Egyptian?

*Sir Oscar.* I really did—three or four, I believe. One was there to do it, you know. I would rather they had been Germans or Russians. It seems a little too like mowing down grass.

*Dorothy.* I suppose it had to be done, as you say; but it is horrible—to see any one sit there—drawing—and to think that they have killed others a few months ago; you cannot fancy how terrible it seems! It frightens me—

*Sir Oscar (smiling).* Desdemona was frightened, but she liked it. Women always do like it.

*Dorothy.* I do not like it.

*Sir Oscar.* Oh, yes, you do. You are not quite so sincere as usual when you say you don't.

*Dorothy (coloring).* Perhaps—I do not know—yes, perhaps in a way I like it. It seems wonderful to think you have killed men last year and would not hurt me; but still it is terrible to think of—

*Sir Oscar.* Precisely; it was terrible to Desdemona.

*Dorothy.* Desdemona!

*Sir Oscar.* Yes; you remember she loved him for the perils he had passed, and I dare say a little also for the damage he had done.

*Dorothy (hurriedly).* I don't see—I mean—How very strange it is that the custode does not come! the light seems growing less; it will soon be dusk.

*Sir Oscar (cheerfully).* Of course the old fellow will come when night falls. They are sure to shut the palace up carefully. Do you know that I am beginning to believe in fate?

*Dorothy.* Indeed? Because an Italian doorkeeper has forgotten his keys?

*Sir Oscar.* Well, yes, and for other things. Oddly enough, I hated coming into Italy. I had got together a nice lot of people for Easter down at my place; and after that I meant to spend May in Paris; I like Paris immensely, and my horses are running there; but an old friend of mine telegraphed to me that he was dying in Rome. He had set his heart on seeing me, meant to make me guardian to his boy, and all that; a nice sort of guardian, you will



say; but, however, he'd got that idea in his head, and he was down with typhoid, and the boy all alone with him; so I went. He didn't die, not a bit of it; and he's going home next week. But he would have died, I am sure, if I'd stayed in London, out of the very perversity of things. So as he got well and I found myself in Italy I stopped a few days here on my way back just to see the pictures and things, and I thought I'd take a sketch of the Arrazzi rooms for Rivaux, for I recollected them; and so—and so, you see—you know now why I begin to believe in fate.

*Dorothy.* I really do not. You say your friend would have died if you had stayed at home; so there can't be any fate at all—only a rigmarole contradictory set of chances.

*Sir Oscar.* That is very unkind; I only meant that things go like that. As I set off to see him die, he didn't die; if I had stayed at home, he would have died inevitably, so that I should have been full of self-reproach all the rest of my days. I believe in fate, though you refuse to see its hand.

*Dorothy.* I cannot see anything except a natural sequence of circumstances.

*Sir Oscar.* Well, but why is it that one "sequence of circumstances" leaves a man just where he was before, and another alters everything and brings him across somebody who changes the face of things for him?

*Dorothy (with a little embarrassment).* A custode, for instance, who keeps one without luncheon and makes one late for dinner! Well, it is to be hoped he is not met with every day. You must be very hungry, Sir Oscar.

*Sir Oscar.* I am, I grant; but it don't matter; we were awfully hungry at times in Egypt. The cook was all there, but the food wasn't. Here we are like those poor brutes that the Chinese kill by hanging them up in a cage in sight of a meat-shop. There is food all round us in Florence, but we can't get at it. There is a kind of scent of dinner in the air, isn't there?

*Dorothy.* I hardly perceive it. Do you hear the nightingales in Boboli?

*Sir Oscar.* Ah! you see that is the difference between our ages. Sunset to

you suggests nightingales, and to me dinner.

*Dorothy.* But you must hear the nightingales. Listen!

*Sir Oscar.* Very pretty. Where are they?

*Dorothy.* In Boboli, the gardens yonder. Are your gardens at Rivaux equal to ours, with their dark ilexes and their moss-grown marbles?

*Sir Oscar.* They are another sort of garden altogether. Italian gardens are meant for moonlight nights and Romeo and Juliet, and perhaps a dagger glistening somewhere under the white lilies; ours are made rather for sunny afternoons and lawn-tennis, and tea in Worcester cups, and Kate Greenaway's little girls, and all kinds of cigars. There is an old Dutch garden though at Rivaux, very prim and shady, and full of sweet-scented flowers, which might please you, and where you would sit under clipped walls of box and read old Herrick. Do you think you will come to England this year?

*Dorothy.* This year! we never go there or anywhere. I have never even seen England. I was born here.

*Sir Oscar.* Florence has been always a fortunate city! I should be so glad if you and your mother would come to Rivaux. I have lots of ladies who honor me there.

*Dorothy (laughs a little).* Fancy me in my gray gown among a number of grand people. Do you know I have never been to a party of any kind in all my life, nor to any theatre, even though we are in the land of *Mimi*?

*Sir Oscar.* How delightful! How I should like to be the first to drive you down the Champs Elysées at the *retour du Bois*, or take you on a Saturday to Hurlingham or Ranelagh, and to the opera afterward! I wonder if it would strike you as bewilderingly enchanting or preposterously absurd. Sometimes the whole thing seems to me the hugest farce under the sun.

*Dorothy.* Listen! (*the nightingales sing louder in the gardens on the other side of the court below*).

*Sir Oscar.* The last nightingales I heard were at Marlow. We had sailed down the river and dined; they chaffed me about going out to Egypt, said I and my charger should sink overhead



down in the sand, like the Master of Ravenswood, you know. What trash we all talked; and when we were a minute silent there was the shouting of the birds—for they do shout, you know—and little Nessie Hamilton said that Nilsson wasn't a patch on them. (*Is silent thinking.*) What a beast I am to speak of Nessie Hamilton to her! to be sure it don't hurt her, she don't know what brutes we were at Marlow that night while the nightingales sang on through it all just outside the windows. How pretty she looks! the little gray frock is enchanting, it makes her look as if she had dressed up as a boy-monk for a freak. These dusky rooms with all their tapestries, and just that fair curly hair in the midst of them, and the birds trilling away outside—it's much better than Marlow; it's a scene out of some old drama of Massinger or Ford. How reverent she looks as she listens to those birds! she has the face of a girl at prayer. I should like her to think of me in her prayers. Somehow one fancies it would do one good if there be anything better than this life.

[*The big bell of S. Maria dei Fiori rings for the Ave Maria.*]

*Dorothy (rising with agitation).* That is the *Venti tre!* and they do not come! What shall I do? Whatever will my mother think? Can we make no one hear?

*Sir Oscar.* Won't the nightingales console you?

*Dorothy.* Oh, pray do not make a jest of it! Only think how wretched my mother will be, expecting me hour after hour—I am never later than five—and nobody is with her but our stupid Teresina; and they do not dream I am here, because I went out to paint in the Spanish cloister and came here instead because the church was shut up. Oh, cannot you make them hear? Do call—shout out—as if you were telling the Life Guards to charge!

*Sir Oscar.* I will do my very best. I do shout a good deal, especially on a field-day, and still more when my yacht's shipping heavy seas and the skipper's a duffer; here goes!

[*Leans out of the window and hallooos; there is no response save from an echo.*]

*Dorothy (in despair).* No one hears!

Oh, how terrible it is! Whatever can I do?

*Sir Oscar.* I fear there is nothing to be done. I would get down the wall somehow or another, but these confounded French windows—French windows in an Italian palace!—are too narrow for me to squeeze through them; you see, unluckily, I'm the big Guardsman of *Punch's* pictures. If I only knew what to do! I'm afraid I must bore you horribly.

*Dorothy.* Oh, no! you are so kind, and I am so selfish. I forget how you must want your dinner.

*Sir Oscar.* That is a minor ill; I have been hungry ere now and have survived it. What concerns me is the worry for yourself and your mother at home. Of course it will end all right; we are not shut up here to endure the fate of the Ugolini; somebody will come some time; but meantime you must be beginning to hate the sight of me.

*Dorothy (naively).* No, indeed, you have made me forget the time; you have been very kind. I should feel much more frightened if I were alone.

*Sir Oscar (to himself).* How sweetly she says that! and not an idea of any suspicion of me. Good heavens! what capital Nessie Hamilton, or any of them, would have made out of this as a "situation." What affected fears, what nasty modesties, what suggestive attitudes they would have got out of it! This child only thinks that her mother is crying at home, and that I want my dinner. (*He makes the tour of the three apartments which are open, and returns.*) I have tried to force each of the doors, but they defy me. There is no exit of any sort possible. What can I do? You know the place. Command me. I will do the possible and the impossible.

*Dorothy (growing pale).* I think there is nothing you can do, as you can make no one hear. It is quite inexplicable. The man must have drunk too much and gone to sleep—and it is nearly dark.

*Sir Oscar.* How those nightingales do go on; their little voices penetrate where mine is lost—the superior power of sweetness over volume. It looks darker here than it is outside, because of all these tapestries. To think you have had nothing to eat all day!



*Dorothy.* I do not mind that ; I often eat nothing all day. Would you like to smoke ? I think you said you had cigars.

*Sir Oscar.* No, thanks ; I don't care about it. It would only bother you.

*Dorothy.* Indeed, no ; I do not mind. You say if you smoke you feel less hungry.

*Sir Oscar.* Well, I'll go and light up in the next room to show you how I appreciate your kindness. (*He goes and smokes and reflects.*) On my honor, if there be such a thing as love at first sight, I am in love ! After all, what could one find better than Tom 'Claremont's daughter ? He was the finest fellow that ever lived ; beggared himself for sake of being honest to his Church and loyal to his opinions ; he was a scholar and a gentleman, every inch of him. If I've anything decent in me, it is to Claremont that I owe it. I was a horrid little spoiled bumptious ass when I went to him, and ne made a man of me. If I fell away from his teachings afterward it was nobody's fault but my own. She's infinitely charming, she is so utterly innocent, and yet you can see she could hold her own very bravely. What a pretty voice, too ! and what a complexion, like a rose leaf ! After all, Piver can't give them anything that looks like the real thing. I wonder what she would say if she were told I thought of her seriously—box my ears, I fancy, metaphorically. It sounds awfully ridiculous, when I've been afraid of being caught by women ever since I was twenty, and when I've seen her just a few hours ago in these rooms ; but I think one might do worse. I'd always an idea of finding somebody out of the common run ; I'm that sick of all our women, they are so terribly alike ; and then, you know those girls would marry the devil himself if he made good settlements. Now, this one, I believe she'd go on painting linen to the end of her days rather than sell herself. What immense fun it would be to show her the world ; I am sure she's got it in her to enjoy herself ; shut up with a blind mother, and forced to drudge in galleries for her livelihood, she must be like a bird in a cage. If one had her with one, and just took her to Paris, and gave Worth *carte blanche*, what a picture

she'd be in a month ! and it would do one good to hear her laugh ; yet I think she'd hate it all, and like to get to the greenery and roses down at Rivaux—at least, I fancy so. I fancy she'd always like the country best, and perhaps she'd like riding, she's the figure that ought to ride well. Good heavens ! to be tied down here in the heat, painting saints and goddesses and landscapes on cloth for a lot of dealers and Yankees ! It is atrocious ! Andromeda and the rock was nothing to it. And so brave and so quiet and so grateful as she is about it ! and only thinking of her mother, never a bit of herself. It seems a shame to make love to her shut up alone with me as she is, it would only frighten her ; and it's growing dark as pitch. It will be very horrid for her ; one must not say anything that would scare her ; it would be too unfair. (*He throws the end of the cigarette in a corner, and looks around the room.*) If only one could find a bit of light it would comfort her ; it's odious to her, poor child, to be alone with a stranger like this. If she weren't so unsuspicious she would think I'd bribed the custode. (*Sees on a marble console an end of wax candle : takes it and goes to her.*) Here's an atom of wax candle, I found it in that inner room. I'll try and light it, though I've only fusees, and stick it in one of those candelabra ; it will be better than nothing. Perhaps they will see a light in those windows, and come up, some of them. There ! A feeble illumination, but still it will serve to keep ghosts away. If they imprison people here they ought to leave a lamp or two and something in the cupboard to eat. Pray don't be alarmed at—at—about anything, Miss Claremont. I'll go in the farthest room, if you like, and you can pile the furniture between us—

*Dorothy (simply).* Why should I do that ? I should be more alarmed if I were alone. I am a little—just a little—afraid of being in the dark. My father was always angry with me for being so ; he said it was to distrust Nature, to limit the power of God ; of course it is if one reason about it ; but one can't always reason ; at least, I can't.

*Sir Oscar.* No pretty woman ever should ! Don't be angry with me. It slipped out unawares. You see, it was



such a natural reply to you. (*Thinks to himself.*) You are adorable! It never enters your head that I might be a brute. On my soul, I will be the lion to your Una. I don't think I've led a very decent life; but no old woman could be more careful of you than I will be. Only there will be the mischief to pay if we do stay here all night and the gossips get hold of my name in the morning. They will damn you, poor child, for all the rest of your days. The world don't believe in Una. What a blackguard world it is! (*Aloud.*) Hark at your nightingales! Did your father ever recite to you Ford's "Lutist and Nightingale?" I almost think it is the finest poem in the English language.

*Dorothy.* It is very beautiful—I know it by heart. Only there is one fault in all the poets when they write of nightingales. They speak of *her* as sad. Now, it is *he* who is most joyous.

*Sir Oscar.* To be sure; you are quite right. That blunder comes from Ædon! Hark at them! What a flood of song! What rivalry!

*Dorothy.* Do they sing like that in England?

*Sir Oscar.* I think not.

*Dorothy.* Perhaps in England they cannot see their notes; there are no fireflies to light them! (*she meets his glance, and colors and looks away.*) Tell me all about Egypt; that will pass the time. I am so fond of stories; my father used to tell me so many.

*Sir Oscar.* Ah, I haven't your father's talent. I've talked what you call bad English so many years that I've lost all power of speaking in the sort of language you like. I can tell you what I saw myself, but I'm afraid I shall tell it ill. The thing that hurt me most was the death of poor Black Douglas, my best horse; I bred him myself at Rivaux six years ago; an Arab stabbed him, in a thicket of reeds, and he carried me five miles home, to camp, with the knife sticking in him, and then dropped.

[*He tells her about Egypt for half an hour; the bells sound half-past eight; it grows dark outside; the candle burns low.*]

*Sir Oscar (aloud).* That fellow hasn't twenty minutes more life in him; perhaps there are some other bits of wax somewhere. Kassassin, do you say?

Oh, no, it wasn't anything wonderful; it was a *mêlée* we cut and thrust and charged and recharged, but we didn't know very well what we were doing. It is always so with us English, you know; we go into the thing as if it were polo, and we get out of it, God knows how. I wish we could get out of this. I'm sure I wish we could, for your sake—you begin to look so tired. It's quite shocking for you to have gone all day on those two buns, and not even a drop of water.

*Dorothy.* If I could let my mother know I am safe! She will imagine every dreadful accident under the sun, and they will never think to come here—at least, I fear not.

*Sir Oscar.* Perhaps they may, later on; I always fancied there was nothing money couldn't do for one, but this is certainly a facer. (*He thinks*) I should like to tell her all I think of her; but I suppose it would be brutal when she is shut up like this; it might frighten her, she wouldn't understand. On my honor, I never felt so inclined to marry a woman before; but she might be frightened or angry; she can't get away from me; it won't do to embarrass her. It's likely enough we shan't get out till morning; it will be awfully cruel for her. What a tale they'd make of it in the clubs if it were to get wind; I suppose they'd chaff me and call me Scipio for the rest of my days.

*Dorothy (with distress).* How can they possibly treat me like this!—they know me so well, I come here so continually. Of course it is not like the galleries, which they must close; but still they ought to shut up the palace at sunset.

*Sir Oscar.* They have forgotten this particular corner of it. Pray don't fret; if I could get them to come by breaking my neck I assure you I wouldn't hesitate a minute; but when I can't get out of any one of the windows!—there are moments, and these are one of them, in which one feels that it may occasionally be better to be a midge than a giant.

*Dorothy.* If you could get out of the windows you could do nothing; they are an immense height.

*Sir Oscar.* I would chance it, for your sake.

*Dorothy (smiling).* Or—to dine?



*Sir Oscar.* That is very cruel. Have I shown any remembrance that I have not dined? Indeed, after that cigarette which you so kindly allowed me, I am quite refreshed body and spirit. But that you should not even have a glass of water distresses me infinitely.

*Dorothy (the tears coming to her eyes).* Oh, all that does not matter in the least. It is to think how unhappy my poor mother must be! And you know everything is so much worse to those who are blind. They feel they can do nothing.

*Sir Oscar (moves restlessly).* Pray, pray, don't cry. I never can stand seeing a woman cry. I know its awful for you, and one feels such a fool not to be able to do something. Perhaps I could smash the door if I put my shoulder to it. Shall I try?

*Dorothy.* No, I think you could not move it; these doors are so strong; and they would put you in prison afterward.

*Sir Oscar.* I would chance that. If it won't frighten you I'll try if I can't smash the panels in; I'm about as strong as most men. I see nothing else for it. Here goes!

*Dorothy.* Oh! pray don't; you may hurt yourself, and they will be so angry.

*Sir Oscar (smiling).* My dear I'm more likely to hurt the wall. The worst of it is, that these things they made in the dark ages are so confoundedly well made that they'd almost resist artillery. If it were a door in my house in London, we'd send it flying into splinters in two seconds. Stand out of the way and let me have a try before the candle goes out; you won't mind my taking my coat off?

*Dorothy (thinks to herself).* How kind he is, and how good, and how strong! I feel as if I had known him all my life. If he should hurt himself!—if the door were to fall on him!

*Sir Oscar (looking at her).* Why, how pale you are! Do you think the thing will tumble on me like the gates of Gaza? Pray don't be frightened. I thought you were such a cool courageous little lady. I assure you the only damage done will be to these very handsome panels, and money will repair that. Now, see here, I am going to try. If I fail, you will be no worse off; if I succeed, you

can run away as soon as the door's down, and they'll never know that you have been shut up here with me, don't you see? (*Thinks.*) What an innocent it is! She don't dream that people might say horrid things! Here is the real innocence—Una's innocence—too pure even to imagine evil, and knowing no fear. I always wished to find that sort of thing, but I thought to find the four-leaved shamrock! (*Aloud.*) Will you please stand out of the way and hold that candle while I try? Here goes!

[*Puts his shoulder to the door; heaves and pushes vainly for ten minutes; pauses to take breath.*]

*Dorothy (with clasped hands).* Oh, pray do not try to do it, you will hurt yourself; you must be bruised and strained already; and if you did knock it down they would put you in the Bargello. You know this is the king's palace!

*Sir Oscar (laughing).* They won't behead me; perhaps they'll behead the custode. Don't think I'm going to give in; I haven't got safe out of Egypt only to go down before a wooden door. (*He tries again; and sends the panels flying in splinters.*) There! I knew I should beat the confounded thing. Now you are free, my bonny bird. Will you run down the stairs and leave me here, or will you prefer me to go and call them?

*Dorothy.* Oh, how strong you are! How beautiful to be as strong as that!

*Sir Oscar (smiling).* Hercules always wins by a head with you ladies. That unhappy door! it is only good to split up for matches; but I know Pan-nissera;\* he'll make it all square. Why, you are paler than you were before! What is the matter?

*Dorothy (gathering up her colors and brushes).* I am only so glad, and it seems so wonderful to be as strong as you are! You rent the door as I should paper.

*Sir Oscar.* Not quite; it took me fifteen minutes. Don't be in such a tremendous hurry. I—I—want to ask you something.

*Dorothy.* I cannot wait a moment, indeed I cannot. I shall run all the way

\* Grand Master of Ceremonies at the Court of Italy.



home. It must be nearly nine o'clock. Think of mamma!

*Sir Oscar.* Yes; but I want a word, just a word, with you first before any one comes up-stairs. They must have heard that row down below. Do wait one second; you can run off afterward as soon as you please; but I must say it if I die for it. Half a day like this counts more than half a year, don't you think so? I don't know what you feel about me, I can't hope that you feel anything; but what I feel is just this—you please me more than any woman that ever lived. Will you come and live at Rivaux—as my wife? By George, there is the candle gone out! well, it served our time. My dear little love, don't be frightened; will you give me your hand;

we will feel our way down-stairs. But before we go out do answer me.

*Dorothy (agitated).* It is quite dark!

*Sir Oscar.* It is quite dark, but the nightingales find their tongues in the darkness, and so can you.

*Dorothy.* We must speak to the custode.

*Sir Oscar.* We must certainly speak to the custode—at least, I will and forcibly—but first please speak to me. Of course you know very little about me, but your mother shall know everything. All you have to do, my dear, is to tell me you don't dislike me!

*Dorothy.* Dislike you?

*Sir Oscar.* May I take you home?

*Dorothy (in a whisper).* If you wish.  
—Belgravia.

#### BENVENUTO CELLINI.

THE life of this wonderful, but wayward, genius, is amusing and interesting in the highest degree; indeed, his autobiography, with its curious mixture of fact and fiction, is, as Walpole observed, "more amusing than any novel."

The time in which he lived was a curiously brilliant period of Italy's history, and the worship which rank then paid to genius gained him the intimacy of two Popes, Clement the Seventh, and Paul the Third; the Dukes Alessandro and Cosmo de' Medici, Francis the First, and Charles the Fifth—besides cardinals innumerable—and all the great Italian sculptors and painters of his day, including Michel Angelo and Titian.

"He touched nothing which he did not adorn," might well be said of him, and nothing was done by him that was not only an art gem in conception, but in workmanship as well. Luckily for us, his works have always been so highly prized, that they have been well cared for and tended, and, consequently, most of them have survived until our day. English gold has been able to procure for this country examples of his work that, once obtained, are literally priceless, and, being both in royal and good private collections, they are not likely again to leave these shores.

As there is no other lengthened biography of him than that which he wrote himself, or rather which he dictated to the young son of Michel di Goro della Pieve a Groppino, while he went on with his work, we are constrained to follow it, believing it to be true in all its main facts, although there can be no doubt he was led astray, occasionally, by his fervid imagination, his egregious vanity, and his love of the marvellous.

His vanity, however, was his weakest point, and his truthfulness in many cases had to yield to it. Knowing to the full his capabilities and powers, he endeavored to believe that he could excel in everything, until his imagination became diseased, and he had recourse to what, in plain English, we should call downright lying.

He was the son of Giovanni Cellini and Maria Lisabetta Granacci, who were both natives of Florence, where he was born in the year 1500; but he said his ancestors had great possessions in the valley of Ambras, where they lived until one of the family named Cristofano quarrelled with some of their neighbors. The two disputants were compelled to separate; one was sent to Sienna, and Cristofano, who was Benvenuto's great-grandfather, was banished to Florence, where he settled.

Benvenuto owed his name to his father's dread of having another daugh-



ter, and when he heard a boy was born, he looked up to heaven and said, "Lord, I thank thee from the bottom of my heart for this present, which is very dear and welcome." And when pressed to give the child a name, all he would answer was that he was *benvenuto* (welcome); so Benvenuto he was christened.

Whether he forgot the incidents of his childhood or not, or simply wanted to make out that in his early days he was marked as a prodigy, it is impossible to say, but he immediately commences his marvellous stories. First, he relates that he, when three years old, caught hold of a large scorpion, which did not harm him, although its bite or sting was deadly, and that he would not let it go, so that his father had, by gentle application of a pair of scissors, to decapitate it and cut off its sting. Next, when he was five years old, and looking at the fire, he was astonished to receive a box on the ear from his father, the cause of which the fond parent explained thus: "My dear child, I don't give you that box for any fault you have committed, but that you may recollect that the little creature which you see in the fire is a salamander; such a one as never was beheld before to my knowledge;" and then he embraced him and gave him money.

A child thus early favored by the special sight of such a rarity as a salamander in the fire, must necessarily be reserved, in his after life, for some special fate. He probably inherited his artistic taste from his father, who, besides being an engineer and one of the court musicians, carved in ivory. He sadly wanted Benvenuto to give up his whole time to music, and set his heart upon his son becoming a proficient on the flute; but the boy, although musical, preferred drawing, and so it came to pass that he was bound apprentice to a goldsmith of Pinzi di Monte, called Michelagnolo, the father of the Cavaliere Baccio Bandinelli, who, perhaps, as a sculptor, in his age approached Michel Angelo more nearly than any other, and who, in after life, became Cellini's pet aversion. But the boy was restless, and, leaving his master, engaged himself to another goldsmith, one Antonio di Sandro.

When he was sixteen, his brother,

who then was but fourteen years of age, had a duel, and, in the squabble which afterward ensued, Benvenuto got mixed up; the consequence being that the Council of Eight banished both of them for six months for a distance of ten miles from the city. Our hero went to Sienna, and there followed his trade with a goldsmith named Francesco Castoro. From thence he went to Bologna, where he stayed a time, and then returned to Florence.

There he abode a short time, until his brother returned in somewhat evil case, and having helped himself to some of Benvenuto's clothes without having first gone through the formality of asking his leave, Benvenuto got somewhat disgusted, left the parental roof, and went to Lucca, from thence to Pisi, but within a year he returned to Florence.

We narrowly escaped having him here in England—for Torregiano, who was employed by Henry the Eighth to make the magnificent tomb of his father, was then in Florence, seeking workmen to come to England. He saw some of Cellini's drawings and work, and warmly pressed him to go with him, but he refused, because Torregiano boasted of having broken Michel Angelo's nose with a blow of his fist. As Buonarrotti was Cellini's divinity, whom he devotedly worshipped, this was more than he could bear—and it is owing to this circumstance that England was deprived of the advantages of his talents.

He stayed at Florence until his nineteenth year, when he quite suddenly decamped, with a companion named Tasso, without even mentioning the matter to their parents, and went to Rome. Tasso soon returned to Florence, but Cellini found work, and stayed there for two years, when he, also, got home-sick, and returned to his father. But, he says, the goldsmiths at Florence were jealous of his good work, and he got into quarrels and brawls—indeed his temper was ever leading him into some scrape, one of which was so serious, that he had to fly Florence, and once more seek Rome, where he found Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, an old friend of his father's, had been elected Pope, under the title of Clement the Seventh (1523).

Here, the beauty of his workmanship



soon procured him patrons among the aristocracy and the magnates of the Church, and he found that he could earn more money at making jewelry than at goldsmith's work pure and simple.

He soon came under the notice of the Pope, though not through his handicraft. He was asked by a friend, who was one of the Pope's household musicians, to play the flute at the Pope's Ferragosto (which was a Roman Festival, held on the 1st of August), and his performance so delighted his Holiness, that he inquired his name. Finding he was the son of his old Florentine acquaintance, Giovanni Cellini, he immediately appointed him one of his musicians, and gave him a hundred gold crowns to divide with his new associates. Of course, he could not accept this good fortune like an ordinary mortal, so he had a vision of his father coming to him and bidding him take it under penalty of his curse; and, as if this tale required some sort of confirmation, he asserts that at the very same time, his father had a similar vision.

At this time he was making a silver vase for the Bishop of Salamanca, of very curious workmanship. It took a long time to make, so long, indeed, that the bishop's patience got exhausted, and, when he got it at last, he vowed that he would be as slow in paying for it as it had been long in manufacture. This angered Cellini, and led to a scene which is interesting, as illustrating the manners of the times. One day, in the bishop's absence, a Spanish gentleman was handling the vase, and by his clumsiness managed to injure it, so that it had to be returned to Cellini to be repaired. Once having got it into his possession, he was determined not to part with it. The bishop wanted it, however, to show somebody, and sent a servant who demanded it rudely. To this the answer was that the bishop should have it when he paid for it, and the man, after alternately supplicating and bullying, went away, swearing he would return with a body of Spaniards, and cut him in pieces.

Cellini got out his gun, and prepared for action; and hardly had he done so, when his house was attacked by a band of infuriated Spaniards, nor was it till

some Roman gentleman came to his assistance that the assailants retired. Cellini threatened to lay the whole affair before the Pope, but ultimately armed himself, and, with his servant carrying the disputed vase, he sought the bishop's presence, and, after some demur, he obtained payment.

When the Pope did hear of it, Cellini's conduct met with his warm approval, and commissions from cardinals and grandees flowed in upon him, especially for those medallions which it was then the fashion to wear in the hat. This induced him to study seal-engraving, at which he became a great adept, making many of the cardinals' seals. He also practised enamelling, which was of great use to him in his jewelry.

Then came a plague in Rome, and he amused himself by going into the country shooting. Of course, his skill exceeded everybody else's, if his own statements are to be accepted as facts, killing pigeons, etc., invariably with a single bullet.

He next turned his attention to damascening on steel and silver, and some of his steel rings inlaid with gold fetched over forty crowns, which was less than half of what a brother artist, Caradosso, obtained for his work.

This was all very well in the piping times of peace, but war was at hand, and all the potentates of Italy got mixed up in the quarrel between Francis the First and Charles the Fifth. Cellini took up arms in defence of Rome, and, according to his own account, performed prodigies of valor. On the night of May 5th, 1527, Charles de Bourbon suddenly arrived before Rome with an army of forty thousand men, and next morning assaulted the city, where he was killed, early in the day, by a musket shot, while he was leading on his troops, scaling-ladder in hand. Of course, our hero claimed to have shot him, nor only so, but when Clement betook himself to the castle of St. Angelo for safety, Cellini had command of a portion of the ordnance, where, to the Pope's admiration, he killed large numbers of the enemy, and said he wounded the Prince of Orange.

One sample of his own version of his deeds of prowess may be given:

"I saw a man who was employed in



getting the trenches repaired, and who stood with a spear in his hand, dressed in rose color, and I began to deliberate how I could lay him flat. I took my swivel, which was almost equal to a demi-culverin, turned it round, and charging it with a good quantity of fine and coarse powder mixed, aimed at him exactly. Though he was at so great a distance, that it could not be expected any effort of art should make such pieces carry so far, I fired off the gun, and hit the man in red exactly in the middle. He had arrogantly placed his sword before him in a sort of Spanish bravado, but the ball of my piece hit against his sword, and the man was seen severed in two pieces. The Pope, who did not dream of any such thing, was highly delighted and surprised at what he saw, as well because he thought it impossible that such a piece could carry so far, as that he could not conceive how the man could be cut into two pieces."

Things grew desperate, and, before the capitulation on June 5th, 1527, Clement employed Cellini to take all the jewels of the regalia from their settings, and melt down the gold, which weighed about a hundred pounds. The jewels, for safety, were sewn into the skirts of the dresses both of the Pontiff and his master of the horse.

After the capitulation, Cellini returned to Florence, where he found his father well; and, having administered to his necessities, he went to Mantua, where he visited Giulio Romano, who recommended him to the duke, from whom he speedily had commissions. He did not stop long there, however, but returned to Florence, where he found all his family, with the exception of a brother and sister, dead of the plague—that dreadful scourge which from May to November, 1527, killed forty thousand persons in Florence.

Here he stayed some little time, and was visited by Michel Angelo; but at last the Pope, hearing he was at Florence, begged him to come to Rome, and offered him very advantageous terms. But he coquetted before he consented, and when he did go, he refrained for some time from visiting the Pope.

At last they met, and Clement gave him a commission, which turned out one of his masterpieces, to make him

a morse, or clasp, for his pontifical cape.

He afterward designed and struck some medals and coins, and was appointed stamp-master to the mint, with a liberal salary.

And now follows an episode which shows the general lawlessness of those days. Brawling, street-fighting, and assassination were of every-day occurrence, and swords leaped lightly from their scabbards on slender pretence, when worn by these impulsive Italians.

His brother—who was in Rome, in the service of Alessandro de' Medici—of course got quarrelsome, a fight occurred, and he was shot in the leg. Benvenuto immediately joined in the *melée*, and would have killed the musqueteer who shot his brother, had not the man escaped. The surgeons proposed cutting off the brother's leg—but their patient would not hear of it, and consequently died. Benvenuto sorrowed deeply for him, and brooded over revenge, until he found out the habitation of the unfortunate musqueteer. Him he found standing at his door, and, without more ado, he smote and felled him with a blow from a long dagger; and, when the poor wretch could not help himself, he stabbed him in the collar-bone and neck with such force that he could not extract the dagger. Having thus assassinated his enemy, he left the dagger in the corpse, and immediately sought Duke Alessandro, who at once accorded him his protection, and told him to go on with the work he had in hand for his holiness. And all the notice ever taken of this outrage, was that at their next interview, the Pope slightly frowned on Cellini, and said significantly to him: "Now that you have recovered your health, Benvenuto, take care of yourself."

He was now in high favor, kept five journeymen, and was intrusted by the Pope with all his jewels for resetting—but these he narrowly escaped losing, owing to a burglary at his house, which was partially defeated through the sagacity of his dog, who afterward met the thief in the street, flew at him, and would not be beaten off. There was nothing left for the thief to do but to confess, and this he did, making full restitution of the stolen property; so



that Cellini and his dog were satisfied—there always is a halo of romance about everything connected with this wonderful man.

The Pope was highly delighted with his morse, and made Cellini one of his mace-bearers, who preceded the pontiff carrying rods. He also gave him an order to make a chalice, and the design was worthy of the master. Instead of an ordinary stem, the cup was upheld by three figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and on the foot were three bosses, on which were represented, in basso-relievo, three stories relating to the figures. And it was over this chalice that he and his friend and protector, the Pope, quarrelled.

No sooner was the design shown to his holiness, and duly admired, than Benvenuto must needs ask for more preferment; this time a place worth over eight hundred crowns yearly. The Pope refused, saying, if he enriched the artist, he would no longer care to work; but at last consented to give him the next good piece of preferment that fell vacant, provided he made haste and finished the chalice. The Pope went to Bologna, and Cellini says he made great progress with his work, but could not get on for want of more gold, which he could not obtain from the papal treasury. Besides which, he says he suffered from bad eyes, so much so that he thought he should lose his sight.

On his return, the Pope sent for him, and was so displeased with him for the little progress that he had made in his work, that he fell in a violent passion, and said:

"As there is truth in God, I assure you, since you value no living soul, that, if a regard for decency did not prevent me, I would order both you and your work to be thrown this moment out of the window."

Cellini still pleaded his blindness, and in a few days the Pope sent for him, and spoke kindly to him.

But intrigues were going on against him. Through the influence of Cardinal Salviati—who was no friend to Benvenuto—a rival goldsmith, named Tobbia, was introduced to Clement, and in a competition between Cellini and Tobbia, for the mounting of a unicorn's—or narwhal's—horn, which

was to be sent as a present to Francis the First, Tobbia gained the day. Then he irritated the Pope by asking for more money for gold for the chalice, which never seemed nearer completion, and then he was dismissed from his situation in the mint. At last the Pope lost all patience, and sent for the chalice, finished or unfinished. Cellini refused to yield it. His argument was, that the Pope had advanced him five hundred crowns, which he would return, but that he had no right whatever to the unfinished cup. Nor could anything stir him from his resolution.

He was taken before the governor of Rome; but neither threats nor cajolings prevailed, and the matter ended in his having his own way, returning the money, and keeping the unfinished chalice. It must, however, have been some comfort to him to find that the pontiff did not appreciate his rival's work.

Presumably, Cellini considered this portion of his life as tame, so he launches out in a cock and bull story of his studying necromancy in company with a Sicilian priest. They employed a boy as a medium, and there were the usual clouds of incense-burning, perfumes, etc., until the medium declared that they were surrounded by a million fierce men, besides four armed giants. This even daunted our hero; but at last, although at one time the place was full of devils, they gradually disappeared, until only a few were left, who accompanied them on their way home, playfully leaping and skipping, sometimes running on the roofs of the houses, and sometimes on the ground. This seems to have been his worst encounter with spirits, and he settled down once more to his trade, until his bad temper again got him into trouble.

This time he quarrelled with a Signor Benedetto, who provoked him beyond endurance by telling him that he and his partner Felice were both scoundrels. Cellini's hot blood fired up at this, and, scooping up a handful of mud out of the street, he threw it at Benedetto. Unfortunately, there was a sharp flint with the dirt, which stunned him, and so cut his head that it bled profusely. Some meddler told the Pope that Benvenuto had just murdered his rival



Tobbia, and the Pope, in a passion, ordered the governor of Rome to seize Cellini, and hang him at once. Luckily for him he got instant information, and lost no time in flying from Rome as fast as a horse could gallop, leaving the irate pontiff to find out almost immediately afterward that Tobbia was alive and well.

He fled to Naples, where the viceroy would fain have kept him, but Cardinal de' Medici having written to him to return to Rome without delay, he did so, and immediately set out about a medal for the Pope, commemorating the universal peace between 1530 and 1536. He continued to enjoy Clement's favor until his death in 1534, at which time he had a quarrel with him, and killed a man named Pompeo, so had to seek the protection of some powerful friend, whom he found in Cardinal Cornaro; and the new Pope, Paul the Third—Cardinal Alessandro Farnese—gave him not only a safe conduct, but at once employed him in the mint. But, having aroused the enmity of Signor Pier Luigi Farnese, who hired a disbanded soldier to assassinate him, he thought it time to move, and went to Florence.

Duke Alessandro de' Medici received him very kindly, and would have had him stay, but he went with two friends of his—sculptors—to Venice, where they stopped a short time, and then returned to Florence, where he employed himself at the mint and in making jewelry, until a safe conduct arrived for him from the Pope, with his commands that he should immediately repair to Rome.

On his arrival, the magistrates, who were not aware of his protection, sent some of the city guards to arrest him for the murder of Pompeo, but they retired upon seeing the document, and Cellini had his pardon properly registered. After this he had a violent illness, and nearly died; and he attributes his recovery to drinking plentifully of cold water while in a violent fever. But even his convalescence must be attended with some extraordinary occurrence, for he vomited a hairy worm, about a quarter of a cubit long; the hairs were very long, and the worm was shockingly ugly, having spots of different colors, green, black, and red;

in fact, quite an artistic worm, worthy of having emanated from such a genius.

He required his native air of Florence to restore him to health, but found the duke much prejudiced against him, owing to malicious reports; so, after a short stay, he returned to Rome, and very soon after, Alessandro was assassinated by Lorenzo de' Medici, 6th January, 1537, and Cosmo reigned in his stead.

At this time Charles the Fifth paid a visit to Rome, and the Pope thought to make him some extraordinary present. Cellini suggested a gold crucifix in which he could utilize the statuettes and ornaments of his beloved chalice, but Paul decided to give a superbly illuminated missal, and Cellini was to make the cover, which was to be of gold, adorned with jewels worth about six thousand crowns, and he was also deputed to be the bearer of the present to the emperor, who reciprocated the Pope's gift by a diamond which had cost him twelve thousand crowns, which Cellini afterward set as a ring for Pope Paul. But he complained that he was not paid commensurately for his labor, either in the ring or the book-cover, so he determined to go to France, and finally accomplished the journey, wonderful to relate, without any marvellous adventures, but only the ordinary incidents of travel.

He arrived in Paris, saw, and was graciously received by Francis the First, started with him on his journey to Lyons, where it was arranged that Cellini should stay, and then, unstable as water, because he was taken ill, and his attendant, Ascanio, had the ague, he was disgusted with France, and determined to return to Rome, which he reached in safety, and continued his business peacefully, having eight assistants.

One of these, however, treacherously and falsely told the secretary of his old enemy, Pier Luigi, that Benvenuto was worth at least eighty thousand ducats, the greatest portion of which belonged to the Church, and which he had stolen when in the Castle of St. Angelo during the siege of Rome.

This was a bait too great for the avarice of the Pope, so one fine morning poor Cellini found himself in custody of the city guard, and safely lodged in the Castle of St. Angelo, he being at this



time but thirty-seven years of age. After a delay of some days he was examined, and made a good defence, but to no purpose. Pier Luigi had asked his father for Cellini's money, and the Pope had granted his prayer; and even the remonstrances of King Francis the First were useless—for he was told that Benvenuto was a turbulent, troublesome fellow, and his majesty was advised not to interfere, because he was kept in prison for committing murder and other crimes. The king even begged for his release on the grounds that as he had visited France with the Pope's permission, and with the intention of remaining, he was virtually his subject; but even this reasoning could not prevail, and Cellini must remain in durance.

The constable of St. Angelo was a Florentine, and greatly tempered the severity of Cellini's incarceration by allowing him to walk freely about the castle on parole. But it seems that the constable was subject to annual fits of monomania. One year he fancied himself a pitcher of oil; another year, a frog, and would leap about as such; and this year he was a bat, and, believing in his own powers of volition, he fancied that Cellini's ingenuity might also enable him to fly, and thus escape.

So his parole was taken from him, and he was shut up. This naturally made Benvenuto anxious to escape, and, having torn up his sheets, and made lengths of rope therewith, he managed to steal a pair of pincers. With these latter, he drew the nails which fastened the iron plates to the door, making false heads with wax and iron rust.

Matters being thus prepared, he made his attempt one night, and succeeded in getting outside, but at the cost of a broken leg. In his helpless condition some mastiffs set upon him, and he had a desperate fight with them. A water-carrier gave him a lift, and got him farther away, and then he crawled and dragged himself on hands and knees, trying to reach the house of the Duchess Ottavio, who had formerly been the wife of the murdered Alessandro de' Medici. However, luckily, a servant of Cardinal Cornaro saw him in this plight, and immediately told his master, who at once had him fetched in and his injuries seen to.

The cardinal next went to the Pope to intercede for his protégé, and at first Paul seemed inclined to pardon, for he himself had once broken out of St. Angelo, where he had been imprisoned for forging a papal brief. But Cellini's evil genius, Pier Luigi, was present; his counsels had too much weight, and the unfortunate artist was taken, nominally as a guest of the pontiff, to the papal palace, and after a little time he was conveyed again to the Castle of St. Angelo.

Here the crazy governor, in order to keep him safely, confined him in a very dark room under the garden, the floor of which was covered with water, and which was, besides, tenanted by tarantulas and other noxious insects.

Deprived of all society, and with no books save a Bible and the Chronicles of Villani, Cellini's reason seems to have partially given way, and he records numerous visions seen, which, it is needless to say, were of the most astounding nature. Indeed, the Pope believed him mad, and sent word to the Governor of St. Angelo to take no further heed of him, but to mind the salvation of his own soul—for though the governor had recovered his reason, his health was undermined.

With returning sense, he treated his prisoner better, giving him pens, ink, and paper, besides modelling wax and implements, so that his lot was much ameliorated; nay, just before his death, he allowed Cellini almost the same liberty he had enjoyed when first he was imprisoned—a privilege which was confirmed by his successor, Antonio Ugolini.

About this time, Cellini says, an attempt was made to poison him by mixing powdered diamonds with his food, but this was defeated by the avarice of the person employed to make the powder, who kept the real stone and pounded a counterfeit. After this the governor sent him food from his own table, and one of his servants tasted it.

Brighter days were now in store for our hero, for the Cardinal of Ferrara, coming to Rome from the court of France, finding the Pope one day in a good humor, asked, as a boon, in the name of the king his master, the liberation of Cellini, which was graciously ac-



corded, and he was at once released before the news could come to the ears of his enemy, Pier Luigi.

Naturally, after Cellini's release from prison, his first works were for his patron the cardinal, until the time came for the latter to return to France, and then they all set out together. After the usual quarrelling, which was unavoidable wherever Cellini was concerned, they reached Florence, and then Ferrara, where the artist abode for some time, doing work for the duke of that place, until the French king began to grumble at his non-appearance, and he pursued his journey, leaving, of course, behind him, the memory of divers quarrels.

At length he did reach Fontainebleau, and had an audience with the king, who gave him a most gracious reception; but when it came to a question of setting to work, and the settlement of a salary, Cellini would not accept the terms of his benefactor, the cardinal, but broke up his establishment, and started on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

Messengers were despatched after him, overtook him, and brought him back, owing to their using threats of imprisonment, of which he had had quite enough to last him his life, and which was the most potent argument that could possibly be employed in his case. The question of emolument was soon settled; he was to have the same salary as Francis had assigned to Leonardo da Vinci (seven hundred crowns annually); to be paid, besides, for all work done for the king, and to receive a present of five hundred crowns to defray the expense of his journey.

His first commission from the king was a magnificent one, but from its vast scale it could scarcely be carried out by an artist who was then forty years of age. It was no less than to make twelve candlesticks in silver, the height of Francis himself, of six gods and six goddesses, and the artist was assigned the Tour de Nesle as a residence.

Cellini at once set to work on his models, and arranged about the payment of his two assistants, but he could not get possession of his residence. It had been assigned previously to the provost of Paris, Jean d'Estourville, who, however, made no use of it, and would not

allow Cellini to occupy it, in spite of repeated orders. So Benvenuto complained to the king, who abruptly asked him, "Who he was, and what was his name?" Surprised at this reception, he did not at first reply, but afterward stammered out that his name was Cellini; on which the king told him that if he was the same Cellini who had been described to him, he had better act like himself, he had the king's free permission. On this hint he set to work, and very soon was in residence at his new abode.

He then made full-sized models of Jupiter, Vulcan, and Mars, and got three hundred pounds of silver wherewith to commence his work. Meantime he finished a silver-gilt cup and basin—which he had begun for the Cardinal of Ferrara immediately on his release from prison—and they were of such beautiful workmanship, that, as soon as he had given them to his patron, the latter presented them to Francis, who in return gave the cardinal an abbey worth seven thousand crowns a year. The king, besides, wanted to make the artist a handsome present, but the cardinal prevented him, saying he would settle a pension of at least three hundred crowns yearly on him, out of the proceeds of his abbey; but this he never did.

Cellini was now in great favor; he really worked hard, and his Jupiter and other gods progressed rapidly. The king took a personal interest in them, visiting the artist's atelier, and gave him an order to make a gold salt-cellar, as companion to his cup and basin. He had a model ready—one he had made in Rome at the request of the Cardinal of Ferrara—and with this the king was so highly delighted, that he ordered his treasurer to give Benvenuto one thousand old gold crowns, good weight, to be used in its manufacture. He duly received them, but he says that the treasurer, on one pretence or other, delayed payment till night, and then instigated four braves to rob him. It is needless to say that such odds were nothing to Cellini, and that he reached home in safety with his precious burden.

The king, indeed, seemed unable to show sufficiently his regard for the artist. He gave him letters of naturalization, and made him Lord of the Tour de



Nesle. He visited him in company with Madame d'Estampes, and it was at her instigation that Cellini received orders to do something wherewith to ornament and beautify Fontainebleau. For this he designed some magnificent gates, but he made an enemy of the favorite through not consulting her in the matter. He endeavored to mollify her by presenting her with a beautiful cup, but she would not see him, so he went off in a tiff, and gave the cup to the Cardinal of Lorraine—which, of course, further embittered his fair enemy. To make matters worse, he turned out, neck and crop, a man who had taken up his residence, without permission, in a portion of the Tour de Nesle, and who happened to be a protégé of madame's. This, of course, was never forgiven, and it was war to the knife on the lady's part.

She set up a rival artist in opposition, Primaticcio; was always dinning in the king's ears, day and night, his superiority over Cellini, and succeeded, at last, in persuading Francis to let Primaticcio execute Cellini's designs for the gates at Fontainebleau. Cellini heard of this, and at once called on his rival; and having tried, without effect, moral suasion, to induce him to relinquish his proposed task, threatened to kill him, as he would a mad dog, when and wherever he met him. This course of reasoning succeeded where gentle means failed, and Primaticcio begged rather to be considered in the light of a brother.

Meanwhile he was hard at work on the king's salt-cellar, and when his majesty returned to Paris, he presented it. As it was of remarkable workmanship, a detailed account of it will be interesting. It was of pure gold, and represented the earth and the sea, the latter being a figure of Neptune, holding a trident in one hand, and in the other a ship, which was to hold the salt. Under this were four sea horses with their tails interlaced, besides a variety of fishes and other marine animals, while the water, with its undulating waves, was enamelled green. The earth was a beautiful nude female figure, holding a cornucopia in her right hand, while in her left she carried an Ionic temple, which served as a pepper box. Under her were terrestrial animals and

rocks partly enamelled, and partly natural gold. This was fixed on a base of black ebony, on which were four figures in mezzo-relievo of day and night, and of morning and evening. It is needless to say that Francis was delighted with it, and Primaticcio slunk off to Rome, under the pretext of studying the Laocoon, and other ancient works of art there.

Cellini was now forty-three years of age, and in the zenith of his fame and working powers. He enjoyed the favor of Francis to an extraordinary extent, and the king, on his visits to the artist's studio, was astounded at the magnitude of his conceptions, and the excellence of his execution. On one occasion he ordered seven thousand gold crowns to be paid him, but the Cardinal of Ferrara prevented its payment, and satisfied the king with his reason for so doing, that if Benvenuto was made rich, he would probably buy an estate in Italy, and would leave whenever the whim seized him. Possibly the same reasoning prevailed when, a short time afterward, Francis promised him the first vacant abbey whose revenue should amount to two thousand crowns a year—but Cellini never received it.

Madame d'Estampes's hostility, however, was not yet allayed, for, as she observed, "I govern the whole kingdom, and yet such an insignificant fellow sets my power at defiance;" so she persuaded the king to grant to a perfumer, one of her creatures, the tennis-court of the Tour de Nesle. He took possession in spite of protest; but Cellini so harassed him by assaults every day with stones, pikes, and muskets (firing only blank cartridge), that on one dared stir from the place. This method was too slow, and one day our hero stormed the place, drove out the interloper, and threw his goods out of window. He then went straight to the king, told his story, was laughed at, forgiven, and had fresh letters given him, securing him still more in his possession.

For this the king was amply repaid by the strenuous exertions of the artist, and the Jupiter, the first and only one of that nobly-devised set of candelabra, was finished; and in spite of Madame d'Estampes's intrigues, was shown to



Francis at its best advantage. He was in raptures with it, and talked largely of rewarding its creator, but nothing came of it but one thousand crowns, which were partly for previous disbursements.

War broke out between Francis and the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and the king not only consulted Cellini as to the defences of Paris, but gave him a commission to do all he thought necessary to insure the city's safety, but he resigned his task, when his old foe, Madame d'Estampes, prevailed on the king to send for Girolamo Bellarmati.

Her enmity still pursued Benvenuto, and she so worked upon the king that one day he swore he would never show the artist any more favor. An officious friend carried this speech to Cellini, and he instantly formed a resolution to quit the kingdom. Before he could do so, however, he had many alternate hopes and fears. Sometimes Francis would load him with praises, at another he would scold and reprimand him severely, and it was, at last, only through the instrumentality of his old friend, the Cardinal of Ferrara, that he at length succeeded in quitting Paris. His departure, though nominally a pleasure trip in order to visit his sister and her daughters, was, in reality, a flight; for he left his furniture and other goods behind him, to the value of fifteen thousand crowns. He endeavored to carry away with him two magnificent silver vases, but he was pursued and compelled to surrender them.

He seems to have had, for him, a quiet and peaceable journey, the only excitement he records being a terrific hailstorm, the hailstones beginning of the size of ounce bullets, and ending by being as big as lemons; nay, afterward they found some which a man could hardly grasp in his two hands.

However, his party suffered no harm with the exception of some bruises; which under the circumstances was not to be wondered at; but, as they journeyed onward, they found the trees all broken down, and all the cattle, with many shepherds, killed. They reached Florence without further mishap, and there Cellini found his sister and her six daughters all well.

Cosmo de' Medici, the Duke of Tuscany, received him with the greatest

kindness; sympathized with him, and promised him almost unlimited wealth, if he would but work for him, and it was settled that his first task should be a statue, either in marble or bronze, for the square before the ancient palace of the Republic, the Palazzo Vecchio. Cellini was forty-five years old when he made the model of his famous Perseus, which is now at Florence, in the Loggia dei Lanzi.

He settled upon a house, which Cosmo at once purchased and presented to him, but the irritable artist must, of course, at the very outset, quarrel with the duke's servants, and, consequently, some delay occurred before he could begin his model. But everything was at last arranged, even down to his salary, and he entered formally into the Medicean service.

Still, even in his beloved native town he was not happy, for Baccio Bandinelli, the celebrated sculptor, was either jealous of him, or he of Bandinelli, and they were always at feud. He kept good friends with his patron, made a colossal model of his head, executed some jewelry for the duchess, and worked hard at his Perseus; but he was always at daggers drawn with some of the ducal suite, and just now it was with the steward, who, he says, suborned people to charge him with a horrible crime.

There seems to have been no attempt at a prosecution; but Cellini felt it decidedly advisable to quit Florence for some time. So next morning he departed, without telling any one but his sister, and went toward Venice. From Ferrara he wrote to the duke, saying that though he had left Florence without taking leave of him, he would return without being sent for. At Venice, he visited both Titian and Sansovino, and also Lorenzo de' Medici, who earnestly advised him to return to France, instead of going back to Florence. But Cellini, having written the duke his version of the cause which drove him from his native place, and judging that the outcry against him had somewhat subsided, returned as suddenly as he had left, and unceremoniously visited Cosmo, who, although at first he seemed displeased, soon entered into good-humored con-



versation with him, asked about his visit to Venice, and ended by bidding him mind his work, and finish the statue of Perseus.

This statue, or, more properly speaking, group, however, did not progress very rapidly, for Cellini was not liked, and he was thwarted wherever it was practicable, while both the duke and duchess would fain have kept him at work designing and making jewelry for them; in fact, he was obliged to bribe the duchess with little presents of vases, etc., to try and gain her influence to obtain more help on his great work, and especially to counteract the machinations of his arch-enemy, Bandinelli.

It was of small avail, for the duke, displeased with the slow progress of the work, had, some eighteen months since, stopped supplying money, and Cellini had to find his men's wages out of his own pocket. So, by way of consolation, he thought he would murder Bandinelli; but when he met him, other ideas prevailed, and he spurned him, thinking what a much more glorious vengeance it would be to finish his work, and thus confound his enemies, and Bandinelli afterward offered him a fine block of marble, wherewith to make a statue.

This, however, did not make them friends, for both being once in the duke's presence, Cellini told the duke plainly that Bandinelli was a compound of everything that was bad, and had always been so; and then he went on to criticise most unmercifully his rival's statuary, and to overwhelm it with ridicule. At the same time, however, he made him stick to his promise, and insisted on the delivery of the block of marble, out of which he carved a group of Apollo and Hyacinthus.

This delighted the duke, and he begged him to leave the Perseus for a while, and devote himself to sculpture; and Benvenuto did so, carving a Narcissus out of a block of Greek marble.

The duke had some doubts as to Cellini's ability to cast a large statue in bronze, but the artist assured him of his powers, promising that it should be perfect in every respect, except one foot, which he averred could not be cast well,

and would require to be replaced by a new one.

The casting was a series of accidents. His shop took fire, and it was feared the roof would fall in; then from another side came such a tempest of rain and wind, that it cooled the furnace. Add to all this, that Cellini was taken suddenly ill of a violent intermittent fever, and every one will perceive that things were almost as bad as they could be.

Ill in bed, news came to him that his work was spoiled, so he got up and went to the workshop, where he found the metal cooled, owing to deficient firing. This he at once remedied, and, with the addition of some pewter, the metal soon began to melt.

Hark! a loud report, a blinding glare of light, and when men had come to their senses, they found that the cover of the furnace had burst and flown off, so that the bronze began to run. Quick! tap the metal; but it does not flow very quickly, it must be made more fluid. A number of pewter platters and dishes were procured, and into the furnace they went, some two hundred of them. Then the metal ran kindly, and the mould was filled, and nothing more could be done but wait with patience for its cooling.

The mental strain relieved, Benvenuto returned thanks to Heaven for the successful issue, then forgot all about his fever, and found he had a great appetite; so he sat down with his workmen and enjoyed his meal, drank "success to the casting," and then to bed, to arise quite cured, and capable of eating a capon for his dinner.

Two days afterward came another anxious time. Had the casting been successful? Piece by piece it was uncovered. Yes, all went well until the foot was reached, which was to be imperfect. What a disappointment! the heel came out fair and round, and all Cellini's learned lecture to the duke went for naught. Yet, still, on uncovering it, came a little cry of joy, for were not the toes wanting, as also part of the foot? Who now could say he did not thoroughly understand his business? And so his patron and the duchess fully admitted when they saw the work.

After this a little rest was permissi-



ble, and a journey to Rome was the result. Here he saw Michel Angelo, whom he in vain induced to take service with Cosmo de' Medici. But St. Peter's was to be built, and nothing could persuade its creator to leave it. Malice had been busy during Cellini's absence, and on his return he found the duke very cold toward him; but although he managed to overcome this, an incident was about to happen which was to make the duchess, henceforth, his implacable enemy.

She wanted the duke to buy a string of pearls for her for six thousand crowns, and begged Cellini to praise them to the duke. He did so, and the prince was wavering as to the purchase, when he asked the jeweller's honest opinion of their value. Cellini could not but answer this appeal in a straightforward manner, and replied that they were not worth above two thousand crowns, at the same time pointing out to the duke how much his consort desired them, and how she had asked him to aid her in obtaining them. So when the duchess once more asked for them, she was refused, and was told that Benvenuto's opinion was that the money would be thrown away. The duchess was but a woman, she gave him one look, shook her head threateningly at him, left the room, and never forgave him. She got her pearls though. A courtier, more supple and pliant than Cellini, begged the duke to buy them for his wife. He chose a happy moment, stood a few blows and cuffs, and then the indulgent husband yielded, and the pearls were his wife's property.

The duchess could not now bear the sight of Cellini, and the breach between them was widened by his refusal to give her, to adorn her room, the figures of Jupiter, Mercury, Minerva, and Danae, which he had made to go with his Perseus. Her influence made itself felt, and even the duke sensibly cooled toward our hero, and at last he found access to the palace very difficult.

But the crowning honor of his life was at hand. His Perseus was to be shown to the people and judged by their verdict. Proud, indeed, must have been the artist when he viewed the crowds which, from before daybreak, poured forth to see and admire his

work. There was no adverse criticism there—no petty or factious jealousy. The people heartily and honestly admired the creation of their fellow-citizen, and felt a truly fraternal pride in owning him as one of themselves. The duke himself, concealed at a window, listened to the remarks of his people, and was so pleased, that he sent his favorite, Sforza, to congratulate Benvenuto, and tell him that he meant to signally reward him. His pride must have been gratified to the very utmost. "During the whole day the people showed me to each other as a sort of prodigy;" and two gentlemen, who were envoys from the Viceroy of Sicily, made him most liberal offers, on behalf of their prince, if only he would go with them. Verses, Latin odes, and Greek poems were written by the hundred, and all, with any literary pretensions, vied with each other in producing some eulogium on Cellini.

At length, sated with praise, he longed for a little rest, and obtained leave from his princely patron to make a short pilgrimage to Vallambrosa, Camaldoli, the baths of Santa Maria, and back again. At the baths he met with an old man, a physician, who was, besides, a student in alchemy. This old man conceived a great friendship for Cellini, and told him that there were mines both of gold and silver in the neighborhood; and furthermore, gave him a piece of practical information, to the effect that there was a pass, near Camaldoli, so open, that an enemy could not only easily invade the Florentine territory by its means, but also could surprise the castle of Poppi without difficulty. Being furnished by his old friend with a sketch-map he immediately returned to Florence, and lost no time in presenting himself before the duke, and acquainting him with the reason of his speedy return.

The duke was well pleased with this service, and promised, of course, great things; but the favor of princes is proverbially fickle, and when, in the course of a day or two, he sought an interview for the purpose of being rewarded for his Perseus, he was met by a message from the duke, through his secretary, desiring him to name his own price. This roused Cellini's ire, and



he refused to put a price upon his work, until, stung by repeated reiterations of the demand, he said that ten thousand crowns was less than it was worth.

Cosmo was evidently a good hand at a bargain, and was quite angry at being asked such a sum, saying that cities, or royal palaces, could be built for such a sum; to which the artist retorted, with his usual modesty, that any number of men could be found capable of building cities and palaces, but not another, in all the world, who could make such a statue of Perseus. His rival, Bandinelli, was called in to appraise it, and, whether he took its real value, or had some doubts of the consequences of the fire-eating Cellini's wrath in the event of his depreciating it, he assessed it at sixteen thousand crowns. This was more than the duke could stand; and, after much haggling, it was settled that the artist should be rewarded with a sum of three thousand five hundred gold crowns, to be paid in monthly sums of one hundred gold crowns. This soon fell to fifty, then to twenty-five, and sometimes was never paid at all, so that Benvenuto, writing in 1566, says there were still five hundred crowns due to him on that account.

Still Cosmo was anxious to keep Cellini at work. He could thoroughly appreciate the artist's efforts, but he objected to pay the bill. Numerous plans for work were raised, and models made; but they fell through, either through the artist refusing to adorn another's work, or through the prince choosing the worst models. The court, too, was full of intrigues, as the story of a block of marble will show. A fine block, intended for a statue of Neptune, had arrived, and the duchess contrived that Bandinelli should have the promise of it. Of course Cellini could not stand this, so he pleaded his cause with the duke, with the result that it was arranged that he and his rival should send in models, and that the victor in the competition should execute the statue. Benvenuto says he produced the best; but, knowing the court well, he waited on the duchess with a present of some jewelry, and promised, if she would only be neutral in the contest, to make for her the finest work of his life, a life-sized crucified Christ, of the whitest

marble, on a cross of pure black. Cellini says Bandinelli died of sheer chagrin; and the duchess declared that as he, if he had lived, should have had the stone, at any rate by his death his rival should not have it, so the marble was given to Bartolommeo Ammanati, who finished the statue in 1563.

The feud between Bandinelli and Cellini rose to such a height as even to interfere with their sepulchral arrangements. The latter in disgust with the duchess had promised his Christ to the church of Santa Maria Novella, provided the monks would give him the ground under it, on which to erect his tomb. They said they had no power to grant his request, so, in a pet, he offered it on the same terms to the church of the Santissima Annunziata, and it was eagerly accepted. But Bandinelli had nearly finished a "Pietà," our Lord supported by Nicodemus—a portrait of himself, and he went straight to the duchess and begged the chapel for his own tomb. By her influence, with some difficulty, he obtained his wish, and there he erected an altar-tomb, which is still in existence; and having, when it was finished, removed thither his father's remains, he was taken suddenly ill, as aforesaid, and died within eight days.

The next noteworthy incident in Cellini's chequered career was that he bought a farm near Vicchio, about seven miles from Florence, for the term of his natural life (in other words, an annuity), of one Piermaria Sbietta. He paid his property a visit, and was received with every demonstration of affection by Sbietta, his wife, and his brother Filippo, a profligate priest. Several persons warned him of impending danger from one or other of them, but their kindness seems to have disarmed his suspicions, and he stayed to supper, intending to sleep at Trespiano that night. When he resumed his journey, however, he was taken violently ill with burning pains in the region of his stomach, and next morning felt as if on fire. Then he concluded that he had been poisoned, and, after passing in review the things of which he had partaken at supper, he felt convinced that corrosive sublimate had been administered to him in some very highly seasoned but palatable



sauce, which he had so much relished that he had been helped to two spoonfuls. At Cellini's age—he was then sixty—this proved nearly fatal, especially as the physicians of that day were profoundly ignorant. He hovered between life and death for six months, and did not thoroughly recover and attend once more to his business for a whole year.

His illness was productive of another event in his life, for, while lying sick, he made a vow, should he recover, to marry a woman who had nursed him with great care. He fulfilled his vow, and by his wife, Madonna Piera, he had five children.

When able again to work, he sought the duke, who was at Leghorn, was kindly received, told to return to Florence, and occupation should be found for him. But this does not seem to be the case, so he completely finished the marble crucifix, which he intended for his tomb, and showed it to the duke and duchess, both of whom were highly delighted with it. Cosmo hankered after it, and ultimately obtained it, in 1565, for fifteen hundred crowns, when he had it removed and placed in the Palazzo Pitti. In 1577 it was sent as a present to Philip the Second of Spain, who had it carried on men's shoulders from Barcelona, and deposited in the Coro Alto of the Escorial, where it may now be seen, inscribed: "Benventus Zelinus, Civis Florent: facie bat 1562."

Not being fully employed he got fidgety, and a friend of his, Signor Baccio del Bene, having arrived in Florence on a mission from Catherine de' Medici, they had a conversation, in which it was mentioned that the queen dowager wanted to finish the sepulchral monument of her deceased husband, Henry the Second, and that Daniello Ricciarelli da Volterra, who had the

work in hand, was too old to execute it properly, so that there was an excellent opportunity for Cellini, to return to France, and once more take possession of his Tour de Nesle.

He asked Baccio to mention this to the duke, as, personally, he was willing to go, but the duke would not listen to Benvenuto going away, and selfishly kept him, without giving him employment—at least as far as we know, for here Cellini's autobiography ends, in the year 1562.

In 1561, however, Cosmo presented him with a house near San Croce, in the Via Rosajo, for him and his legitimate heirs male forever, and in the grant, which is very flattering, is the following: "Possessing the house and its appurtenances, with a garden for his own use, we expect the return for the favors shown him will appear in those masterpieces of art, both of casts and sculpture, which may entitle him to our further regard."

Very little is further known about him, but we know that on the 16th of March, 1563, he was deputed, together with Bartolommeo Ammanati, to attend the funeral of his old friend and master, Michel Angelo Buonarrotti.

On the 15th of February, 1570, Cellini himself died, and was buried with great pomp in the chapter-house of the Santissima Annunziata, in the presence of the whole academy.

Vasari painted his portrait, in which he is represented with his back toward the spectator, whom he regards, with his beard on his shoulder. It is the face of a man of middle-age, with features of no remarkable cast, short curling hair, and crisp beard, the mustache slightly upturned, bushy eyebrows, and two warts on the right side of his nose.—*All The Year Round*.

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

CONFLICT IN NATURE AND LIFE: A STUDY OF ANTAGONISM IN THE CONSTITUTION OF THINGS. For the Elucidation of the Problem of Good and Evil, and the Reconciliation of Optimism and Pessimism. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This important and ambitious book is by an anonymous author, said to be a country gentleman living in western New York. He

has attempted in these pages to accomplish a gigantic task, which might well daunt even a great thinker, and has brought to it, if not an original philosophic mind, at least a painstaking and conscientious purpose. To this our author adds a judicial temper, a singular freedom from anything like vagaries and hobbies, considerable penetration and suggestiveness, and a thorough equipment in the literature of sociol-



ogy and metaphysics. Indeed, one of the first impressions made by the book is its full command of the results arrived at by the ablest thinkers of the world on this and cognate subjects. As the problems involved are related to the whole complex constitution of mind and society, it will be readily seen that its scope is very comprehensive. The author starts as his inquiry with the assumption that the theology of the past has come to premature conclusions, and that it fails because it is not based on those data for dealing with natural morality and the ethical possibilities of man, which are furnished by science; because, in brief, the whole philosophy of the subject has been based on *a priori*, and not on a *posteriori* reasoning. The theory set forth in his book, and which dominates his methods, is that a wide and comprehensive survey of all the facts of mind, nature, and society must be made, before one either blesses the world, like the optimist, or curses it like the pessimist. This purpose he attempts modestly and approximately to compass.

To illustrate the difficulties contained in the enigmas of life, we will cite some which first set the author to thinking on the possibilities of a golden balance in ethics and society. We must promote education and knowledge in order to weed out the evils of ignorance. Yet this increases men's sensibilities, and prepares them for keener suffering. Political centralization has certain striking advantages as a method of governing, yet it easily runs into despotism. On the other hand, local self-government is admirably adapted for stimulating the development and self-respect of the individual; yet, on the other side, it has the dangerous flaw of political weakness. Liberal divorce laws present themselves as a means of doing away with the misery and crime, which are the outcome of indissoluble marriage; but again, easy divorce brings with it a new train of evils, which sap the basis of the social order. So we find almost universally that each attempt at reform involves fresh dangers and difficulties peculiar to itself. The facts that life is full of antagonisms; that we often escape Scylla only to fall into Charybdis, that the action and reaction of the physical forces are exactly paralleled in the moral and social order of the world; that life in all its aspects involves little better than a choice of evils, constitute the premises of the book. The conclusion is that the whole philosophy of life is to be found in moderate expectation, in temperate enjoyment, and that sense of personal power which results from self-restraint and poise of character. The author teaches that neither Optimism nor Pessimism covers a rational grasp of the facts of life. This must be found in Meliorism, or that philosophy which is contented with the better,

without blindly beating the air for the best; and to be resigned to the lesser evil that we may evade the worse. To reach this conclusion he has traced the evolution of the principle of conflict in the order of natural things and the social artifices of man, from the simplest to the most complex forms. In the first part of the book he sums up the various theories of the great thinkers of the past, showing the prevalence of optimism and their inadequate conception of the antagonism of things. This summary is illustrated by brief extracts from the writings of these philosophers. In part second the fundamental concepts of life and of the primary forces, which involve the law of conflict, are discussed. The thread of inquiry is carried here through the principal branches of natural science, including biology, psychology and ethics. In this chapter the author develops the utilitarian theory of morale, the hypothesis being that conscience and the moral instincts are the accumulated experience of the human race, which has become so crystallized that it becomes a matter of heredity. It is maintained that morals are a matter of evolution, by a parallel law in the domain of spiritual life to what is known as "the survival of the fittest" in the world of physical life. He follows in great measure the lead given by Mr. Spencer, but differs from that philosopher in giving more emphasis to the pessimistic side of life, and arguing that each panacea for a known evil is sure to open the way for a different but no less pressing class of misfortunes. In several of his chapters the author enlarges on the unavoidable agency of natural forces in bringing into human life elements of discord and suffering, and that there is no pleasure but that has a corresponding and oftentimes inevitable pain. The concluding chapters of the book make practical applications of the principles evolved to the every-day details of life and society.

From this imperfect synopsis of a very thoughtful and ambitious book, it will be seen that the author does not content himself with studying the subject from an abstract and ideal standpoint. His aim is to make the conclusions and suggestions useful in practical ethics, and the sincerity of his aim is evident in every line. We do not agree with some of his conclusions, but his thought is stimulating. He disclaims in his preface any claim to originality as a philosophical thinker; but certainly no one will deny him the right which he does claim—that of being a judicially-minded student of his subject, who is fully acquainted with the thoughts of the best minds of the world on the same topic, and who adds to them many a word worth reading and pondering.



RECOLLECTIONS OF A NAVAL OFFICER 1841—1865. By William Harwar Parker, Author of "Elements of Seamanship," "Harbor Routine and Evolutions," etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Captain Parker has given in this book the reminiscences of a long and active career as a naval officer, and it need hardly be said that the material furnished by such a theme cannot well fall of being interesting. Active naval service involves, even in the piping times of peace, cruising in different parts of the world, and the more or less exciting experiences incidental to sailing on the salt seas; and to this, of course, in war times are added the more stirring and melodramatic scenes of battle. Captain Parker was in the United States Navy till 1861, when he resigned, and received an important commission in the Confederate Navy, and afterward saw very active service under the "Stars and Bars." Captain Parker, during the earlier part of his career, visited all the most important and interesting parts of the world, and his reminiscences are full of spirited and graphic anecdote, lively description, and vivid narrative of life at sea and in port. That portion of his service which relates to cruising off the African coast, in the suppression of the slave-trade, will be found particularly interesting. During the Mexican war, our author did stirring duty both on sea and land. Incidental to his experiences will be found anecdotes and descriptions of those earlier events which so aroused public interest, such as the Lopez and Walker expeditions. About half of the book is devoted to the late civil war, and the inside view of the exploits, struggles, and vicissitudes of the Southern navy is ably and picturesquely stated. Captain Parker narrates his reminiscences in a simple, pleasant, lively style, with no attempt at fine writing, but with an honest purpose of giving everything for what it is worth. The result is, that he has made an eminently readable book, and one which is instructive as well. The author indulges only casually in political reflections, but so far as he does would seem to indicate that he was not altogether in accord with the Secession movement, though he afterward joined it. He makes the very sensible remark that "the men who suffered most by the war (the Southern army and navy officers, inasmuch as they lost a profession) had less to do with bringing it about than any other class of citizens."

THE STORY OF ROLAND. By James Baldwin, Author of "The Story of Siegfried." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The French romances relating to Charlemagne and his peers, answering to the Arthurian legends of Brittany and England, are

classic features in European literature. In these romances the facts of history have been idealized and exaggerated to furnish types of mediæval chivalry and nobleness which will never die. Long before the story of Roland and his brother heroes, like those of the British Arthur, and of the Teutonic Segurd or Siegfried, was even written, it was sung by wandering minstrels who delighted the knight's castle or the peasant's hut, as the case might be, with their heroic songs, telling of knightly courage, heroic endurance, pity for the weak, and the love of fair women. The human heart will never cease to thrill to such chords as these, and in this fact lies the perennial power of the old legends of Europe. In modern literature a number of books almost innumerable may be found based on these ancient romances. Mr. Baldwin has toiled very successfully in these fields of early romance. His "Story of Siegfried" was a charmingly written digest of the story of Segurd or Siegfried, and in the present volume he has given the young readers, to whom he specially appeals, a book hardly less skilfully done, in which he serves up the legends of the Charlemagne cycle, so far as they relate to that famous hero of tradition, Roland, and his hardly less well-known companions-in-arms. The work has been done by the author of giving a consecutive account of Roland's career, as told in the old legends, in a very clear, simple, straightforward manner, with just enough of the archaic color to make it accord with the theme. Among the heroes of legend, whose exploits are narrated in addition to those of Roland, are Ogier the Dane, Oliver, Reinold, and Astolpho. The story, as told by our author, which we learn in the preface has been drawn at first-hand from a great number of old authorities, is hardly less pleasing to children of a larger growth than those to whom the author nominally appeals.

MEDIÆVAL CIVILIZATION. (History Primer Series.) By George Burton Adams, Professor of History in Drury College. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This volume of the Appleton History Primers stands well with its predecessors as a simple and well-made digest of an important period in European history. Beginning with the downfall of the Roman Empire under the irruptions of the Northern barbarians, we are carried forward through the early formations of society and government that followed hard thereupon, and the gradual uprising of the Roman Church as both a spiritual and temporal power, which may justly be called one of the most wonderful organizations in human history. The author then goes on to discuss the gradual crystallization of society in Germany;



the first movements toward imperial centralization under Charlemagne; the formations of the feudal system and law; the great conflict between the Empire and the Church; the Crusades; the revival of learning; the growth of commerce and industry and their gradual encroachment on the prescriptive rights of rank and birth; the rise of nations; and lastly, the Reformation, which found its highest exponent in Martin Luther, a period which properly closes mediæval history. Mr. Adams has brought well-trained skill and ample knowledge to the preparation of this compact little hand-book, and the result is very satisfactory.

GRAY'S ELEGY. AN ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD. By Thomas Gray. Artists' Edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This celebrated poem, of which Gen. Wolfe said on the night before the battle of Quebec, "Now, gentlemen, I would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow," has passed through innumerable editions and ranks among the masterpieces, of not only English, but the world's literature. In spite of the fact that it lends itself readily to illustration, it has somehow been less used by artists and publishers for this purpose than almost any other great poem as easily available as this. But the Christmas publications of 1884 seem likely to make up for the want, for we have news of two other pictorial editions beside this. The one under notice has some two dozen beautiful wood-engravings, equally well done in both the drawing and engraving. Among the artists who have contributed are Hamilton Gibson, Swain Gifford, W. T. Richards, Thomas Hovenden, J. D. Woodward, F. S. Church, W. T. Smedley, Mary Hallock Foote, Hopkinson Smith, Francis Murphy, Walter Shirlaw, and Bolton Jones. The letter-press is well executed in a mechanical way, and the binding all that could be wished. It is likely to be one of the successful holiday books of the year, we think.

THE WAR OF THE BACHELORS. A Story of the Crescent City at the Period of the Franco-German War. By Orleanian. New Orleans: G. F. Wharton.

This novel, the product of a Southern author, is a somewhat romantic love-story of modern New Orleans life, with a dash of rollicking adventure and fun in it. The author, though at times quite conventional in his manner of developing both plot and character, has caught, it seems to us, enough of genuine local color to give considerable life-likeness to the story. If we do not find any powerful types of char-

acter or deep studies of human nature, there is enough in the book to amuse and interest in virtue of an animated story well told, plenty of sentiment and social intrigue, vivacity of style, and enough of adventure to satisfy the melodramatic cravings of the average feminine mind.

THE HISTORY OF TUBERCULOSIS FROM THE TIMES OF SYLVIVS TO THE PRESENT DAY. By Eric E. Suttler, M.D. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This little volume, which claims to give the whole record of consumption as a disease from the earliest to the present time, is partly a translation from the German of Dr. Arnold Spina, of Vienna, and it also contains an account of the researches and discoveries of Dr. Robert Koch and other recent investigators. It will be remembered that Dr. Koch discovered the cause of tubercular consumption in a blood parasite, which he calls the *bacillus tuberculosis*, and that the announcement of the discovery not only raised much controversy and made the author famous, but also made the disease the subject of renewed study. The object of this book has been to gather from widely scattered sources a coherent and systematically arranged history of this disease, which has always been one of the greatest scourges of western Europe and America. The whole history of opinion from the time of Sylvius down, has been traced, and there is a compact review of all the important literature of the subject. We have no doubt that physicians, as well as many a lay reader, will find this work a desirable possession.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. RICHARD HENGIST HORNE, the poet, who is in his eighty-second year, has been seriously ill, but is now recovering.

TURGUÉNEFF's latest literary project was of a book that should condemn the anti-Semitic feeling in Russia.

MRS. J. R. GREEN, the widow of the historian, has herself been completely revising her husband's *Conquest of England* according to his last instructions. The book carries on the story of England up to the period of the Norman Conquest.

THE *Russische Revue* gives some statistics of the universities in Russia. As regards students, Moscow stands first with 2430, then St. Petersburg 2052, Kiev 1475, Dorpat 1426, Warsaw 1003. Kazan, however, has the greatest number of teachers (109) and Warsaw the largest



library (362,000 volumes), Dorpat coming next with 219,000 volumes.

MAX O'RELL, the author of the clever sketch, *John Bull et Son Isle*—which was, by the way, the subject of a pleasant letter in a recent number of the *Tribune*—is said to be a French professor in an English school. Nine editions of his book have been issued.

VICTOR HUGO's new work, *L'Archipel de la Manche*, which will form for some time the *feuilleton* of the *Paris Rappel*, will occupy in the complete edition of his works the place immediately before the *Travailleurs de la Mer*, to which it may be regarded as a sort of introduction. The *Archipel de la Manche* is the Channel Islands, in which the poet passed the eighteen years of his exile. The legends, the customs and the scenery of Jersey and Guernsey will form the subject of Victor Hugo's new contribution to French prose literature.

THE *Light of Asia* has lately been translated into German. The Emperor of Japan was by the way so pleased with this poem that he congratulated Mr. Edwin Arnold upon it in a private letter. The *Pearls of the Faith* especially appealed to the taste of the Sultan, who has resolved to bestow a decoration upon the author. Mr. Arnold's new poem, *Idyls of India*, will shortly be published by Roberts Brothers.

"THE new library edition of Keats, edited by H. Buxton Forman, has," says the *London Athenæum*, "been revised from the poet's own edition, and these, as well as the posthumous poems, have been collated as far as possible with the author's manuscripts. The important collections of Sir Charles Dilke have been placed at the disposal of the editor, who has also had access to a large number of other documents preserved by members of the poet's family and by his friends. Variations and numerous cancelled passages are given in footnotes, and much is added from manuscript and other sources. An important mass of letters to various persons is now first published, increasing the number of letters to about 200, and a considerable number of those re-edited from printed sources have been revised from the originals."

PRIVY COUNCILLOR WAGNER, formerly of the *Berlin Kreuz Zeitung*, who for twelve years was in intimate relations with the German chancellor, is said to be the author of the book, which has recently made so much noise in Europe, *Bismarck after the War*. The volume is remarkable on account of the documents and communications of the most intimate and personal nature it contains, which could not have been known save to one who had access to the

private archives of the government. In it may be found extracts from the despatches and letters of foreign ambassadors, addressed to the emperor himself; and the Von Arnim affair is not the least of these.

THE September number of *Le Livre* prints two copies of French verses by Mary Queen of Scots which, though not absolutely unknown, have not before been attributed to her by those who have written on the subject.

UNDER the title of *Old-World Idyls, and other Verses*, Mr. Austin Dobson will shortly issue a selection from his *Vignettes in Rhyme* and *Proverbs in Porcelain*, both of which have been some time out of print. The selection will be based upon one which appeared at New York in 1880, and will be published in London by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

THE British Museum is republishing the text of the Shapira Deuteronomy, and the translation which appeared in the *Athenæum*, along with Dr. Ginsburg's report.

THE *Revue Politique et Littéraire* of September 8th contains a translation into French of the last story written by Turguëneff. It was first published at St. Petersburg in the early part of the present year, in a collection of tales for the young edited by Count L. Tolstoi. The title is *La Caille: Impressions d'Enfance*; and it describes the incident of a hen quail, caught by a dog and killed while trying to divert attention from its chickens after the manner of the lapping.

THE important collection of documents relating to Savonarola which had been got together by Count Capponi has been acquired for the Magliabechiana Library at Florence. The Italian Government has also bought a collection of historical papers belonging to the Pallastrozzi family at Florence, some of which go back to the twelfth and fourteenth centuries, and others complete the correspondence of the Florentine ambassadors at the Court of Spain.

THE *Athenæum Belge* states that M. Emile de Laveleye's recent work on the *Elements of Political Economy* is being translated into the following eight languages: English, German, Russian, Spanish, Polish, Servian, Bulgarian, and Greek. His short sketch of the life of Garfield, originally written for Swiss schools, has already been translated into Dutch, Swedish, and Portuguese.

#### MISCELLANY.

HOW OUR MEANING IS CONVEYED TO ANIMALS.—A correspondent writes to the *London Spectator*: "The following anecdote may interest some of your readers. Some years ago,



when starting for a foreign tour, I intrusted my little Scotch terrier, 'Pixie,' to the care of my brother, who lived about three miles distant from my house. I was away for six weeks, during the whole of which time 'Pixie' remained contentedly at his new abode. The day, however, before I returned, my brother mentioned in the dog's hearing that I was expected back the next day. Thereupon the dog started off, and was found by me at my bedroom door the next morning, he having been seen waiting outside the house early in the morning when the servants got up, and been admitted by them. 'Pixie' is still alive and flourishing, and readily lends himself to experiments, which, however, yield no very definite result. He certainly seems to understand as much of our meaning as it concerns his own comfort to understand, but how he does it I cannot quite determine. I should be sorry to affirm, clever as he is, that he understands French and German, yet it is certainly a fact that he will fall back just as readily if I say '*Zurück!*' as if I say '*To heel!*' and advance to the sound '*En avant!*' as well as to '*Hold up!*' As in both cases I am careful to avoid any elucidatory gesture or special tone of voice, I am inclined to think that there must be here a species of direct thought-transference. At the same time I am bound to add that without the spoken word I am unable to convey the slightest meaning to him. This, however, may be due to what I believe to be a fact, that it is almost impossible without word or gesture to formulate the will with any distinctness. If this theory be correct, the verbal sounds used would convey the speaker's meaning, not in virtue of the precise sounds themselves, but of the intention put into them by the speaker. I should be glad to know if the experience of others tends to confirm this theory, which I do not remember to have seen suggested before."

**THE SNAKE-GOD OF DAHOMEY.**—The most powerful fetish is *Danhgbowe*, the tutelary saint of Whydah, and which is personified by the harmless snake so named. Its worship was introduced into Dahomey when the kingdom of Whydah was conquered and annexed. In Whydah, hidden from eyes profane by a thick grove of fig-trees, is the famed *Danh-hweh*, or fetish snake-house. It is, according to Mr. Skerchly, nothing more than a circular swish hut—the very model of the Parian inkstand to be seen in every toy-shop. From the room depended pieces of cotton yarn, and on the floor, which, in common with the walls, was whitewashed, were several pots of water. The pythons, to the number of twenty-two, were coiled on the top of the wall or twined around the rafters. All those hideous reptiles are sacred. To slay one, even by accident—for to do so purposely

would not be dreamt of—used to entail instant sacrifice to the gods, and confiscation of all the offender's property to the fetish priests. Nowadays his punishment is not so severe, but still exemplary enough. The offender, after a meeting of all the fetishers of the neighborhood is convened, is seated within a hut of sticks, thatched with dry grass and built in the inclosure in front of the snake-house. His clothes and body are well daubed with palm oil, mixed with the fat of the murdered snake-god. At a given signal the hut is fired, and the materials being like tinder, the unfortunate offender against the majesty of the fetish is enveloped in flames. In excruciating torture he rushes out of the flames—his clothes on fire—to the nearest water, pursued by the infuriated priests, who belabor him with sticks, stones, and all sorts of rubbish. If he reaches the water he is free, and if he is fortunate enough to live, has expiated his crime. But few are able to run the gauntlet, and expire before reaching the cooling water, clubbed to death by the fetishmen—the *Danh-gbowe-no*, or snake-mothers as they are called. As the door of the snake temple is always open, the snakes frequently wander out after nightfall. If any person meets one, he must prostrate himself before it, carrying it tenderly in his arms to the temple, when his humanity to the snake-god is rewarded by his being fined for meeting the snake; and if he cannot or will not pay, he is imprisoned until the uttermost cowrie is extracted from him.—*Peoples of the World*.

**THE AUTHOR OF "VATHEK."**—William Beckford was in the days of our youth a sort of mysterious personage; marvellous tales had got afloat about his wealth and the splendor of the mansion and grounds in which, at Font-hill, he led a sort of hermit's life, secluded in luxurious retirement. As to many of our younger readers Beckford's story will be new, we give a few points of it. He was the only son of Alderman Beckford, whose saucy answer to George III. is recorded on his monument in Guildhall. Inheriting from his father a large property in the West Indies, as well as a vast sum in ready money, young Beckford, who had been highly educated, and who had a keen sense of art and natural beauty, launched upon the world with apparently no higher object than that of enjoying himself. He travelled in Italy, Spain, and Portugal. In his old age he published a description of these travels. It is a wonderful work for power of word-painting, and as revealing the life of a man whose wealth gave a passport into the highest class of foreign society of an old-world type. Now we find him spending a day among the monks of Chartreuse, whose life of severity was surely a strange contrast to his own self-indulgence;



now visiting Milton's groves of Vallambrosa ; now sweeping along the waters of Venice with a barge of music on his train ; now exploring the tomb of Charles V. in the Escorial ; now musing over old pictures in the King of Spain's palace to the dreamy sound of musical clocks that sweetly chimed the hours ; now dancing some Spanish bolero before the Queen of Portugal ; now visiting in more than regal pomp some rich monastery ; now drinking in the beauties of some lovely garden or glorious landscape. About the time of his travels Beckford had written a gorgeous, fantastic, Oriental tale, entitled "Vathek," describing the adventures of an Eastern monarch, some of whose luxurious habits Beckford's contemporaries unkindly thought to be drawn from himself. Returning to England, Beckford devoted himself to architectural pleasure. "He built," says Mrs. Oliphant in her recent "History of English Literature," "a wonderful palace—Fonthill Abbey—close to the very house which his wealthy father had built, but which the son demolished, as not important enough for him. He made his new building a palace of enchantment, the wonder of its day, filling it with everything that was gorgeous and costly. Annoyed by the intrusion of sportsmen in his grounds" (for Beckford had a tender feeling for dumb animals), "he had a wall of twelve feet high, extending to a distance of seven miles, built round his dwelling.... When the house was finished it was furnished in the same magnificent manner. Inside the seven miles of wall 900 acres of ground afforded every variety of beautiful scenery, landscape, both soft and wild, space enough for every kind of recreation. Vathek himself scarcely had a combination of objects more stately and splendid than were included within.... In this wonderful retirement Beckford lived many years, until his fortune, which had been diminished by various losses, proved insufficient to keep up the vast expenditure which the house required. Perhaps by this time he got tired of his vast plaything. But he immediately proceeded to make himself another house, scarcely less splendid, though smaller, at Bath, where all his most cherished treasures were removed, and where he lived and died. A more strange episode was never worked out upon the sober web of literary history."—*Leisure Hour*.

**THE CONSUMPTION OF HORSEFLESH IN FRANCE.**—The following statistics with reference to the consumption of horseflesh in Paris may be found interesting. The municipal statistics of the city of Paris show that in 1881 the Parisians consumed 9300 horses, and 400 asses or mules, which amounts to about two million kilogrammes of meat. The *Hygiène Pratique et Gazette Hebdomadaire des Sciences*

*Médicales de Montpellier* regards this form of food as a valuable resource, when it is considered that many French people scarcely ever touch meat, in consequence of the enormous disproportion between the production of cattle and the population of the country. The same journal observes that science has long demonstrated the excellent quality of the flesh of the horse. This animal is essentially herbivorous, and no noxious element is elaborated in its animal economy ; while its organic resistance to disease is such, that out of 3000 horses which were cut up, M. Pierre, a well-known veterinary surgeon, did not find one in which the viscera showed any traces of morbid lesions. Like veal and young beef, the flesh of a young horse is white, and its nutritious qualities are in direct relation with the age of the animal which furnishes it ; but when the colt is three years old its meat, already deep colored, is very nourishing. When the horse has attained full age, its flesh contains, in a maximum quantity, all the nutritive principles which are necessary. Liebig and Moleschott have pointed out that horseflesh contains more creatine, that is to say, more albuminous matter, than ox-beef, which makes it largely nourishing. It has, in fact, been demonstrated that four kilogrammes of horseflesh are as nourishing as five kilogrammes of beef. The color is not displeasing, nor is the smell unpleasant ; and its use in the treatment of diseases for which raw meat has been recommended does not present the inconveniences which are often met with in the raw flesh of beef or mutton ; in fact, every day large numbers of oxen, cows, and sheep are killed which are known to be diseased, and of which it is feared to lose the sale. This can never be the case with regard to the horse, for most horses used for food are sent to the slaughter-house simply because they have become old or incapable of working, or because some accident has disabled them.—*British Medical Journal*.

**MEDICAL WOMEN FOR INDIA.**—In 1868 the Madras Government wished to have women trained for the general nursing of all classes of the community, and Surgeon Balfour prepared a scheme for carrying that wish into practical operation. This was sanctioned by the government in 1871, during the administration of Lord Napier. Since that time a succession of pupils have been trained under head nurses sent out from England. Manuals for their instruction have been written, and, after examination, diplomas have been granted in nursing, midwifery, and vaccination. Almost coincident in point of time with the desire to study medicine that was expressed by several women in Europe, Dr. Corbyn, of the Bengal Army, founded a medical school at Bareilly for the



express purpose of instructing native women in medical science and practice. That school afterward came under the care of Drs. Tomkyns and Lock, and its progress was satisfactory. Surgeon Balfour, in 1872, laid these facts before the government, with a view to throwing open to women the Madras Medical College, which had previously received male students only. He urged upon the government the fact that, of the hundred million women in India, a great part were precluded absolutely by their customs or religion from being attended by medical men of any nation. After much opposition, Surgeon Balfour obtained the sanction of the government to the education of women with the men, subject to their exclusion from some subjects in which they were to be taught separately. Their studies were to be for the M.D. degree—that of doctor of medicine; they were to possess sound knowledge in pharmacy, anatomy, physiology, medicine, surgery, midwifery, and the diseases of women and children; and their studies in the college were to extend over a period of not less than three years. The government supported the movement cordially, and in 1876 the curriculum of female medical education was published. In this work Surgeon-General Balfour had the active co-operation of several of his brother officers. Dr. Harris carried out the nursing scheme, Surgeon-General Furnell gave his earnest assistance, and Surgeon-General Shortt taught the art of successful vaccination—a subject of immense importance in India, where, as in all tropical countries, small-pox is much to be dreaded. Manuals for the pupils, adapted to the conditions of life in India, were prepared, and have already passed through several editions. These particulars as to the beginnings of medical education for women in India generally may be regarded as supplementary to our account of its progress in the Bengal Presidency, which was stated by Mrs. Dr. Hoggan to be a “misstatement of the whole question.” Having given the general facts, we allow them to speak for themselves. Mrs. Hoggan’s disparagement of the London School of Medicine for Women is a personal matter, in which the public at large have no interest. The work which the students have done, and the positions they have taken at the University of London and elsewhere, is a sufficient answer to all cavillers.—*The Queen*.

**THE LAST GLADIATORIAL FIGHT IN THE COLISEUM.**—In 404 Honorius was emperor. At that time, in the remote deserts of Lybia, there dwelt an obscure monk named Telemachus. He had heard of these awful scenes in the far-off Coliseum at Rome. Depend upon it, they lost nothing by their transit across

the Mediterranean in the hands of Greek and Roman sailors. In the baths and market-places of Alexandria, in the Jewries of Cyrene, in the mouths of every itinerant Eastern storyteller the festive massacres of the Coliseum would doubtless be clothed in colors truly appalling, yet scarcely more appalling than the truth. Telemachus brooded over these horrors until his mission dawned upon him. He was ordained by heaven to put an end to the slaughter of human beings in the Coliseum. He made his way to Rome. He entered the Coliseum with the throng, at the time the gladiators were parading in front of the emperor with uplifted swords and the wild mockery of homage—“*Morituri te saluant*.” Elbowing his way to the barrier, he leaped over at the moment when the combatants rushed at each other, threw himself between them, bidding them, in the name of Christ to desist. To blank astonishment succeeded imperial contempt and popular fury. Telemachus fell slain by the swords of the gladiators. Legend may adorn the tale and fancy fill out the picture, but the solid fact remains—there never was another gladiatorial fight in the Coliseum. One heroic soul had caught the flow of popular feeling that had already begun to set in the direction of humanity, and turned it. He had embodied by his act and consecrated by his death the sentiment that already lay timidly in the hearts of thousands in that great city of Rome.—*Good Words*.

**ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.**—Adopting the terse language of Shylock, we may ask, Hath a dog reason? And, falling into a more lengthy style, we may inquire, Is its reasoning at all comparable to that of the human being? We think both these questions must be answered in the affirmative. Those who differ from us will certainly admit that the possession by man of a language of symbols must have an enormous influence in increasing the power of his intellectual faculties. So much, indeed, must this be the case that what is really only a difference of degree is yet so stupendous that an intellect, the product of the employment for ages of word-signs, might be thought to be an altogether new and original faculty. We are inclined to assert, however, that almost the sole essential difference between the intellect of the dog and that of the man may be traced to the above cause. A dog can reason, but not by using symbols. It employs the mental picture of an object, the olfactory perception of an agent, the auditory impression of a sounding body for the terms of its premises. But clumsy as these may seem, yet the mind of the animal successfully grapples with them. The dog argues from the ideas of concrete things, although incapable of abstraction and



of the formation of a conception. Devoid of generalizations, it deals with particulars; but it does reason; it substitutes one idea for another; it weighs and estimates at their true value the successive mental images which present themselves to itself. Every one knows the tenacious memory of the dog, not only for what it has seen, but for what it has smelt and heard. The olfactory sense in many species is truly marvellous, and its mental grasp or memory of the same is remarkable in an equal degree. No division can scientifically be drawn between the memory of a landscape by a dog and the recollection of a region by a man. Moreover, the dog is not simply a mechanism, the result of hereditary action. The individual can learn new things—nay, even execute complex mental feats, for itself. The following instance, which forcibly illustrates the power of the reasoning of the dog, came under our personal notice. A gentleman last season bought a middle-aged blue pointer, which with his good qualities as a "wide ranger" and "staunch pointer" combined the faculty of retrieving partridges. When the snipe season commenced in October, the dog took no notice whatever of the "long bills," but looked upon them as vermin and drove them away. After being out about six times snipe-shooting, finding that his master shot these birds, the dog stood at each snipe, and, when killed, dropped it at the sportsman's feet. The instance is certainly remarkable. Such a faculty of ready apprehension and creditable performance of a difficult mental task (for it must be remembered that he had his hereditary influences to overcome) would have been hailed with delight had it been manifested by a child who had not the knowledge of spoken language.—*Lancel.*

AN ANECDOTE OF THE ARTIST LEITCH.—"Among my pupils was Lady Ogle, wife of Admiral Sir Charles Ogle. She was a Roman Catholic, and frequently, when I was giving a lesson, she would be visited by ladies of her acquaintance, including many of the Italian nobility. On one of these occasions the servant announced, 'la Principessa Colonna.' She sat down opposite where I was painting, and she and Lady Ogle had a good deal of conversation. Although I knew Italian I paid little attention to what they were saying, till the princess, getting excited, used the words 'infame' and 'bestia,' and I observed Lady Ogle look surprised, and ask her friend to tell her all about it. 'I was present,' said the princess, 'and saw it all;' and then she proceeded to relate the following, which I translate as nearly as I can in her own words: 'You must know that when the king (Ferdi-

nand II., "Bomba") married the Sardinian Princess at Turin, he stayed for a day or two in Rome on his return to Naples, and his Holiness (Gregory XVI.) was graciously pleased to pay his Majesty a visit of congratulation. On the occasion a very select party was got together at the Neapolitan Ambassador's, consisting of cardinals, monsignori, and some of the old noble families. The Pope was very gracious to the new queen. He had heard of her musical accomplishments, and especially of her great interest in church music, and as she said she was devoted to Marcello, his Holiness asked if she would have the kindness (*gentilezza*) to sing his favorite, No. 28 of the Psalms. The queen replied that to do so would be a great honor. In the mean time the king, her husband, was sitting by, sulky, silent, and gloomy, with his elbow leaning on the piano. The queen turned to him and said playfully, that he must turn the leaves for her. For answer his Majesty of the Two Sicilies rose and kicked the stool from below the queen, who fell heavily on the marble floor. I need not tell you, dear Lady Ogle, of the scene which followed. The king immediately left without speaking. The poor queen was carried to a bedroom, and I took my departure, when two great doctors, who had been hastily sent for, arrived. I heard that the Pope was terribly shocked.'"

ANECDOTES OF THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD.—Numbers of stories and anecdotes are already being told about the Comte de Chambord, some old, some new, and many probably not altogether reliable. They all, however, illustrate some phase of character or peculiarity of habit. Owing to the life of comparative retirement led for so many years by the deceased prince, there are no startling and sensational incidents to be recorded of him, but only such simple stories as may be expected of so simple a nature. Many of them refer to his childhood, when his grandfather, Charles X., was still upon the throne, and young Henri was studying with his sister, under the care of the Marquise de Gontaut. Like boys of lower rank, he was rewarded for success at his books by small presents of money, which the young prince, unlike most other boys, devoted to the poor. Indeed, so acute was his sense of charity, that it was only necessary to say to him when he seemed inclined to grow indolent, "Take care, monseigneur; if you are so idle your poor will suffer," for him to set to work with new energy in order to earn his reward. Happening to overhear a distinguished officer say to the king, "Your Majesty cannot imagine how many poor relations I have discovered



now I am a rich man," the simple-hearted boy ran up to him, crying, "O general, if I had known you had so many poor relations I would have worked much harder. But I've still got twenty francs, and you must take those." One of his favorite sayings, never to be realized, was, "I should like to be a second Henry IV." His love for his native country was always remarkable from his earliest years until he lay, weak and wasted, upon his death-bed, crying, "France! France!" between his moments of pain and unconsciousness. When he was twelve years old he received his first commission, and on that day was told of the tragical death of his father, the Duc de Berri. The boy wept and pardoned, just as his father—lying in the agonies of death in a room of the Opera House—had exclaimed, "Pardon my murderer." After the death of Charles X., young Henri made a European tour, and was put through every sort of athletic exercise. He was taught to swim well at a very early age, and when he could manage to keep afloat with all his clothes on, he uttered the characteristic remark, "Now I shall be able to save somebody." It was in 1841 that he met with the accident that lamed him for life. He was out riding one day in the environs of Kirchberg, when his horse, a very spirited animal, shied at a cart and refused to pass it. The Comte, a bold rider, persisted; the horse reared, and some bystanders ran to the rescue. "No, no," cried the prince; "if there be any danger that is my affair." So saying he dug his spurs into the animal's sides. The frantic horse reared again, lost its balance, and fell over, crushing its rider beneath it. In its efforts to rise the animal weighed still more heavily upon the Comte's leg, causing him dreadful pain, and as it proved in the end, breaking his thigh. His only remark was, "What a pity it was not on the battle-field!" —*Leeds Mercury*.

PETER THE GREAT AT ZARDAM.—Having reached Emmerich, the impetuous and youthful monarch left the embassy, and proceeded in a boat down the Rhine, not halting till he reached Amsterdam, "through which," says one authority, "he flew like lightning, and never once stopped till he arrived at Zardam, fifteen days before the embassy reached Amsterdam." One of his small party in the boat happened to recognize a man there who was fishing in a boat as one Kist, who had worked for some time in Russia. He was called to them, and his astonishment may be conceived at seeing the Czar of all the Russias in a little

boat, dressed like a Dutch skipper, in a red jacket and white trousers. Peter told Kist that he should like to lodge with him; the poor man did not know what to do, but, finding the Czar in earnest, procured him a cottage behind his own, consisting of two small rooms and a loft. Kist was instructed not to let any one know who the new lodger was. A crowd collected to stare at the strangers; and to the questions put to them Peter used to answer in Dutch that they were all carpenters and laborers hard up for a job. But the crowd did not believe it, for the dresses of some of his companions belied the statement. The Czar, shortly after arriving at Zardam, paid visits to a number of the families of Dutch seamen and carpenters whom he was employing at Archangel and elsewhere, representing himself as a brother workman. Among others he called upon a poor widow whose deceased husband had once been a skipper in his employ, and to whom he had some time before sent a present of 500 guilders. The poor woman begged him to tell the Czar how "she never could be sufficiently thankful" for his great kindness, little dreaming that the rough-looking young man before her was that monarch. He assured her that the Czar should most certainly be acquainted with her message. Peter proceeded to purchase a quantity of carpenter's tools, and his companions were ordered to clothe themselves in the common garb worn in the dockyards. Next day was Sunday, and it became evident that some one had let the cat more or less out of the bag, for crowds of sailors and dockhands assembled before Peter's lodgings, which annoyed him terribly. But the fact is that a Dutch resident of Archangel had written home to his friends, informing them of the projected voyage and inclosing a portrait and description of the Czar. Among the crowd a garrulous barber, who believed he had recognized him, shouted out, "Dat is der Tzar!" and all poor Peter's little stratagems could not save him from the curiosity of the populace. A Hollander has left a description of him, which would indicate that he was too noticeable to be mistaken by any who had once seen him. He was very tall and robust, quick and nimble of foot, and dexterous and rapid in all his actions; his face was plump and round, fierce in his look, with brown eyebrows, and short curling hair of a brownish color. His gait was quick, and he had a habit of swinging his arms violently, while he always carried a cane, which he occasionally used very freely over the shoulders of those who had offended him.—*The Sea: its Stirring Story of Adventure, Peril, and Heroism*.





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## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

### A NEW ELECTRICAL WONDER.

ONE of the most interesting exhibits at the Vienna Electrical Exhibition is Gentilli's glossograph, a little instrument by which speech is automatically reproduced as soon as it is uttered. A small apparatus is placed in the mouth of the speaker—in contact with the roof of his mouth, his tongue, and lips—and on being connected with an electro-magnetic registering apparatus, the sounds are committed to paper. It is constructed in such a manner as not to cause any inconvenience to the speaker; neither is it necessary that the voice should be raised, as it reproduces a whisper as exactly as a shout; the only condition is a correct and distinct articulation. According to the inventor's calculation, it will be possible to write four or five times as fast by means of the glossograph as has hitherto been possible even by the quickest writer. At first sight it appears as if this invention was but an improvement upon Edison's phonograph; it is, however, of a much older date. It rests, unlike the former, on an acoustic principle, and does not reproduce the sounds in a microscopical form. The chief obstacle to the introduction of the glossograph will be the difficulty in deciphering the characters; but it is not impossible that with the help of a second automatic apparatus the characters produced by the glossograph may be translated into our common type-writing. The orthography would doubtless appear strange, but in these days of phonetic spelling this might not long be a hindrance.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

N. W. AYER & SON'S AMERICAN NEWSPAPER ANNUAL FOR 1883 contains a carefully prepared list of all newspapers and periodicals in the United States and Canada, arranged by States in geographical sections, and by towns in alphabetical order. In this list also is given the name of the paper, the issue, general characteristics, year of establishment, size, circulation, and advertising rates. There is no other single publication of its kind within our knowledge which contains information of such varied use and value for advertisers and others. Complete in all its departments, thorough in

its details, giving just the information needed, simply arranged, easily referred to, carefully compiled, it is, in fact, the best work of its kind issued.

WELL PAID. — Josh Billings is the best-paid literary man in the world, possibly with the exception of Tennyson. He recently received \$400 for twelve words. They were for an advertisement for a dry goods house. Many of his best things are disposed of in this way. As he was an auctioneer and without a dollar till nearly three score years old, he is not above peddling out his work at the best figure now. He is rich, drives a fine team, is kind and gentle as a girl, but has an eye to finances.

NUMBERS OF THE ECLECTIC WANTED.—We are in need of the following numbers of the Eclectic: January, 1845; November, 1846; February and March, 1855; January, 1856; August, 1861; March, 1865. Persons having any of these numbers which they do not require, will be able to dispose of them at a fair price by addressing this office.

INVENTION FOR KILLING ANIMALS.—Mr. Lane-Fox, an English electrical engineer, has perfected an electrical apparatus for stopping the life of animals without pain. It is not applicable to slaughtering for food, because in the case of an animal killed by lightning, whether natural or artificial, it is impossible to extract the blood. But for the killing of horses, dogs, and other animals upon the scale on which it is necessary to carry on the business in large cities, the Lane-Fox device is practicable; the first cost of it is about \$2500, the subsequent is very slight. It is supposed to be painless, because a nerve sensation requires at least a tenth of a second to go from the extremity to the brain, while the electric extinction is practically instantaneous for the whole-body.

THE St. Gothard Railway has stimulated many lines of Italian export trade, but none of them more surprisingly than the egg trade. Last year Italy exported eggs to the value of \$7,000,000, whereas a few years ago that trade did not exist at all.



**OYSTER SHELLS.**—A new use has been discovered for oyster shells. For years they have been used for the manufacture of lime, as manure, for decorative purposes, and in the preparation of a cheap imitation of marble; but it is now found that they cannot be better utilized than by being thrown in quantities into the sea, where they make the best possible foundation for new oyster-beds. In July and August next many ship-loads of these empty shells will be sunk by English and French oyster-farmers in various places suitable for the purpose; and a few healthy living oysters will then be dropped upon the same spots. Experiments have proved that under such conditions the bivalves will shortly multiply to an almost incredible extent; and it is said that in so brief a period as two years each empty shell will have from thirty to forty young oysters attached to it. The new generation can then be removed to make room for more, and fattened for market in specially constructed tanks. It is hoped that this discovery of the value of oyster shells as a foundation for fresh and very productive beds may within a reasonable time lead to a considerable decrease in the present high price of native oysters.

**WAGES OF FRENCH WORKMEN.**—The French Minister of Commerce has published a statement of the approximate daily wages of work-people engaged in the principal industries of the French capital. These are some of the figures in cases where no wages in food or in any other form than money are given: Jewellers, bakers, tilers, and blacksmiths, \$1.30; butchers, carpenters, cabinet-makers, clock-makers, printers, joiners, plumbers, stone-masons, metal-turners, and glaziers, \$1.20; bakers, \$1.33; brewers, .85; bricklayers and shoemakers, .70; saddlers, locksmiths and dyers, .90; coach-makers, tinkers, cutters, stove-makers, and bookbinders, \$1.10; coal heavers, \$1.37; cartwrights, florists, farriers, tailors, tanners, carpetmakers, coopers, wood-turners, and scavengers, \$1; stockingmakers, .45; ropemakers, tinmen, and weavers, .80; gardeners, .75; house painters, \$1.25; barbers, .60; potters, .77; sawyers, \$1.17. Women's wages vary from 40 to 80 cents.

**BELGIUM MANUFACTURES.**—Five per cent profit on the money invested satisfies the owner of a Belgian woollen mill. He pays only a third of one per cent in taxes, and gets his coal delivered at the mill at \$2.30 a ton. The highest wages paid are \$12 to some of the overseers. The average wages for seventy hours' labor a week is only \$4 to \$5.

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We have on hand a few of the earlier volumes of the *ECLECTIC* for the years 1849 and 1851. These volumes contain much valuable reading matter and early impressions of some of our finest engravings. They are strongly bound in half morocco, and only a little worn by age. We will furnish them by mail, three volumes per year, on receipt of or by express unpaid for \$2 per year.

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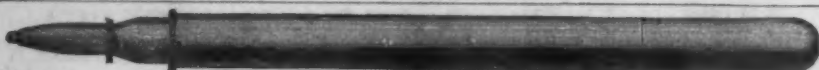
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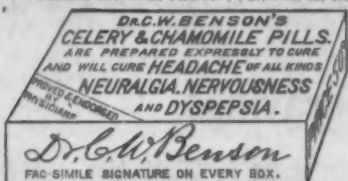
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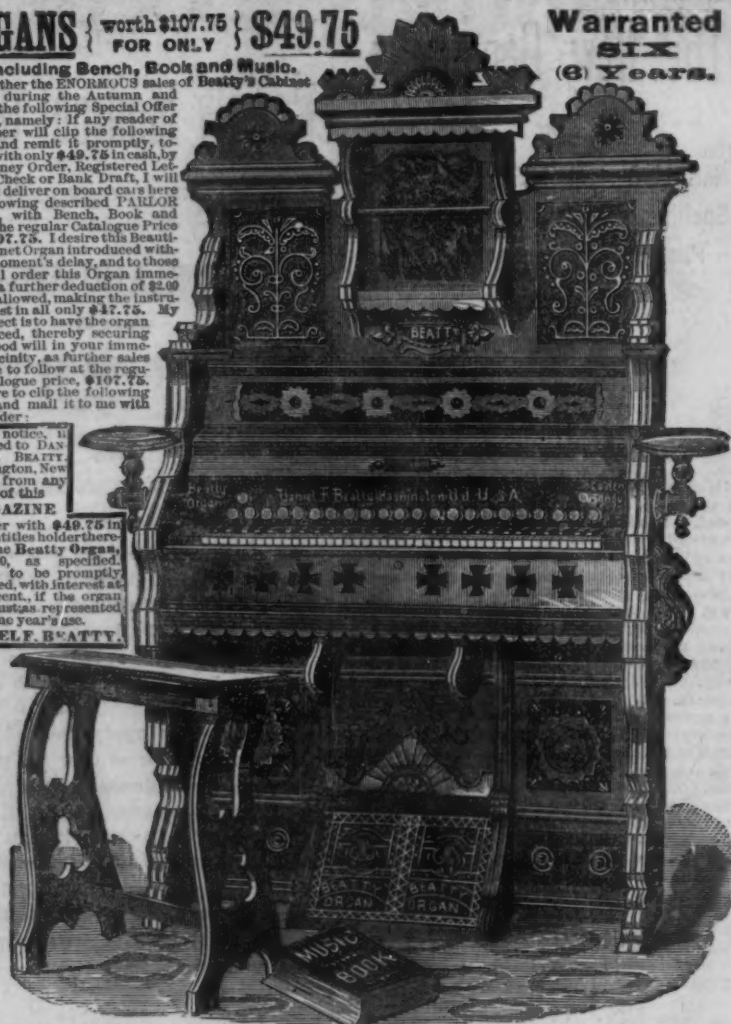
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The subjoined report in the case of a young lady in Minneapolis, Minn., shows how quickly Compound Oxygen acts upon the nervous centres and gives a new vitality to the whole nervous system:

"It is now six weeks," writes the mother of our patient, "since our daughter began taking your Home Treatment, and we can truly say that it has done more for her during this time than any other medicine could have done."

"She was suffering from severe nervous prostration and great debility of the whole system, which had only been aggravated for two months previous by using medicines harsh for the stomach, causing much gastric irritation."

"We truly feel more than gratified with the result of the Compound Oxygen, and wish her to continue its use until she is relieved from some of the standing difficulties she has had from a young girl. She is now able to be around the house, can eat any easily digested food with moderation, and, as a rule, sleeps much better nights. . . . She has been troubled with chronic constipation from a child. The Oxygen has given more relief to her than any other remedy ever tried."

In this case, as in many others where there is a diseased and highly sensitive nervous organization, a seeming aggravation of symptoms occurred on first using the Oxygen, showing its quick penetration and active force. "Her symptoms," says the report, "were worse for awhile, and she was more nervous and very sensitive to the effects of the Oxygen on inhaling, but she can now take it regularly without difficulty."

### "NO FAITH IN IT."

It is but natural that physicians who know little or nothing of Compound Oxygen should class it with the nostrums of the day, and when inquired of in regard to it, answer that they have "no faith in it." It rarely happens, however, that a change of opinion does not take place whenever they can be induced to give it a trial, as in the case mentioned below, which we take from the letter of one of our patients in Shelby County, Ind.:

"When we moved here the physician of this place, Dr. —, was treating a woman for consumption, and of course I knew that he was only helping her into the grave. So I took him your treatise on Compound Oxygen and insisted that he try it, but he had no faith in it. After two or three months, I concluded to advise the woman herself to use it, even if it was stepping in ahead of our M. D. So, as soon as I told the lady about it, she wanted me to send for a Treatment. But when the physician heard of it he insisted on sending for it himself. The woman improved from the commencement of its use. Since then the doctor has used it in several other cases with gratifying results."

### "BOUNDLESS GRATITUDE."

Writing from Crockett's Depot, Va., in March last a patient says:

"Your chronic grumbler is still living, but he does not come to-day as a grumbler, but with boundless gratitude to the Eternal for directing me to you, His agent, and eternal thanks to you for your kindness. . . . With all the terrible weather we have been experiencing, I am better."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature, and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

**DEPOSITORY IN NEW YORK.**—Dr. John Turner, 862 Broadway, who has charge of our Depository in New York city, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment and may be consulted by letter or in person.

**DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.**—H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

**FRAUDS AND IMITATIONS.**—Let it be clearly understood that Compound Oxygen is only made and dispensed by the undersigned. Any substance made elsewhere, and called Compound Oxygen, is spurious and worthless, and those who buy it simply throw away their money, as they will in the end discover.

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G. E. PALEN, Ph. B., M. D.

1109 and 1111 Girard St. (Between Chestnut & Market), Phila., Pa.

### DROPSY.

A patient in Texarkana, Ark., in writing for a new supply of Oxygen, makes the following report of the effects of our Treatment in a case of dropsy. She says: "I divided my last supply of Oxygen with a sick child, who had the dropsy and who also had heart disease from his birth. When I began using the Oxygen with him it seemed as hopeless a case as I ever saw. He is now able to be up and walk about the house. The dropsy is all gone, and I would have great hopes of his entire recovery if it were not for the heart disease. Those who saw him when I began to treat him say it is more like bringing the dead to life than anything they ever witnessed."

### "HAVEN'T WORDS TO EXPRESS MY HAPPINESS."

So writes a gentleman from Minersville, Pa., a year after using our Treatment:

"By referring to your Record," he says, "you will see that I ordered your Home Treatment about a year ago. I followed your instructions in every particular, and am happy to say that I feel better now than I ever remember feeling; in fact, am well. Only one thing troubles me, and that is raising of phlegm on taking a slight cold. Digestion almost perfect; can eat anything. So much for my case. I can say no more. I haven't words to express my happiness. I can only thank you."

There are many of our patients who would be able to make as good a report as this if they were as careful as the writer of the above in following our instructions "in every particular."

### BRONCHIAL TROUBLE.

gentleman in Warren, Pa., who had a Treatment last fall, sent for another in April last. In ordering it he wrote:

"For the past two or three years I have been troubled more or less with inflammation of the bronchial tubes, and I think also from some form of dyspepsia, causing a depressed feeling in the chest, especially so late in the day after eating and becoming tired. Last fall I thought I would be obliged to leave my business. My brother sent for an Oxygen Treatment, and by using it I received so much benefit that I have been attending to business all winter. I am to-day comfortably well, although I still have a little inflammation in my chest at times. I have recommended it to several of my friends who are unwell, and am going to continue its use myself."

### "CANNOT TELL YOU HOW THANKFUL I AM."

A patient in Bridgeport, Ind., says:

"It is almost a year since I wrote you, but had I not been feeling exceedingly well you would have been bothered frequently with my letters. It is a year the 15th of March since I received my last Treatment, and I have yet about an eighth left, and when my lungs get to feeling bad I inhale a time or two and then I am all right. I cannot tell you how thankful I am to you for the relief and health you have given me. Why, when I think of the person you undertook to cure and then of my present self, I can scarcely believe myself to be that person."



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